BLUEY

6 STORIES IN ONE

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY TREASURY

BLUEY

Join **BLUEY** and **BINGO** in six special holiday stories with their family and friends. Celebrate Christmas with the Heeler family, come along on a camping trip and many more fun stories in this treasured collection.

WHAT'S INSIDE?
WACKADOO!

BLUEY
VERANDAH SANTA

BLUEY
CHRISTMAS SWIM

BLUEY
THE BEACH

BLUEY
SWIM SCHOOL

BLUEY
CAMPING

BLUEY
CRICKET

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BLUEY

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY TREASURY

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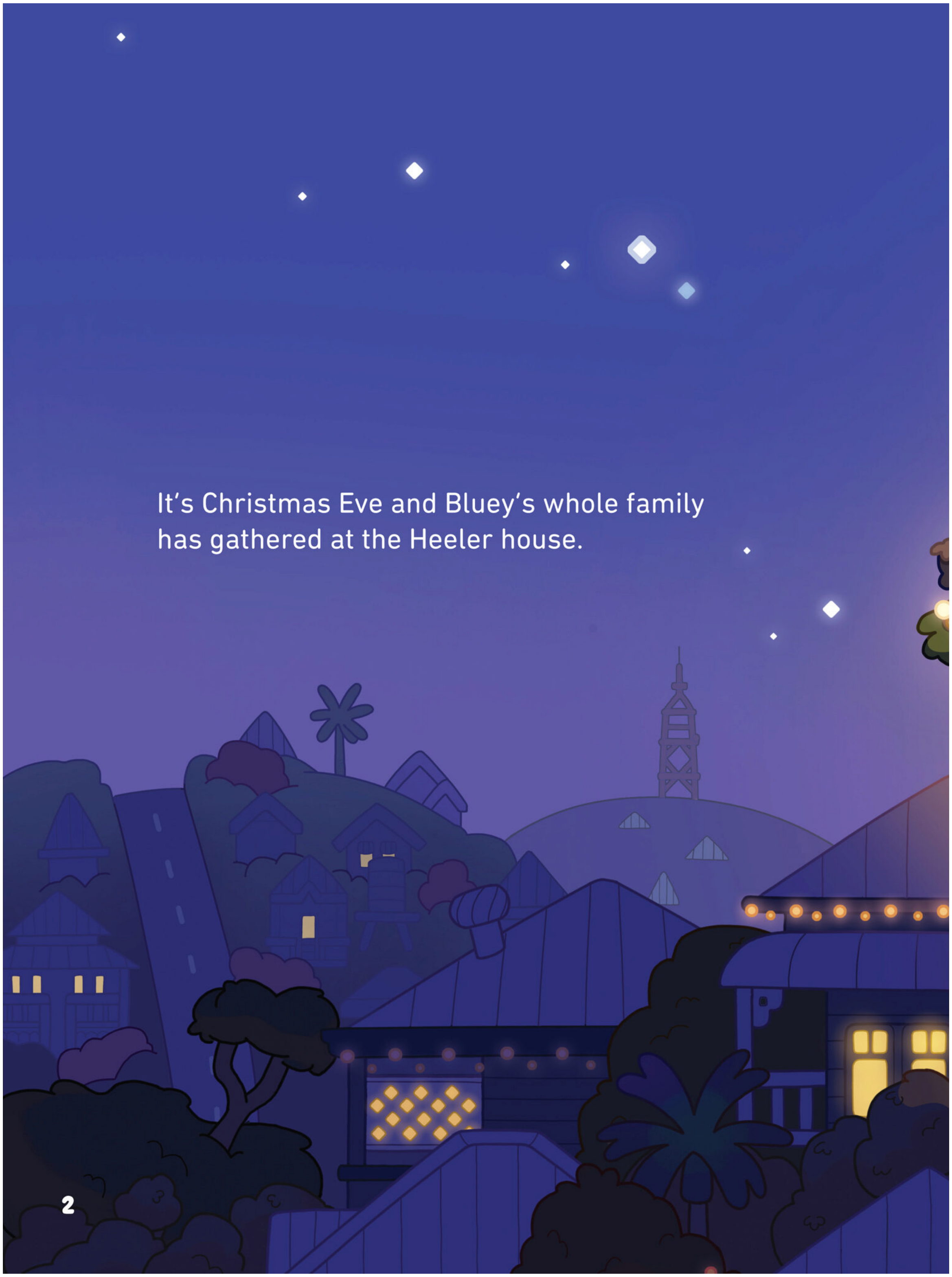
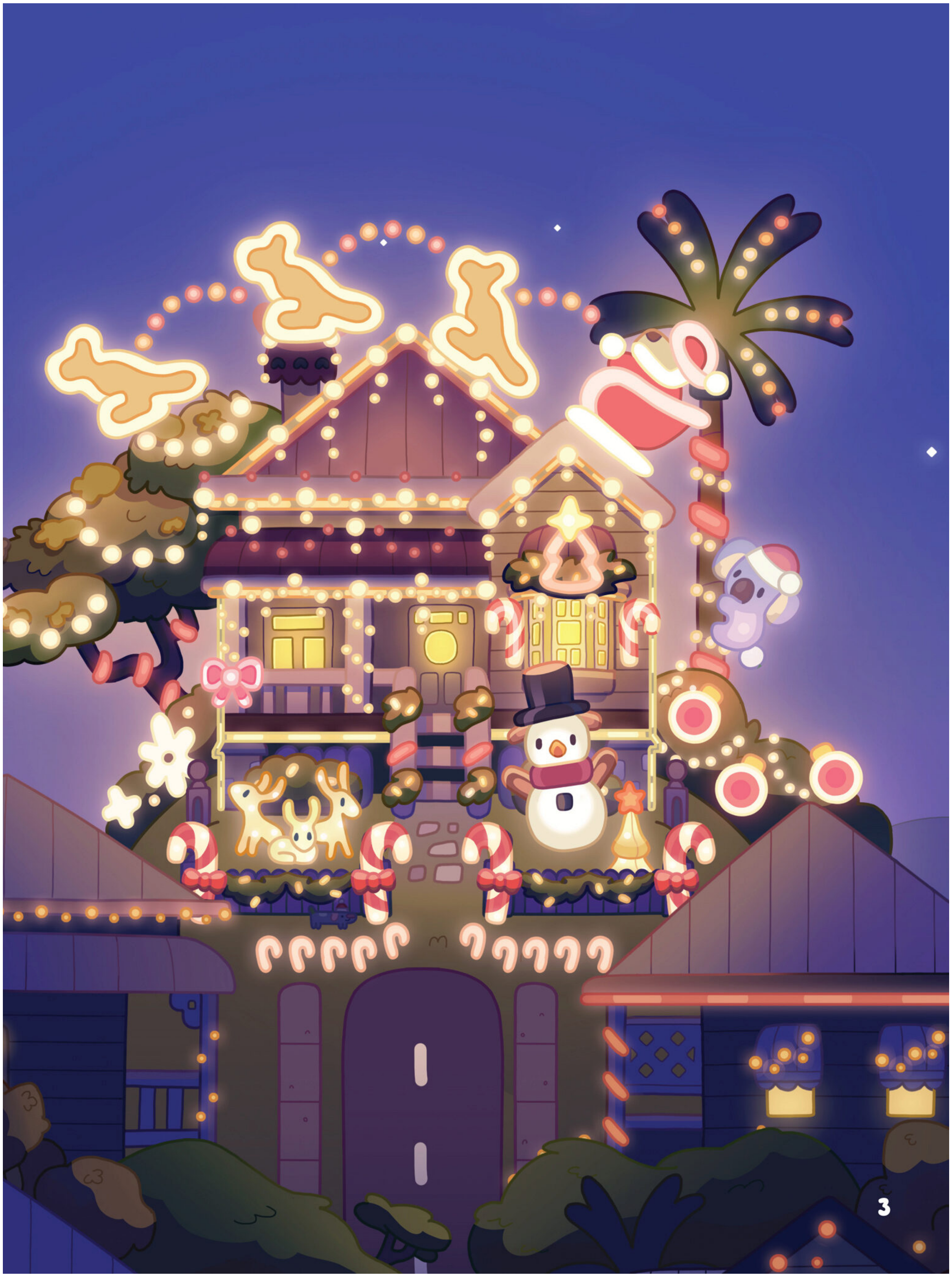
BLUEY

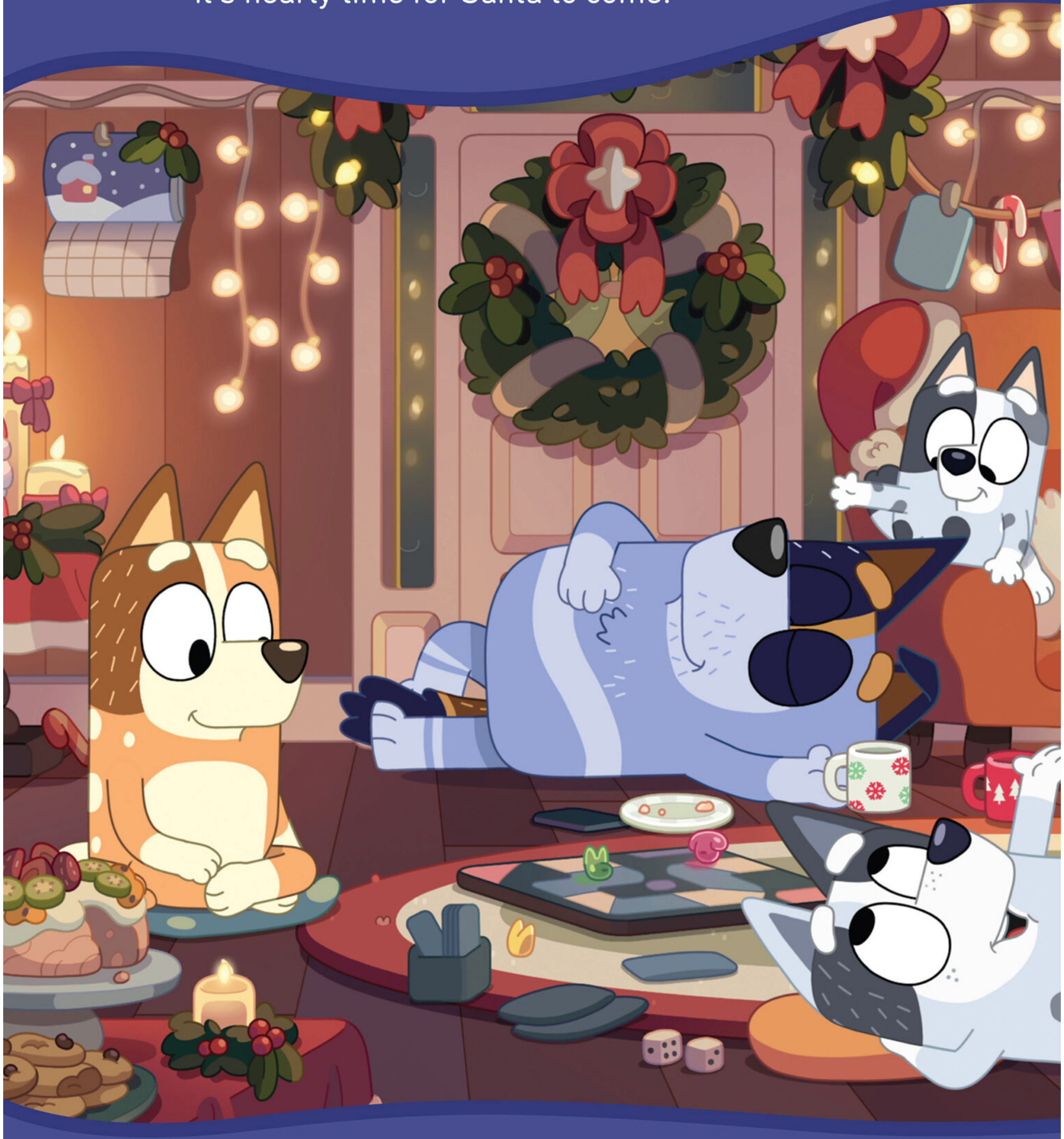
VERANDAH SANTA

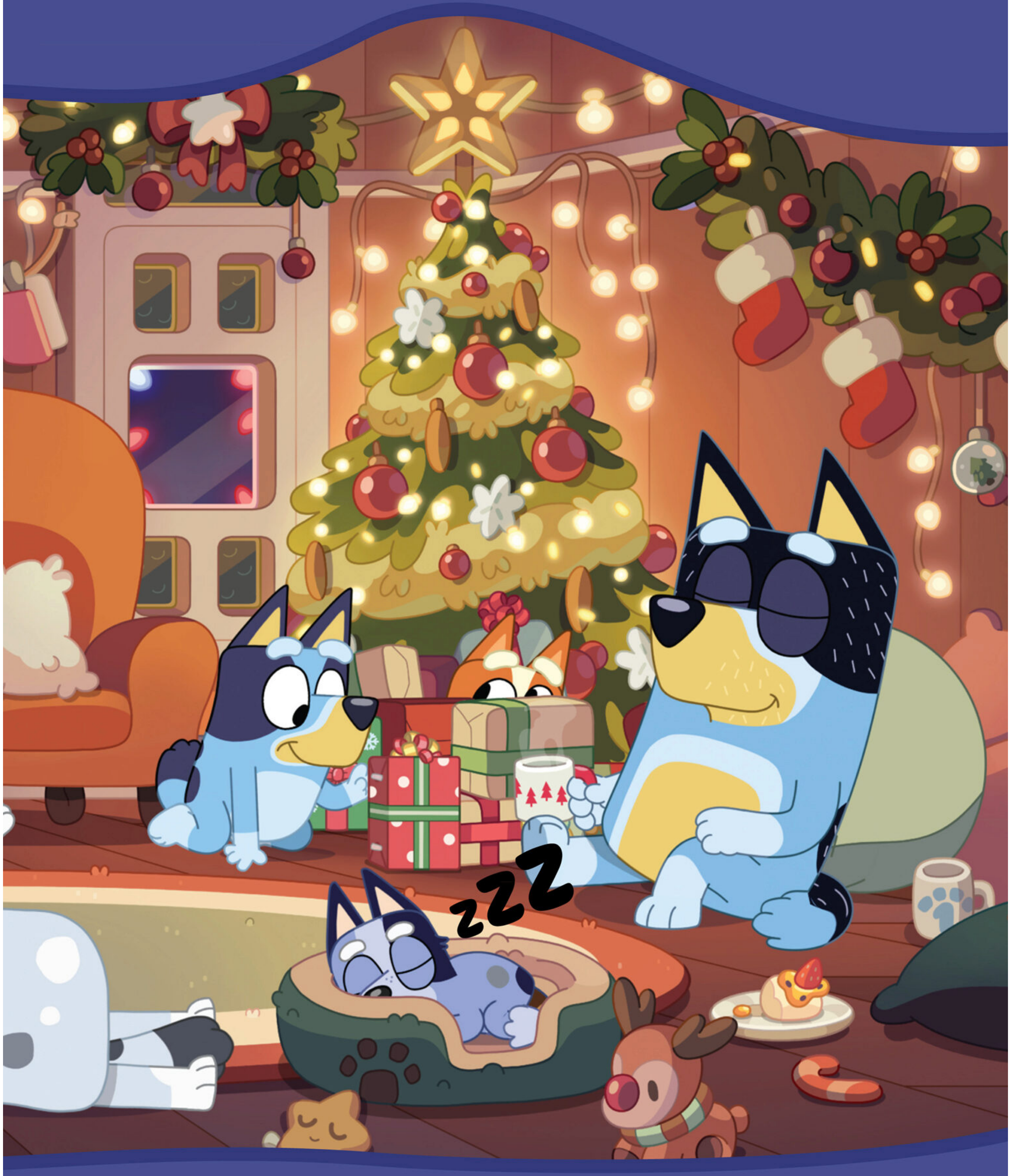


It's Christmas Eve and Bluey's whole family has gathered at the Heeler house.



Everyone's already had dinner, which means it's nearly time for Santa to come!

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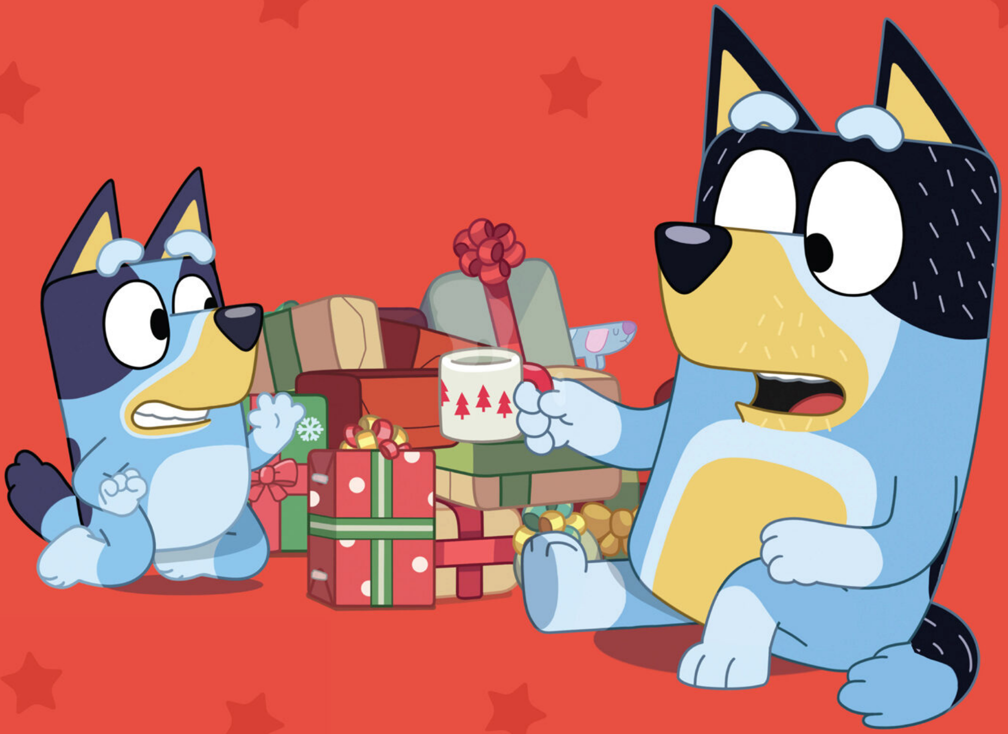
Bluey is bursting with excitement! She can't wait to open the presents that are already under the tree.

'**UH-UH-UH**. No peeking at those presents,' warns Dad.

'Why not?' asks Bluey.

'Because Santa doesn't give presents to naughty kids,' says Dad.

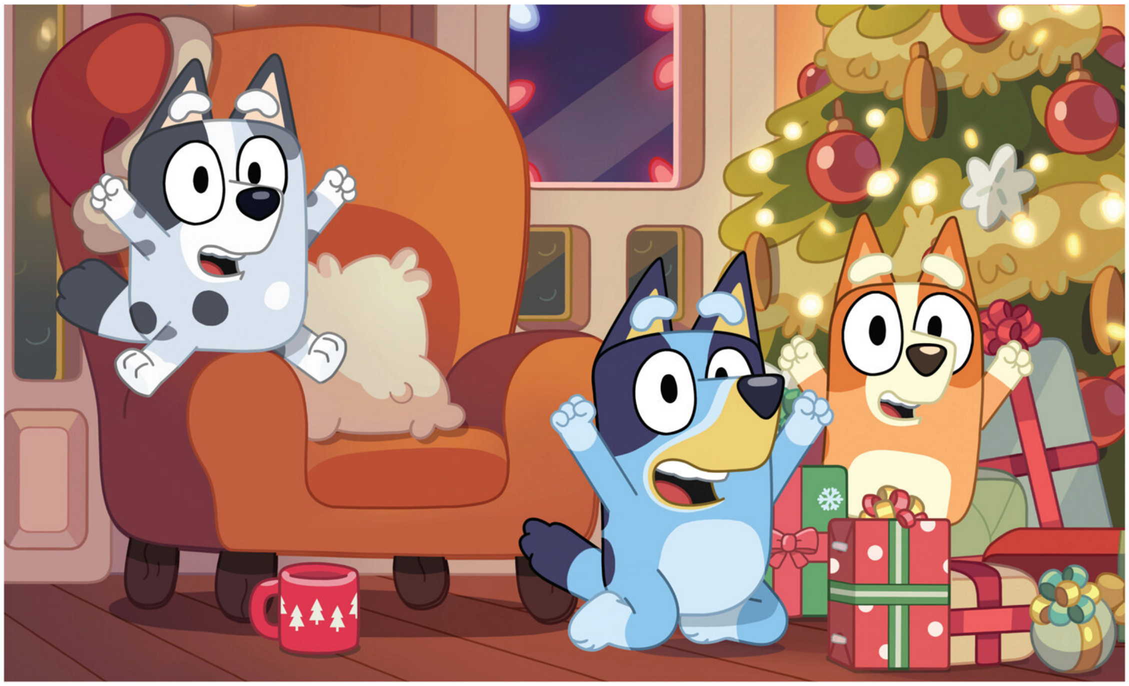


Muffin wants to know how Santa gets in when there's no chimney.

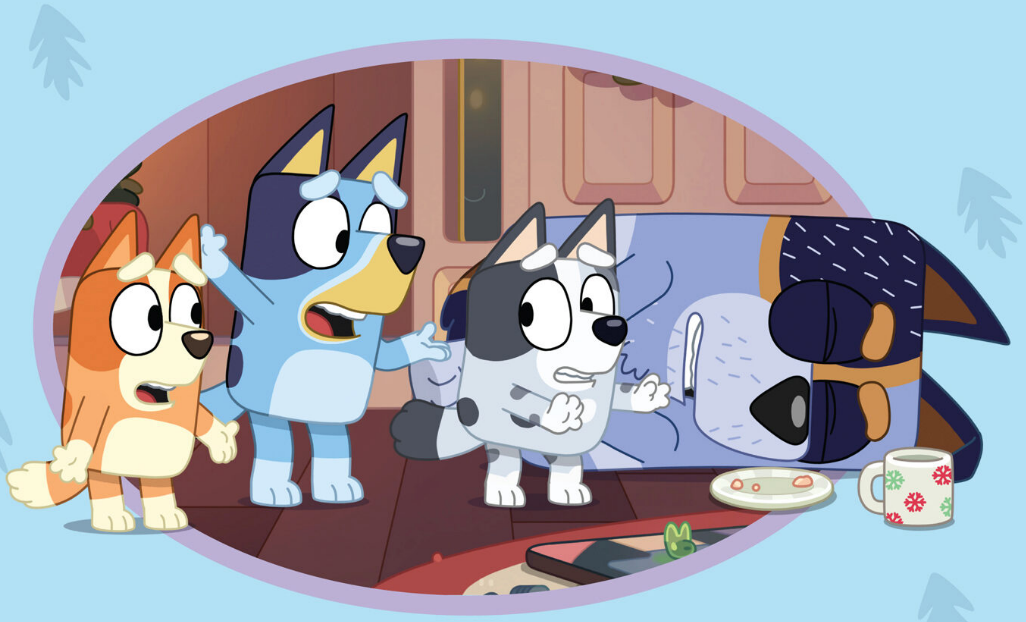
'Maybe he uses the verandah,' suggests Bluey.

Bingo bursts out from behind the presents.
'Let's play **Verandah Santa!**'

YEAH!

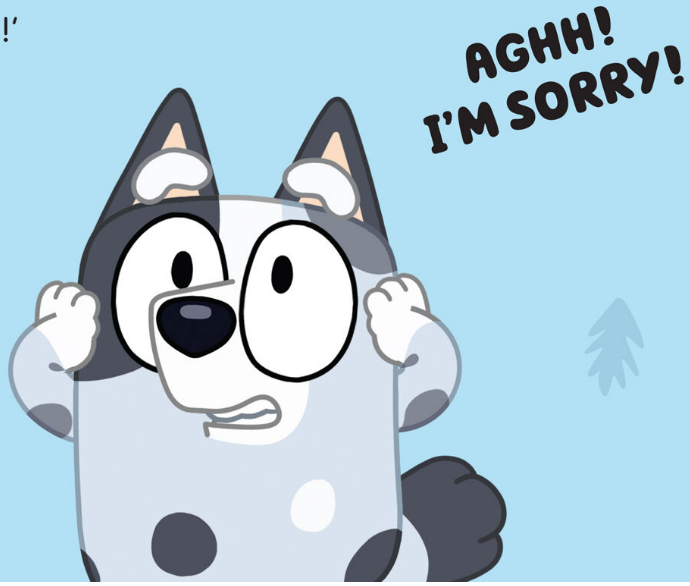


Muffin jumps off the chair and lands on her dad's belly.

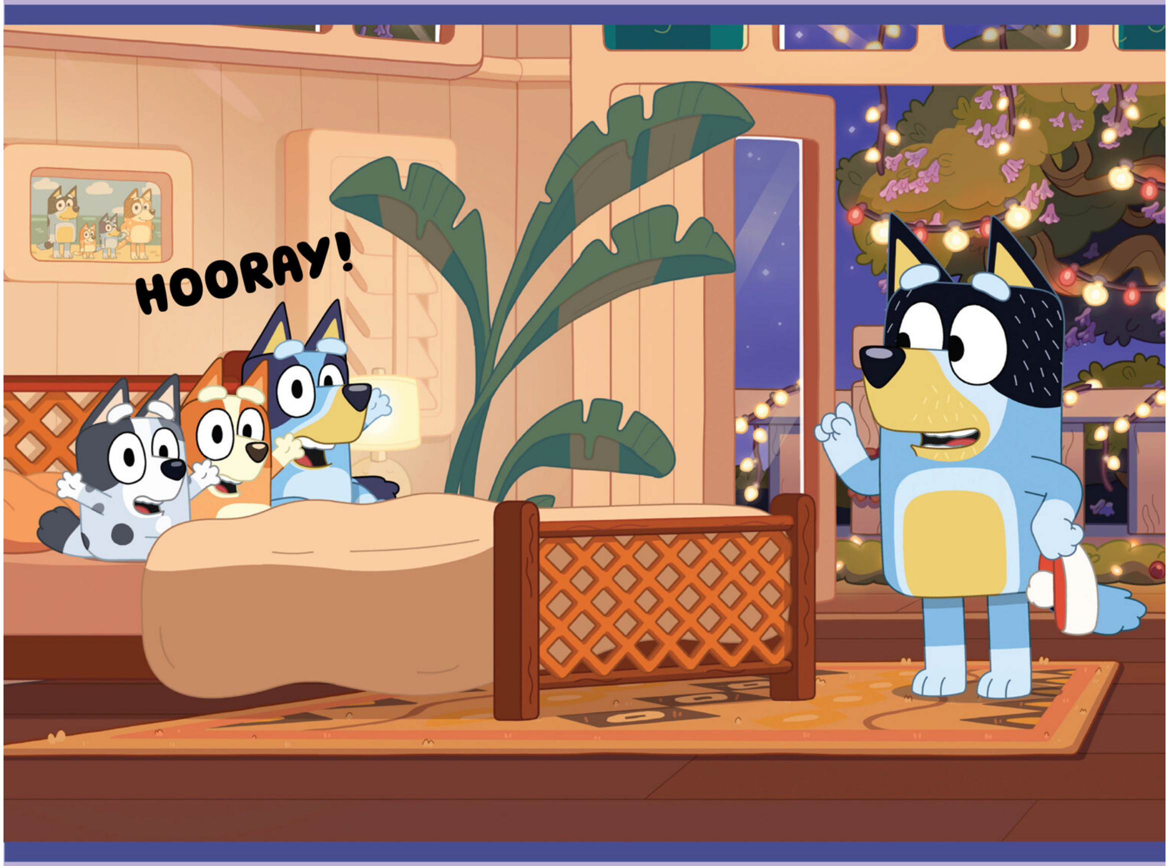


'Muffin, quick, you have to say sorry,' says Bingo.

'Santa's watching!' reminds Bluey.


AGHH!
I'M SORRY!

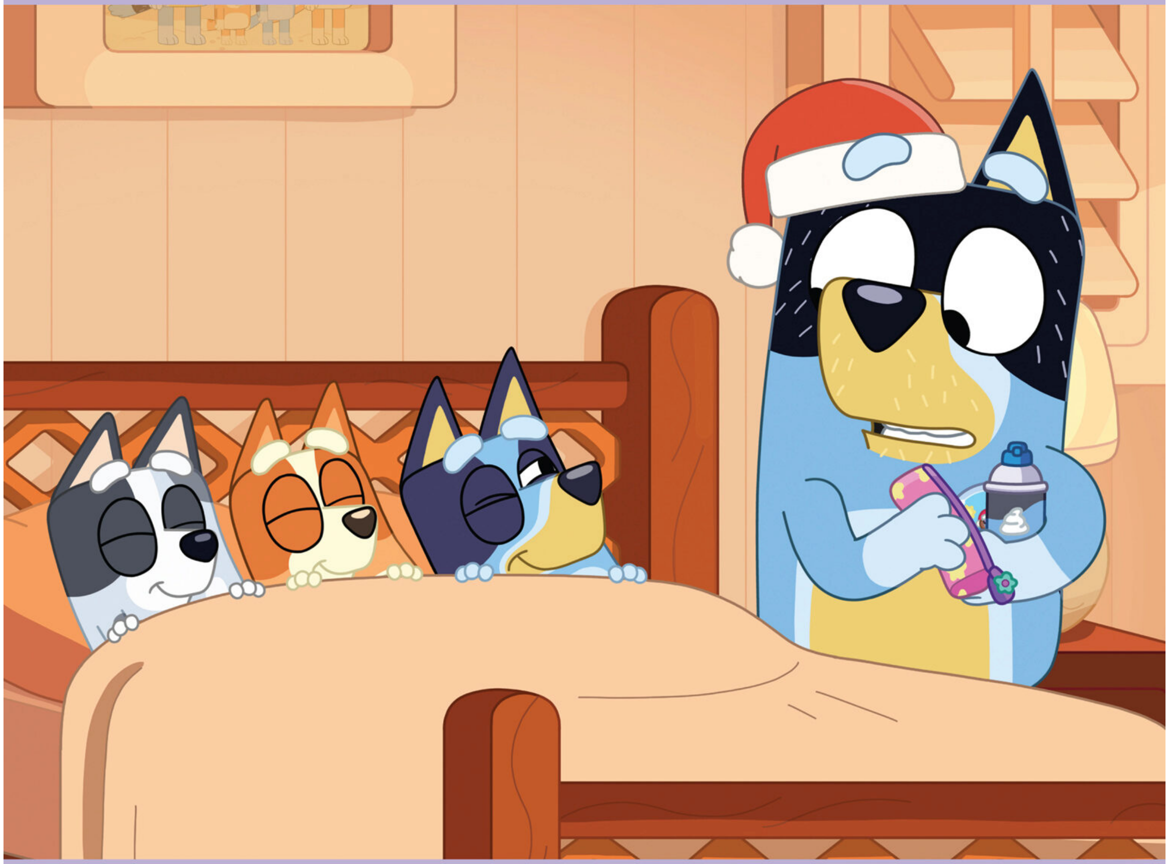
Now it's time to play the game! Bluey suggests Dad can be Verandah Santa, and the kids rush into bed and pretend to be asleep.

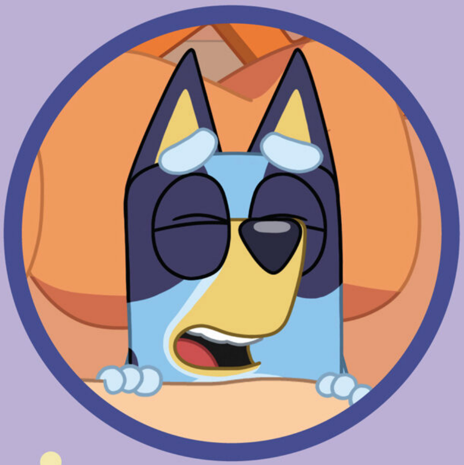


'Okay, it's Christmas in the morning. Remember, **no peeking** or **no presents!**' calls Dad, as he walks out the door.

Dad **TIPTOES** across the verandah and into the room.

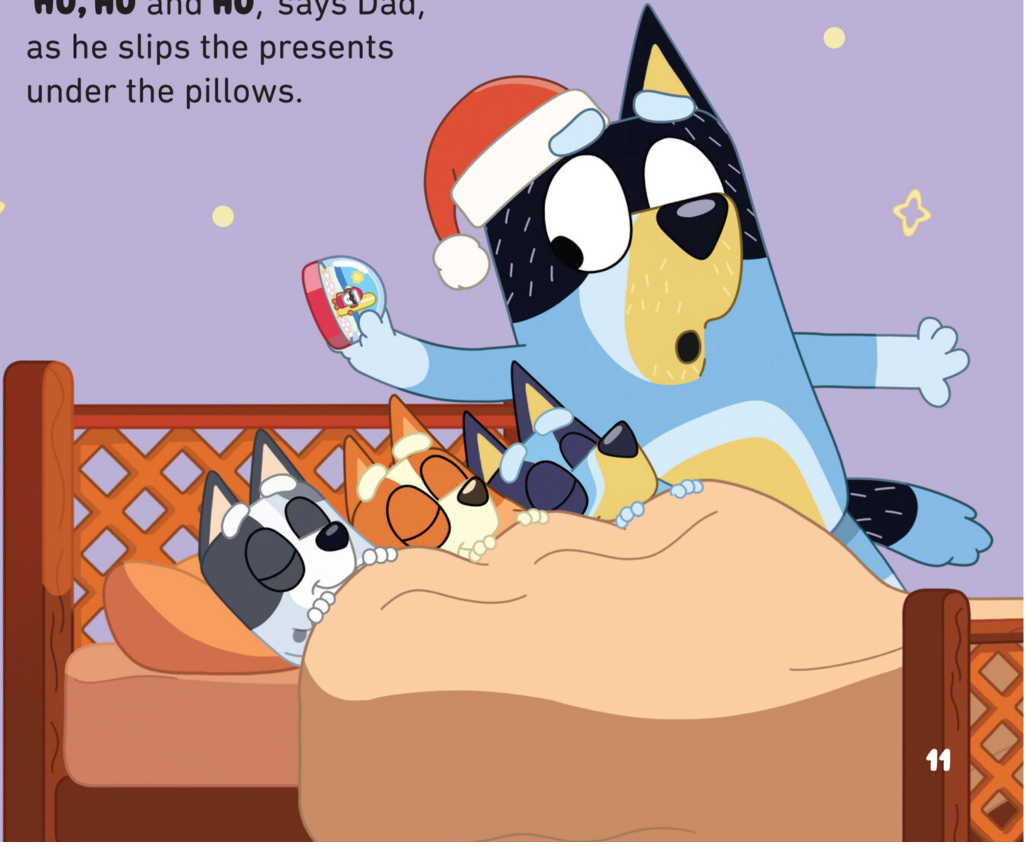
Bingo giggles with excitement and Bluey opens one eye. 'Was that a peek?' asks Dad.





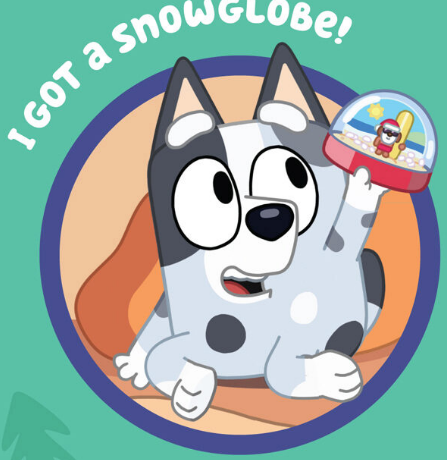
Bluey shuts her eye
and shakes her head.
'It wasn't a peek!'

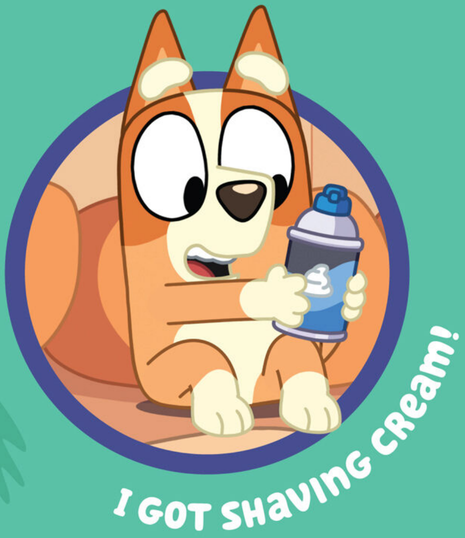
'**HO, HO** and **HO**,' says Dad,
as he slips the presents
under the pillows.

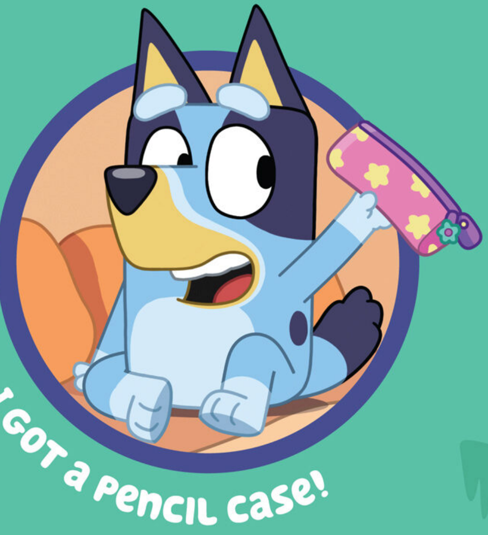


It's morning! Verandah Santa has left something under everyone's pillow.

'HOORAY!' cry the kids.


I GOT a SNOWGLOBE!

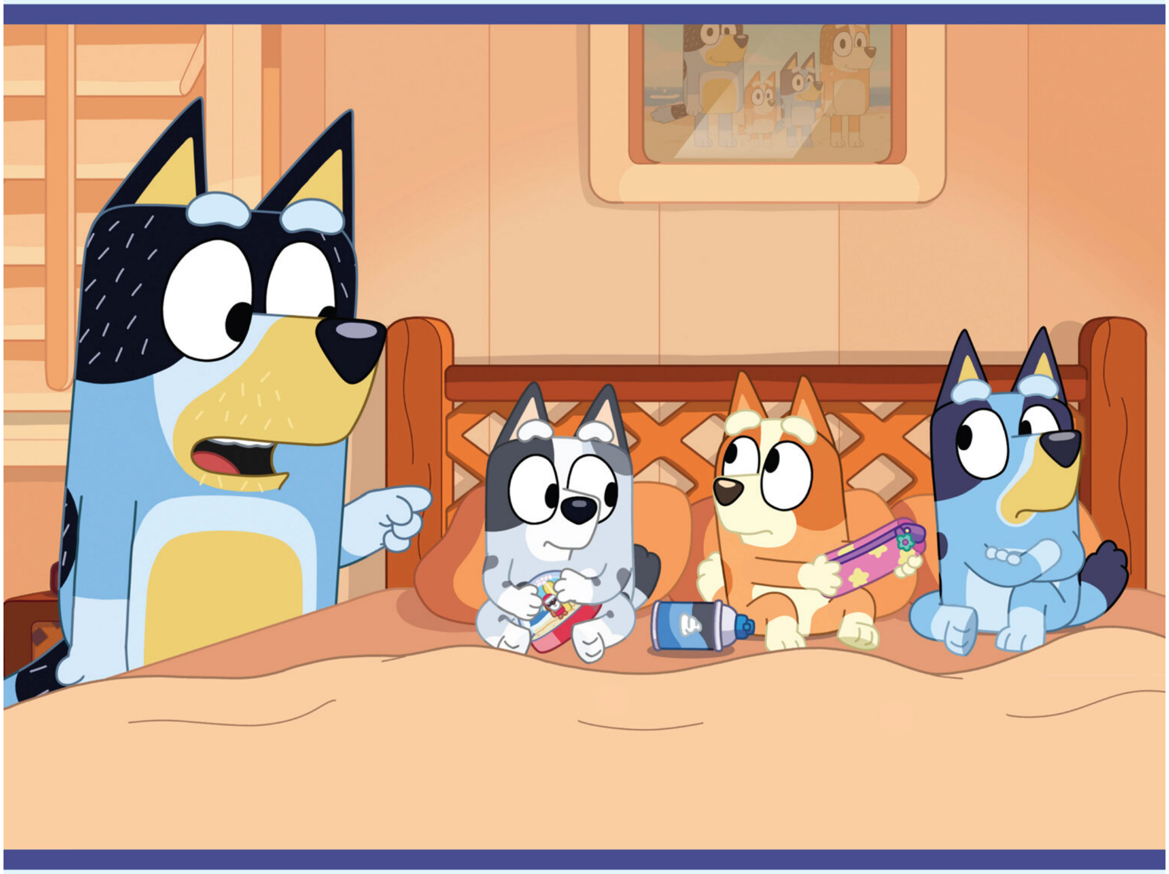

I GOT SHAVING CREAM!

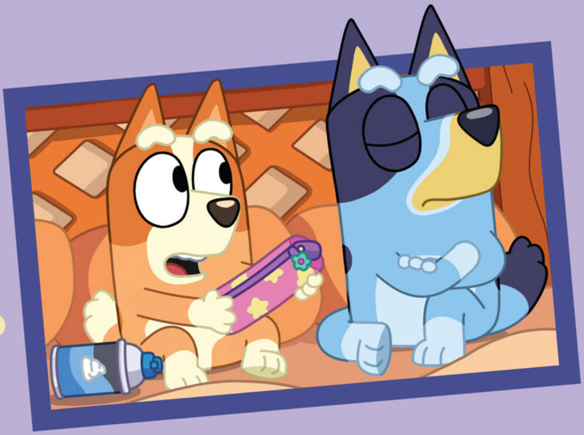

I GOT a PENCIL CASE!

'Hey, that's my pencil case,' yells Bingo, snatching it from Bluey.

'Yeah, but it's Bluey's for the game,' says Dad. 'She'll give it back after.'

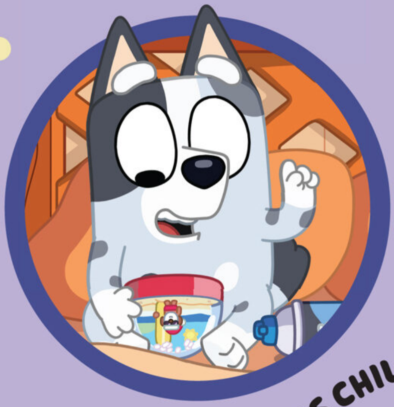
Bingo apologises, but Bluey doesn't want to accept her sorry.



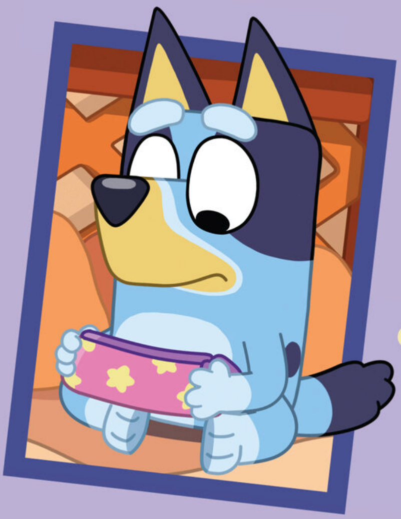


'Why should I?' asks Bluey.

'Because Santa won't bring you any presents!' explains Bingo.

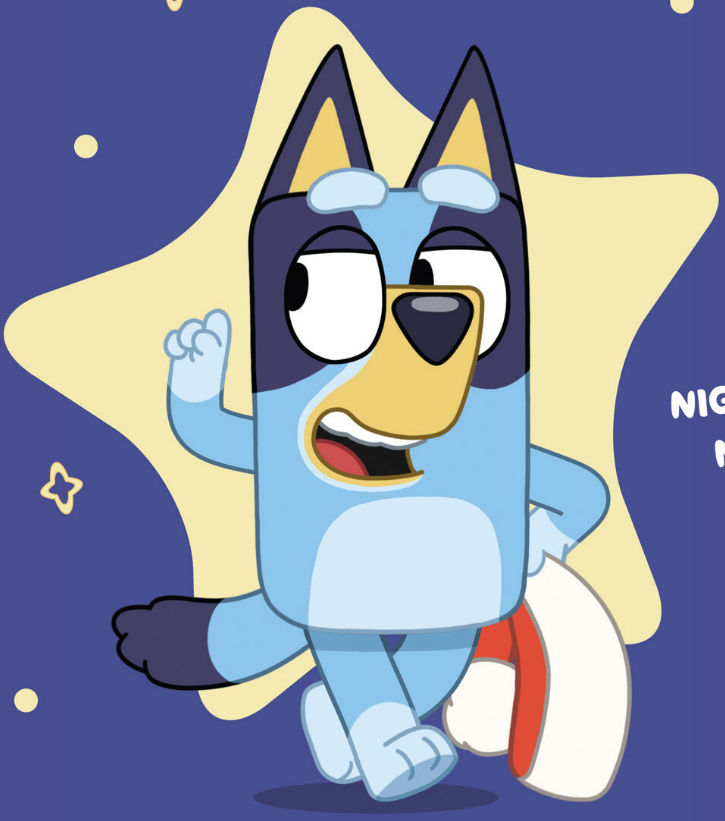


Santa likes children who accept sorrys.



'Okay, fine!' says Bluey and takes the pencil case.

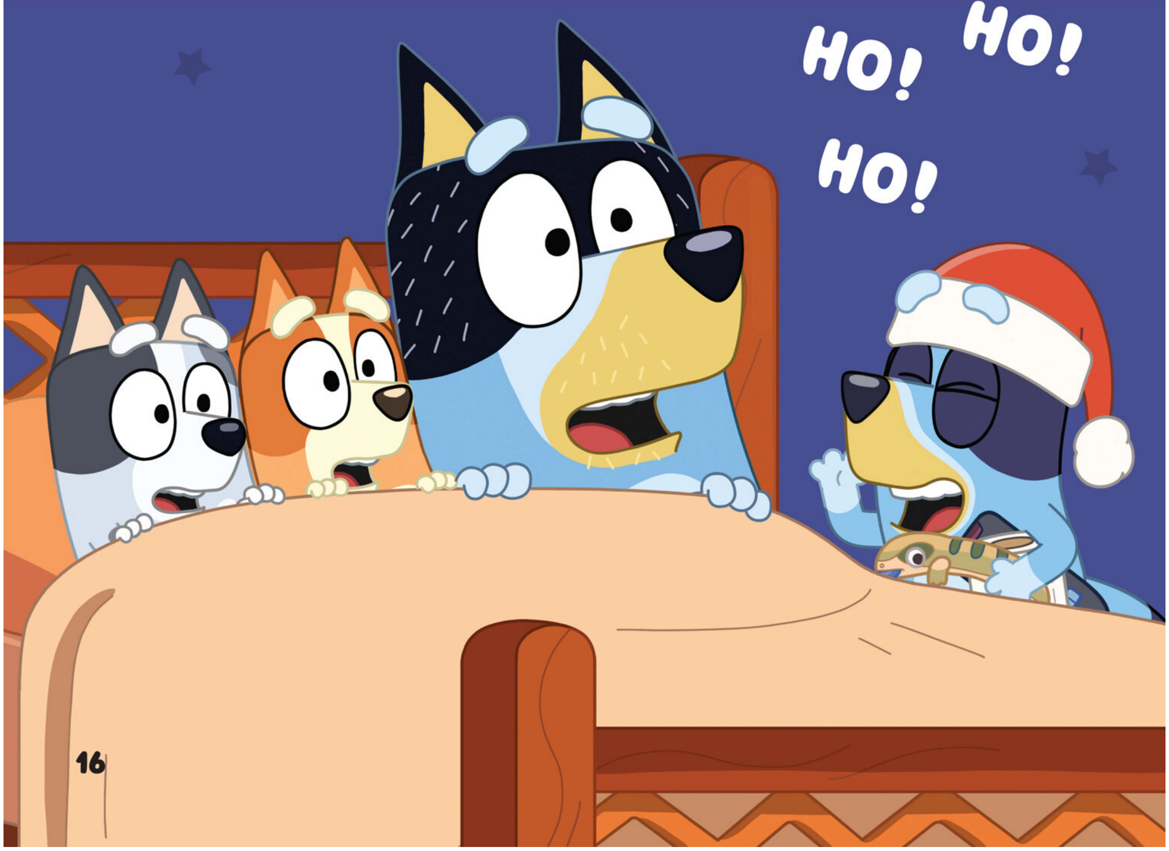
Now it's Bluey's turn to be Verandah Santa.
She grabs the hat and walks to the door.



NIGHT, NIGHT, KIDS.
NO PEEKING OR
NO PRESENTS.

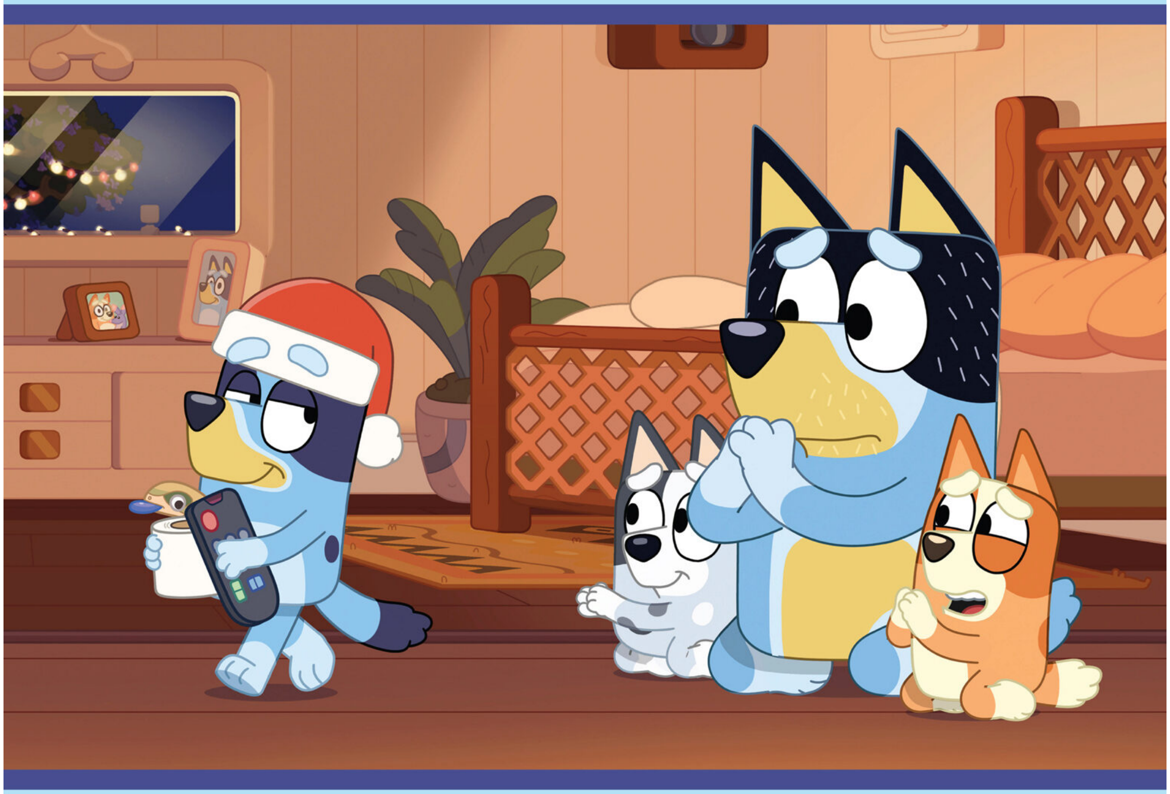
'We won't!' they
chorus from the bed.

Bluey **TIPTOES** across the verandah and into the room.
She reaches the bed and . . .



'Naughty children! You **peeked** at Santa,' she scolds. 'No presents for you. I'm going to throw these in the bin!'

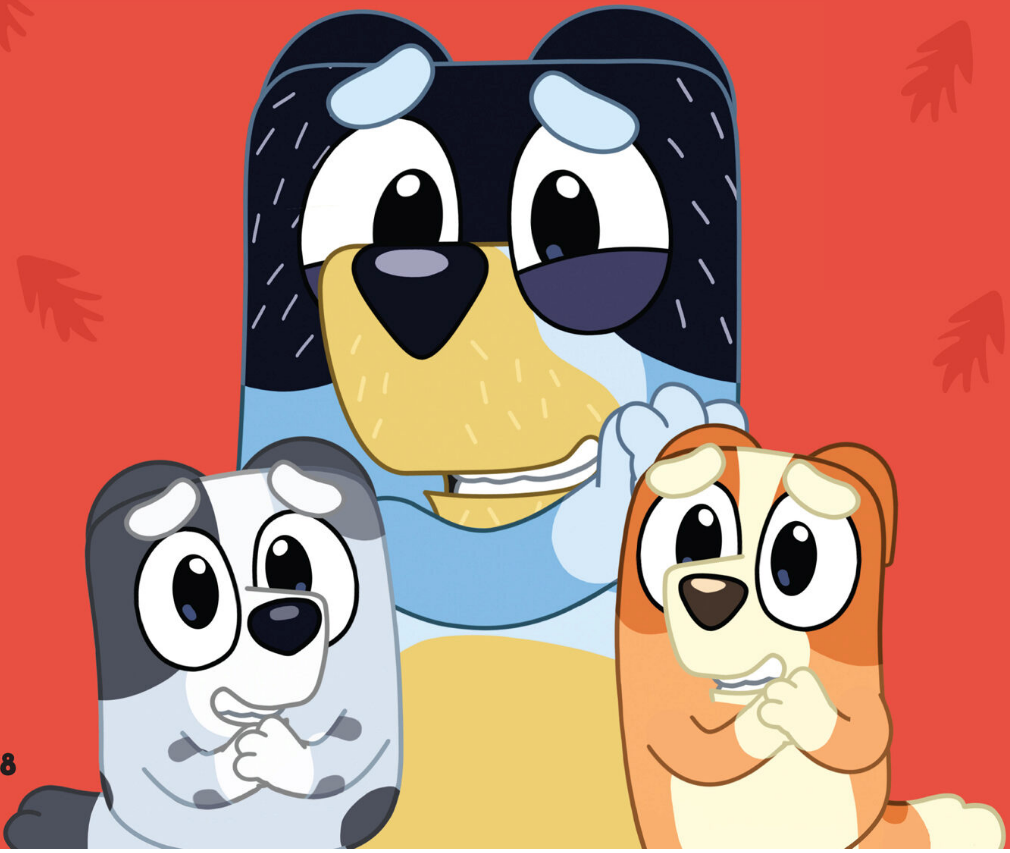
Bluey walks away, but the trio jump out of bed to protest.



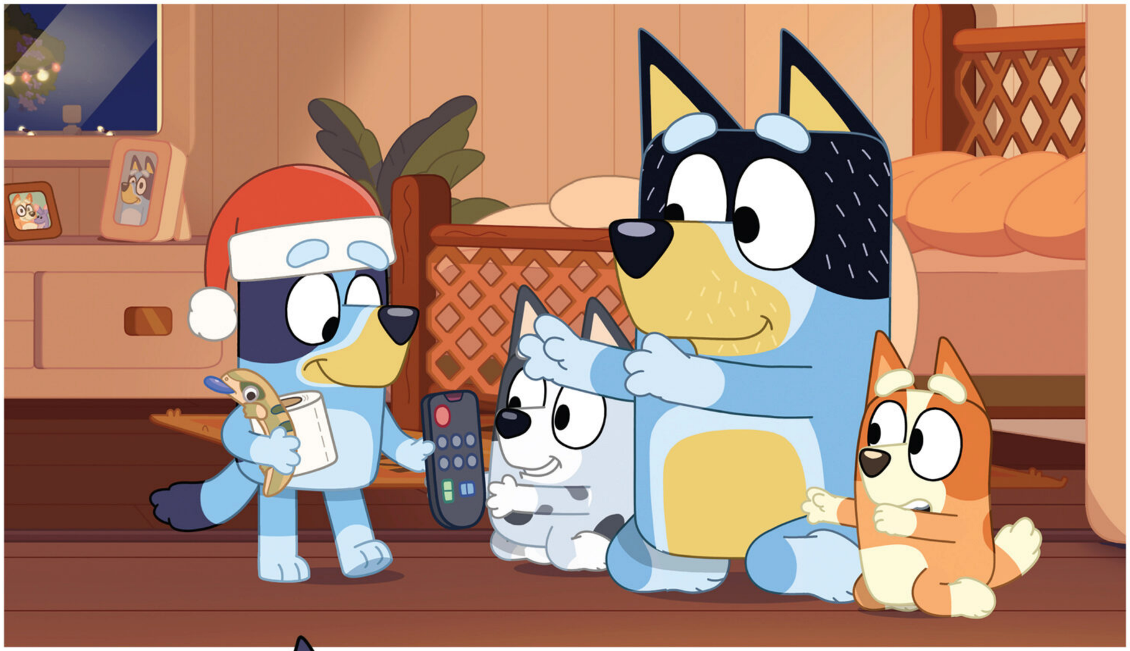
Muffin, Bingo and Dad all put on their very best please faces.

'We're sorry, Santa,' says Bingo.

'**PLEASE** will you accept our sorry?' asks Dad.

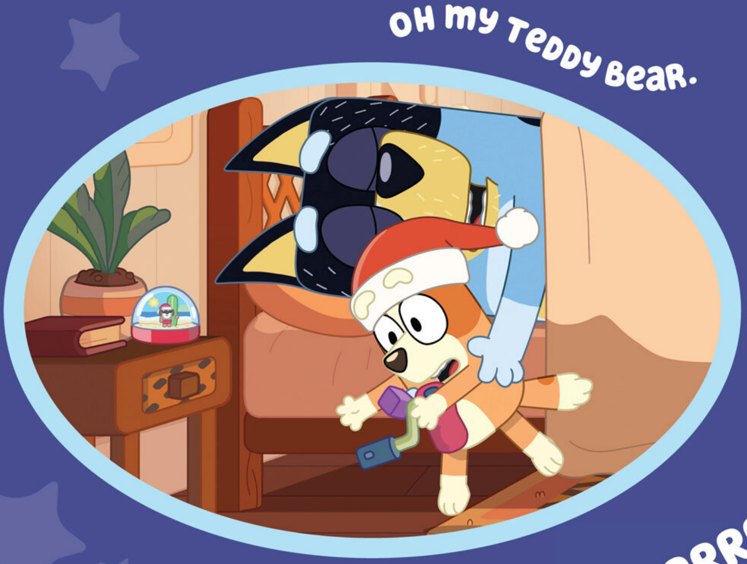


'Hmmm,' Bluey thinks for a moment, then decides she will.

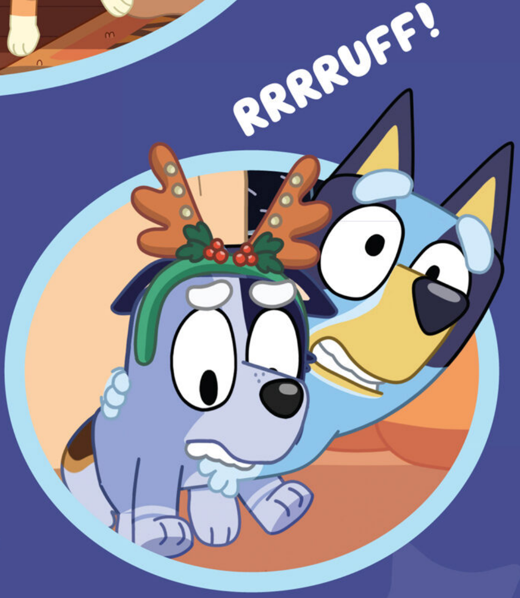


'I sure am a very nice child!' says Bluey. 'If I were the real Santa, I'd give me **LOTS** of presents!'

It's Bingo's turn now and Socks rushes in to be her helper. As Bingo goes to hand out the presents Dad scoops her up . . .

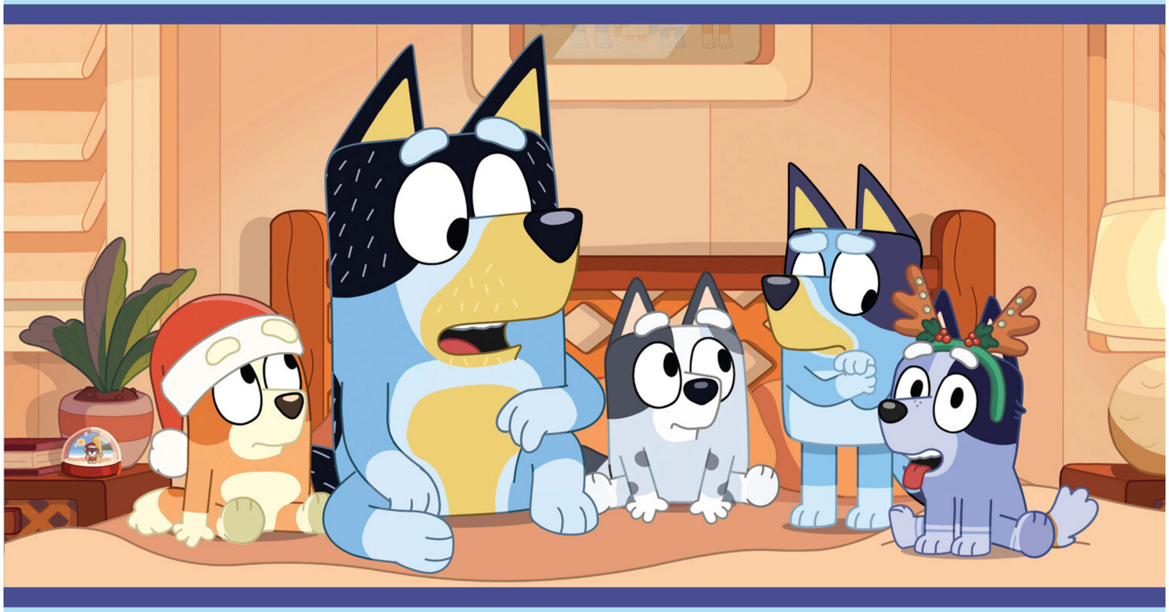

OH my Teddy Bear.

Bluey copies Dad and picks up Socks. But Socks is frightened and nips Bluey.



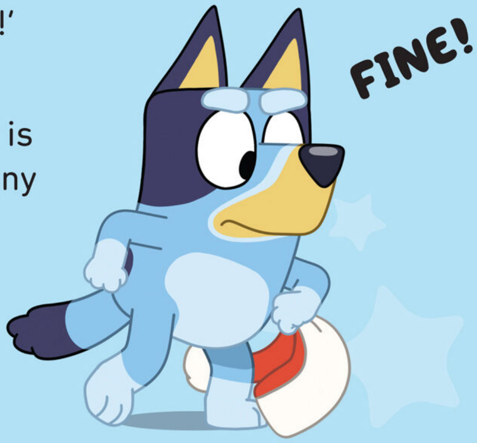
'Socks bit me,' yells Bluey.

Dad explains to Socks that it's not nice to bite people. But that's not enough for Bluey.



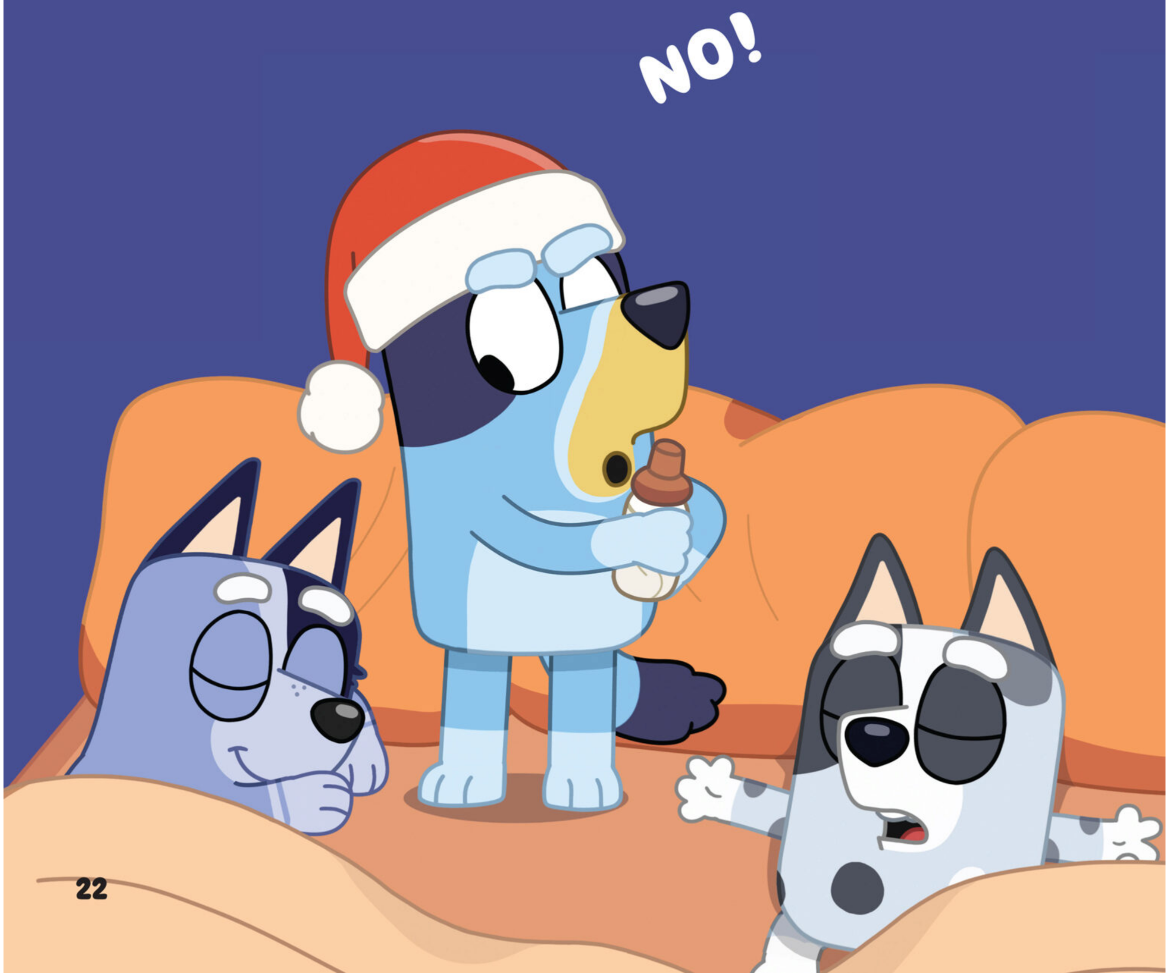
'She's not even saying sorry!' cries Bluey.

Dad shakes his head. 'Socks is only one and doesn't know any better. Let's keep playing.'



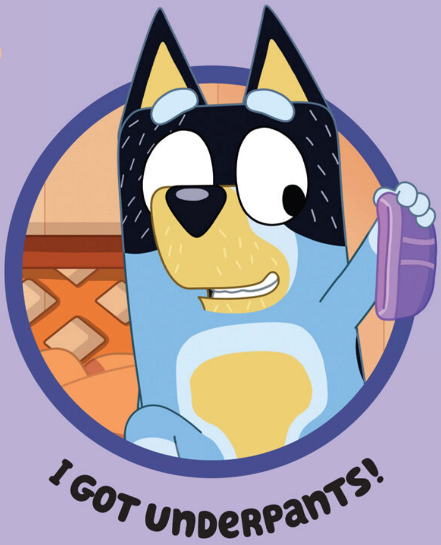
Bluey **TIPTOES** across the verandah and into the room.

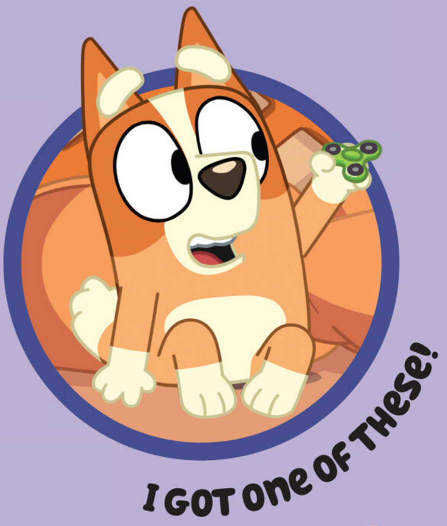
She creeps across the bed, avoiding grabby hands to deliver the presents. '**HO, HO, HO** and . . .'

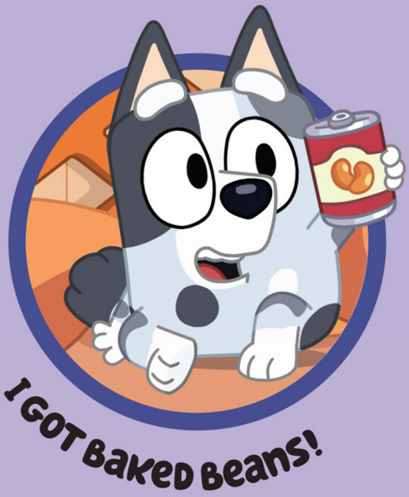


Bluey yells, **'CHRISTMAS!'**

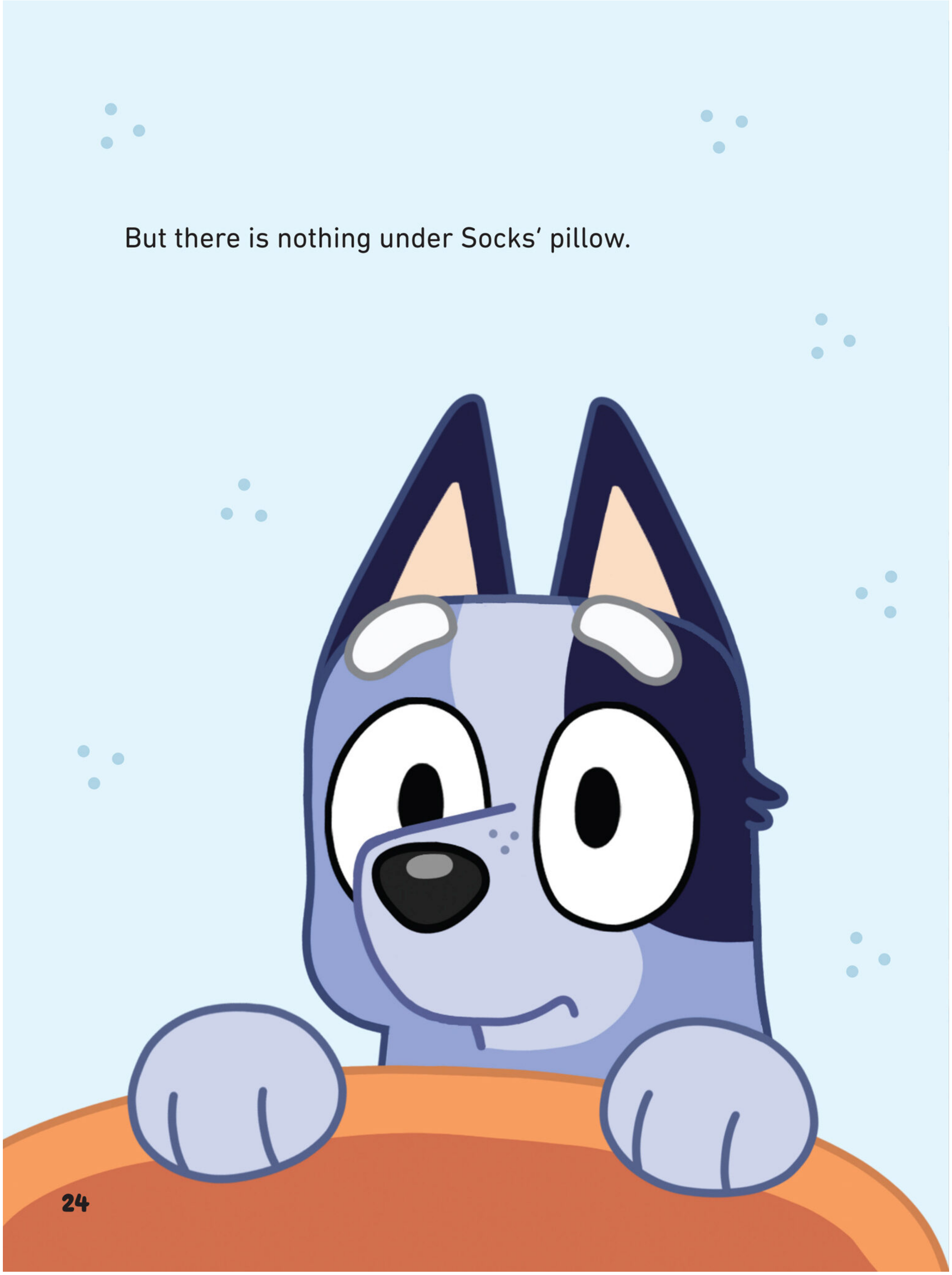
Everyone looks under their pillow for a present.

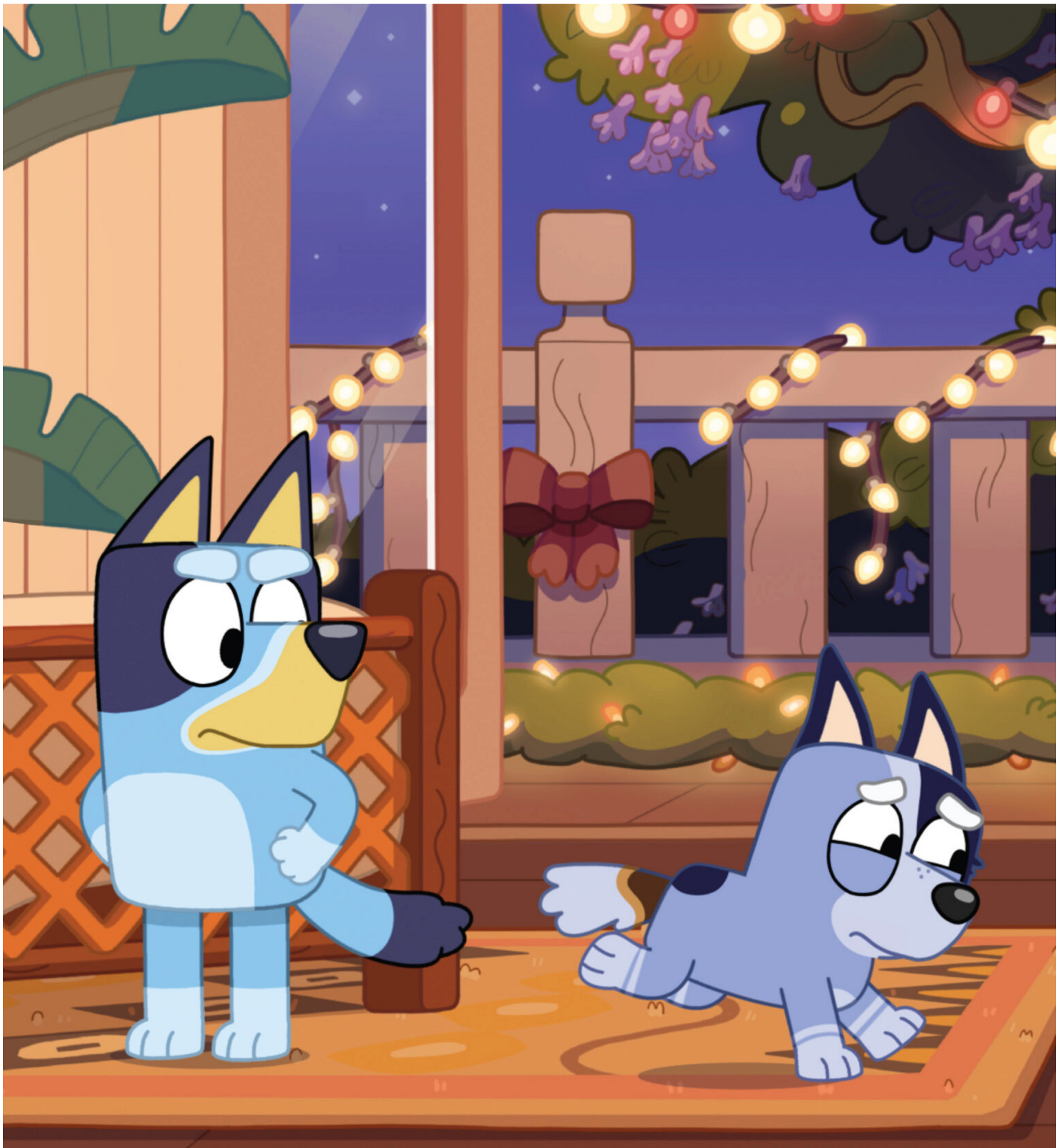

I GOT UNDERPANTS!


I GOT ONE OF THESE!


I GOT BAKED BEANS!

But there is nothing under Socks' pillow.



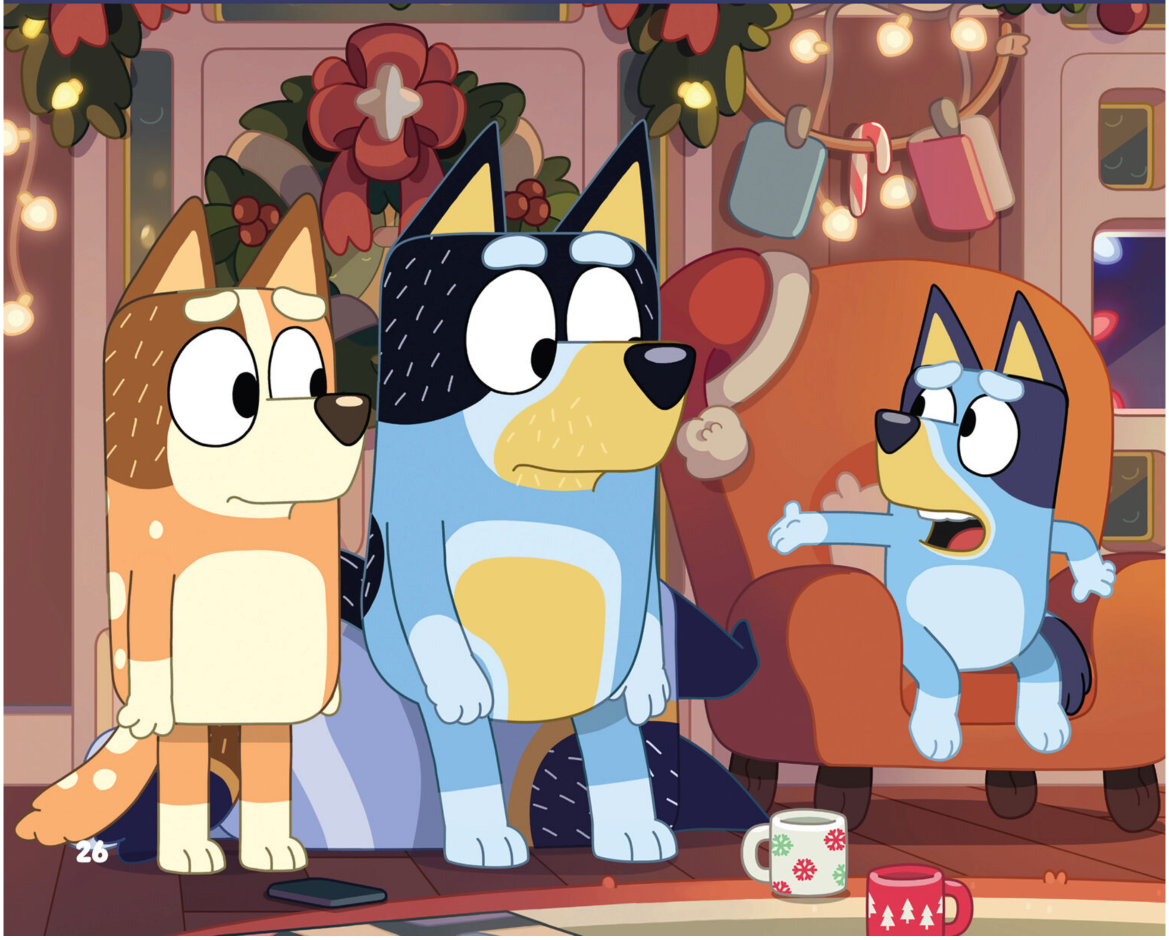


'Bluey!' scolds Dad, as Socks runs from the room.

'But she bit me and didn't say **SORRY!**' huffs Bluey.

Afterwards, Mum and Dad find Bluey in the lounge room. 'Bluey, I think you should say sorry to Socks,' says Dad.

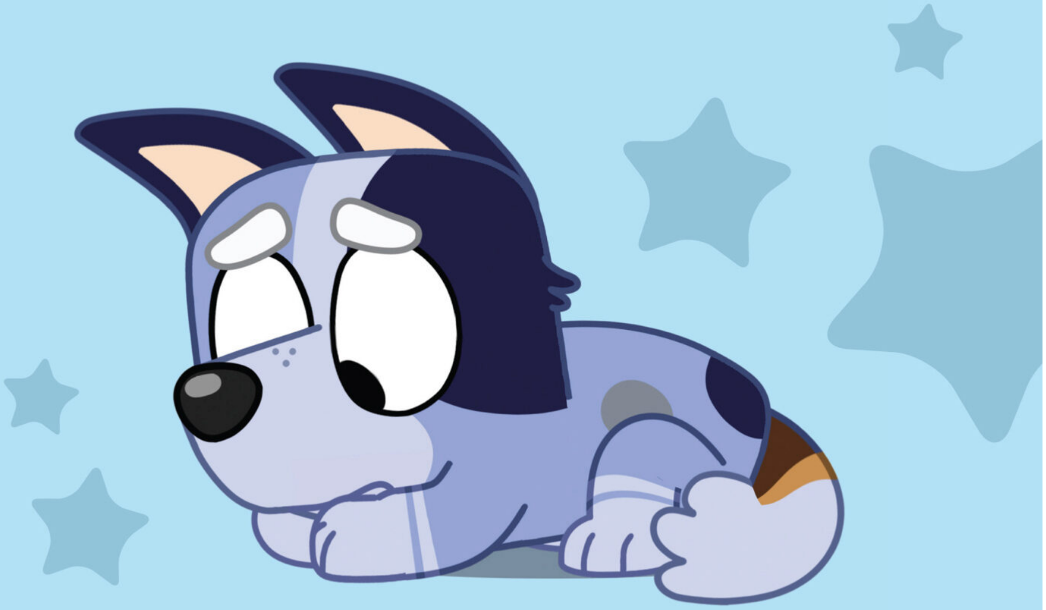
'I was teaching her that Santa doesn't give you presents if you're not nice,' declares Bluey.



'That's not the reason to be nice to people,' explains Mum.

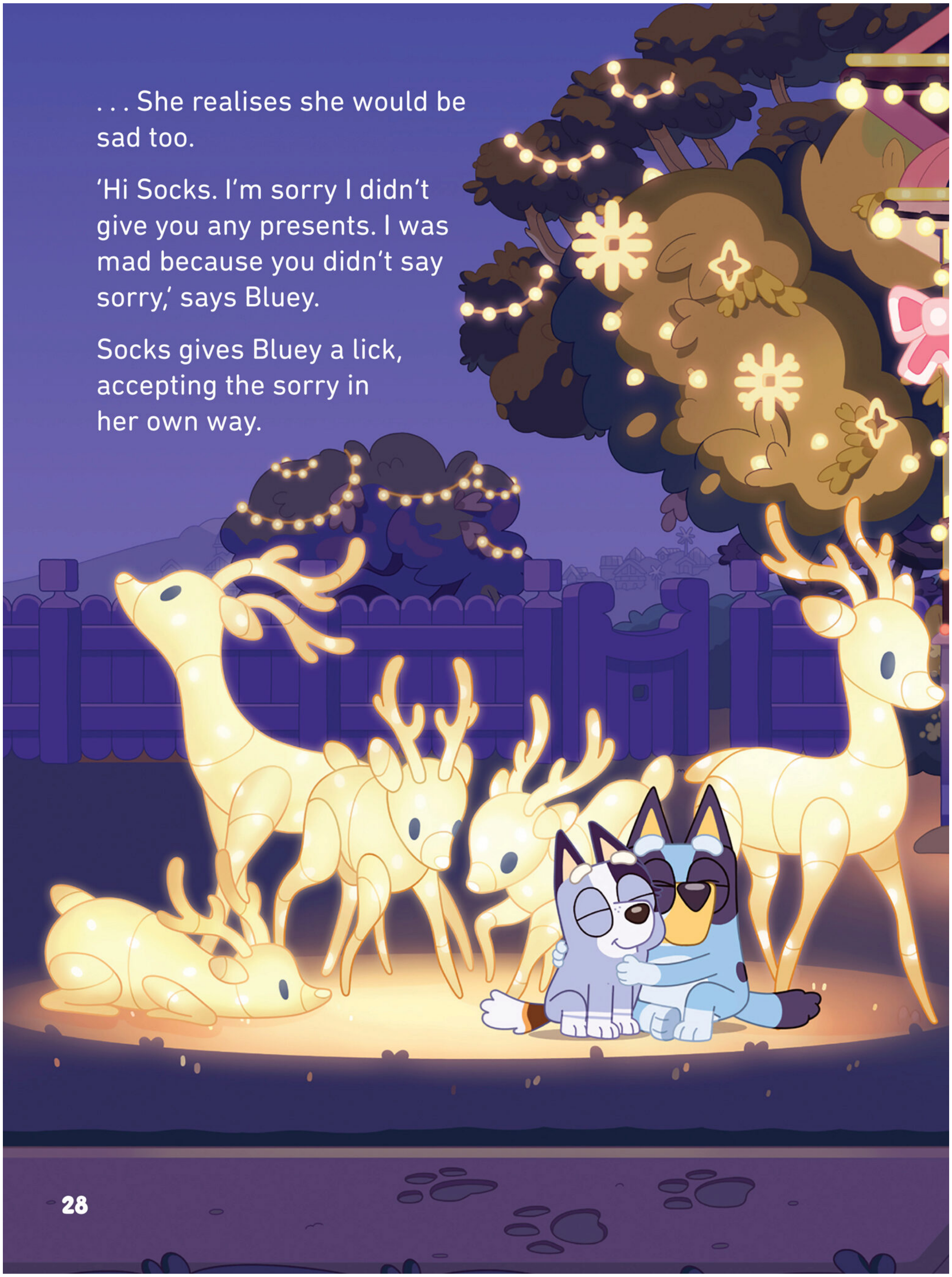
'Then what **IS** the reason?' asks Bluey.

Mum and Dad show Bluey that Socks is sitting outside on her own, crying.



'Imagine if Socks did to you what you did to her,' says Dad.

Bluey looks at Socks and thinks . . .

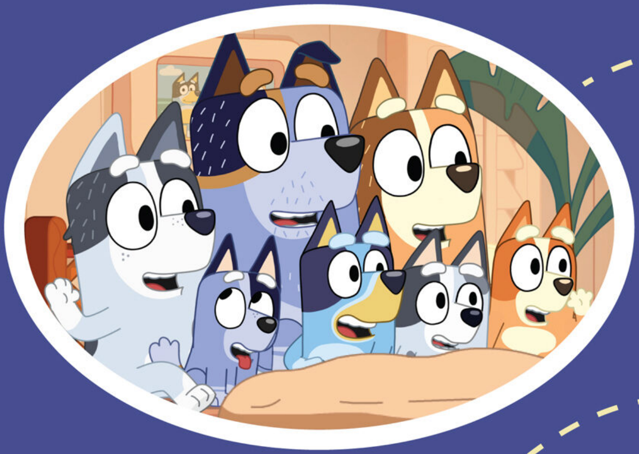


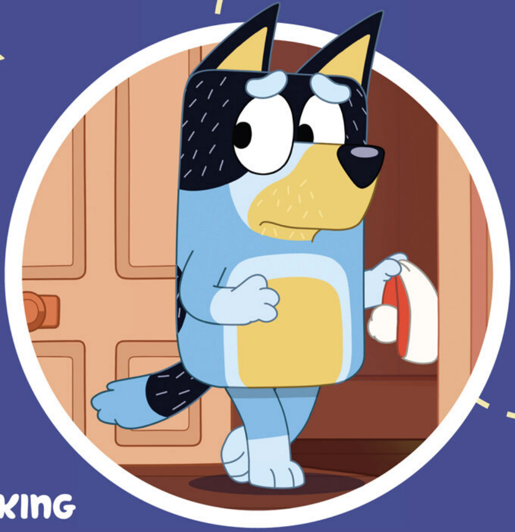
. . . She realises she would be sad too.

'Hi Socks. I'm sorry I didn't give you any presents. I was mad because you didn't say sorry,' says Bluey.

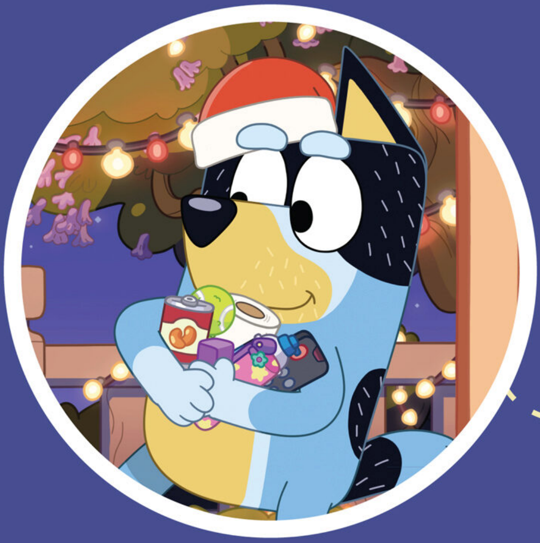
Socks gives Bluey a lick, accepting the sorry in her own way.

There's time for one last game of Verandah Santa.

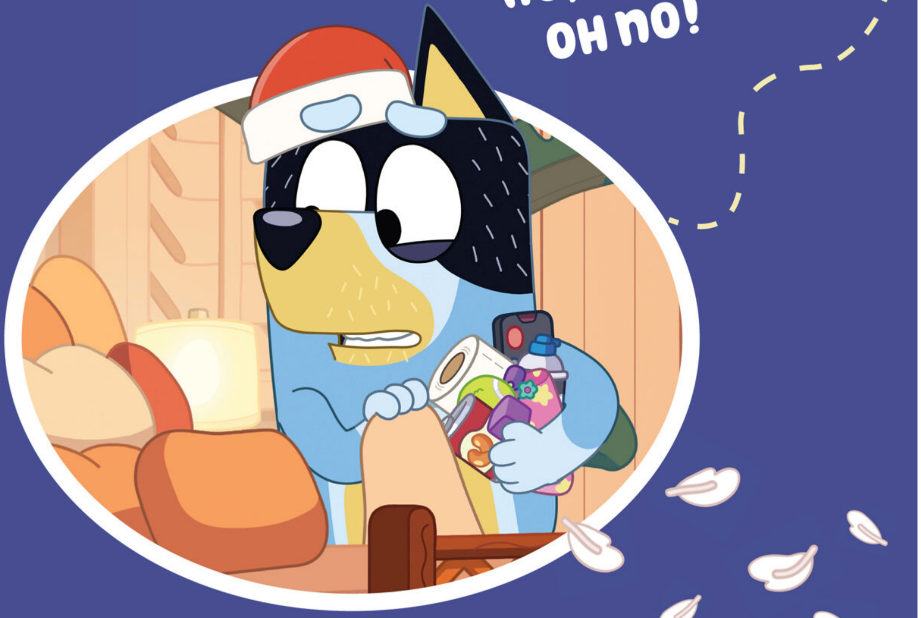


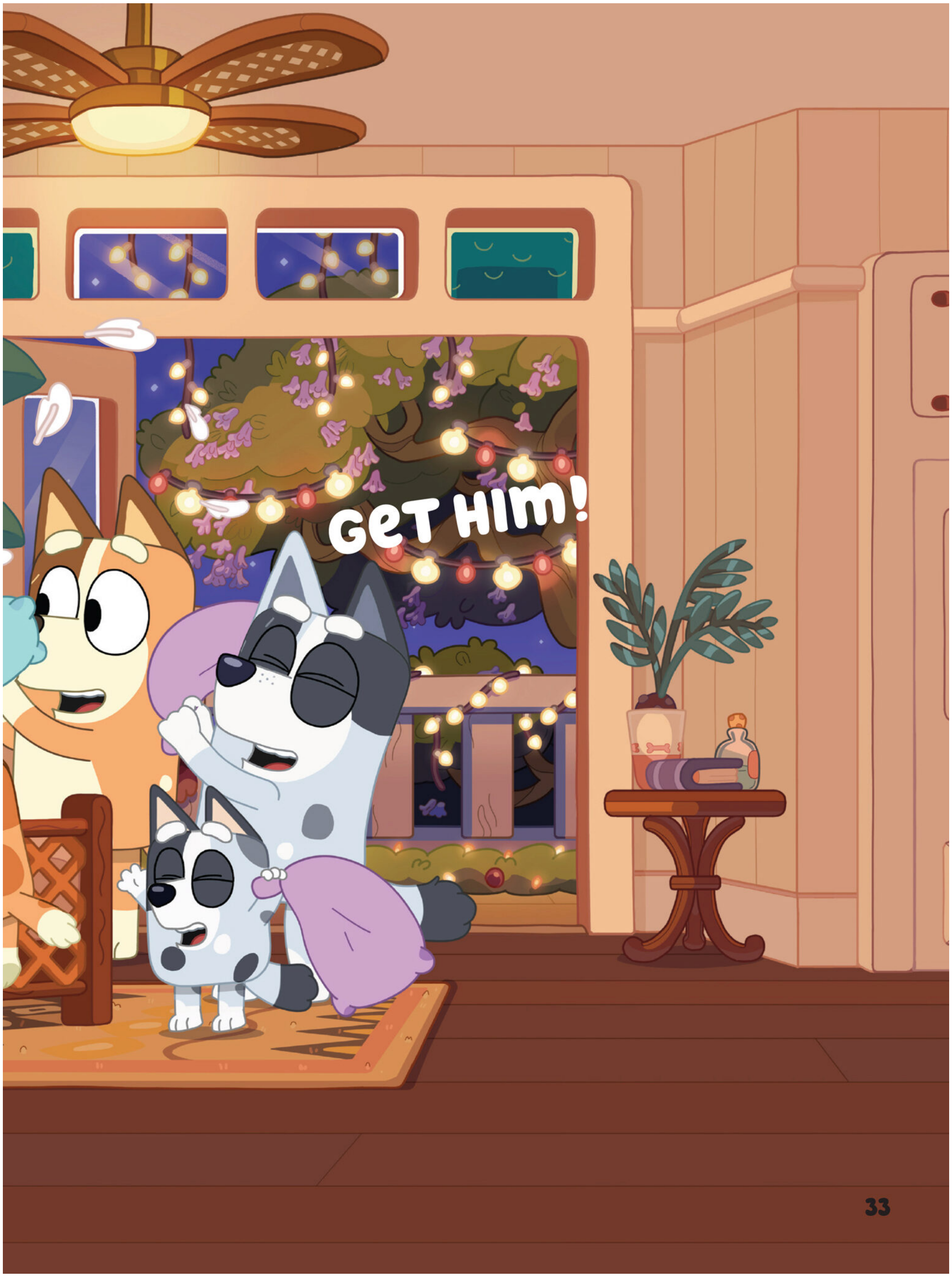


'Okay, night, kids.
Remember **no peeking**
or **no presents**,' says Dad,
as he goes to the door.



Dad **TIPTOES** across the verandah and into the room.

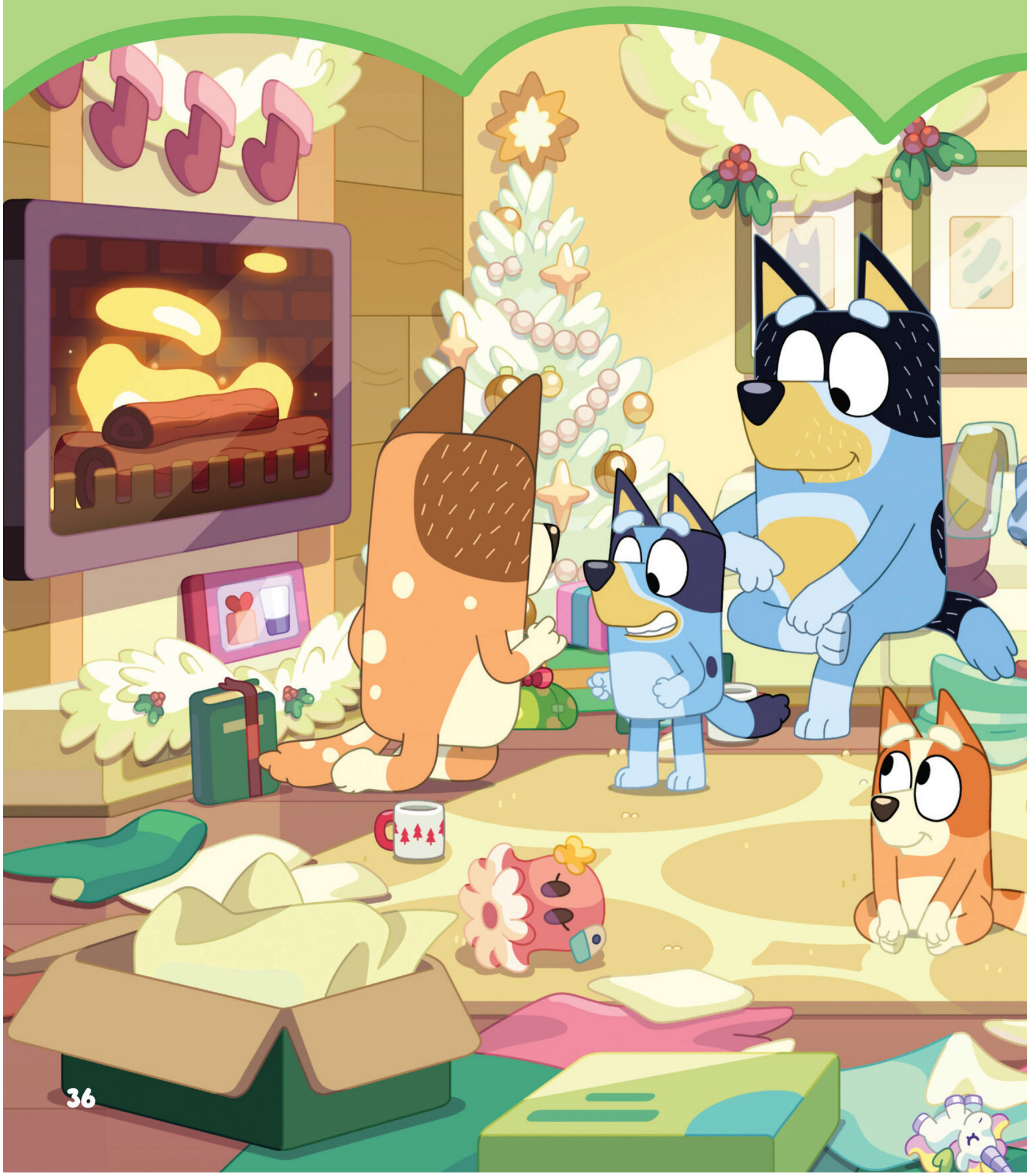


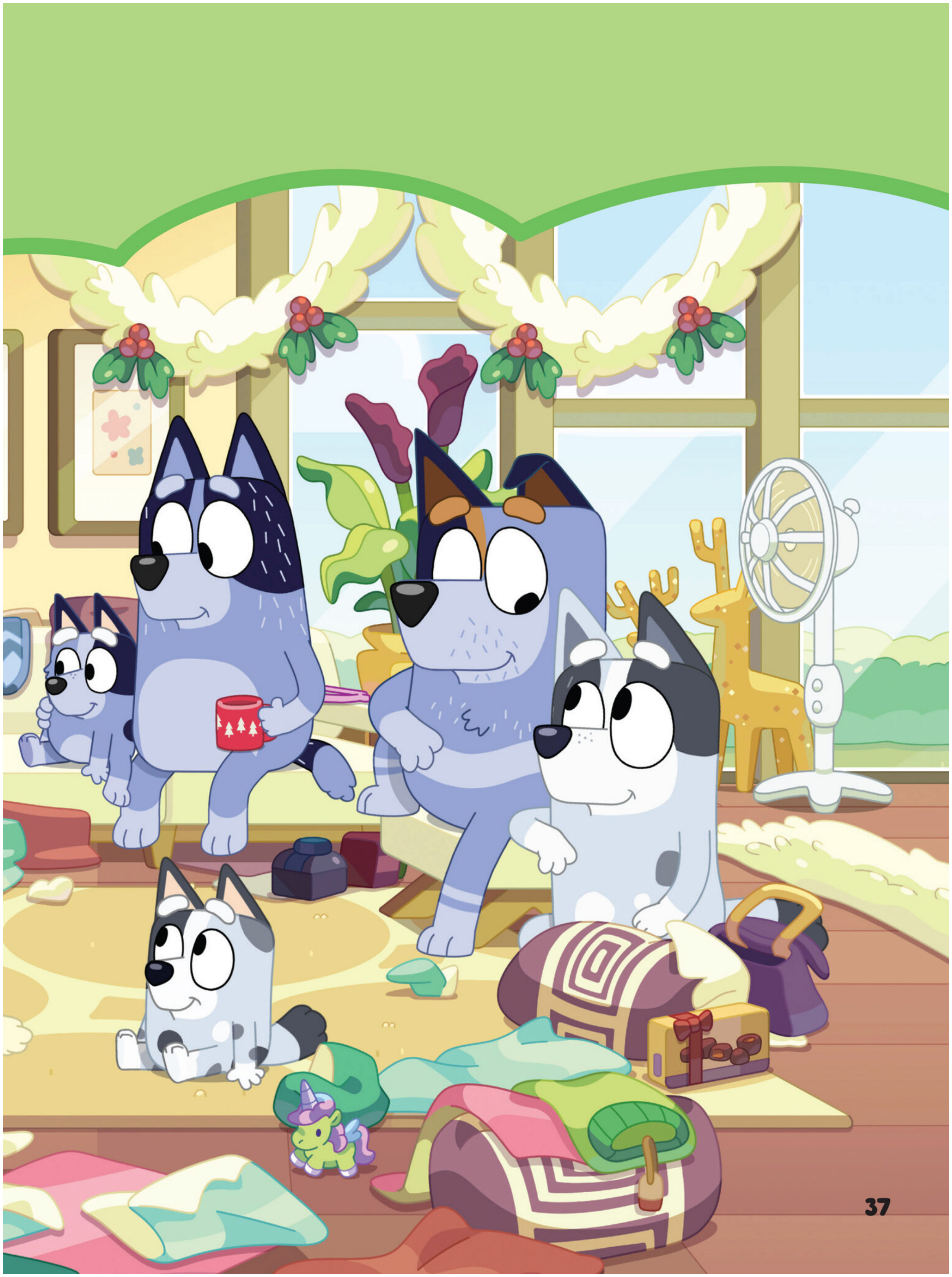

GET HIM!

BLUEY

CHRISTMAS SWIM

It's Christmas! The Heeler family have all gathered at Muffin and Socks' house.

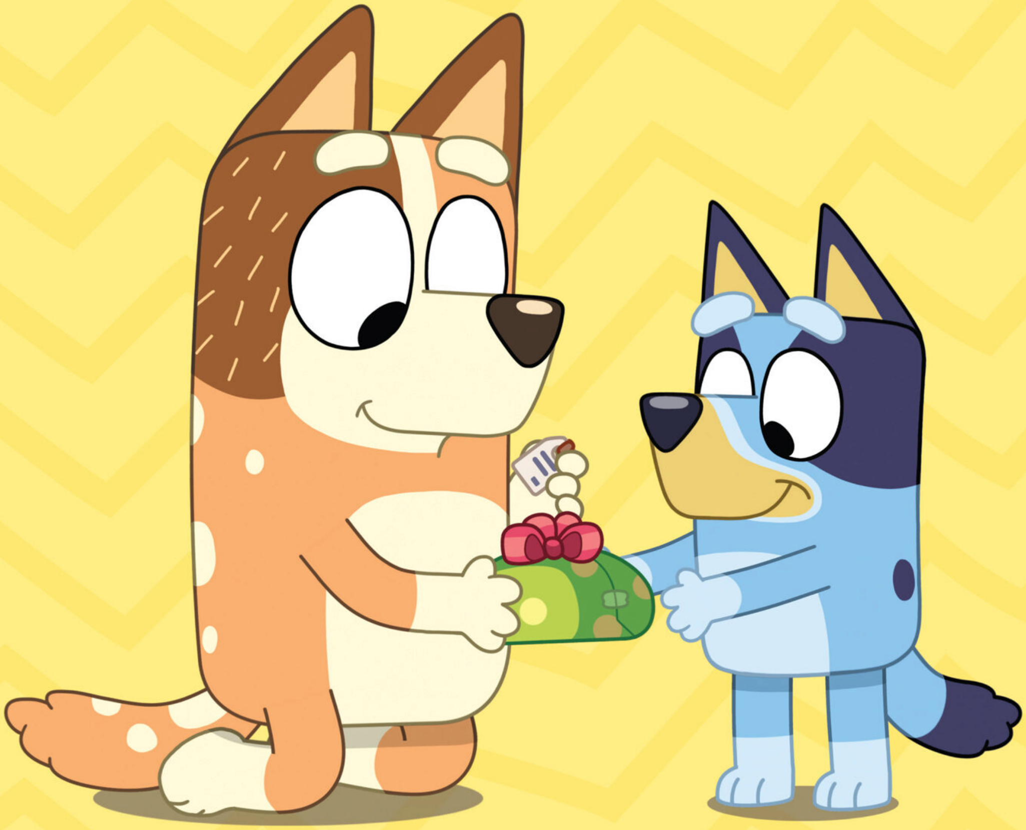




Bluey is helping Mum hand the presents out.

'Okay, who else have we got here? Ah, this one's for Uncle Stripe, from Nana,' says Mum.

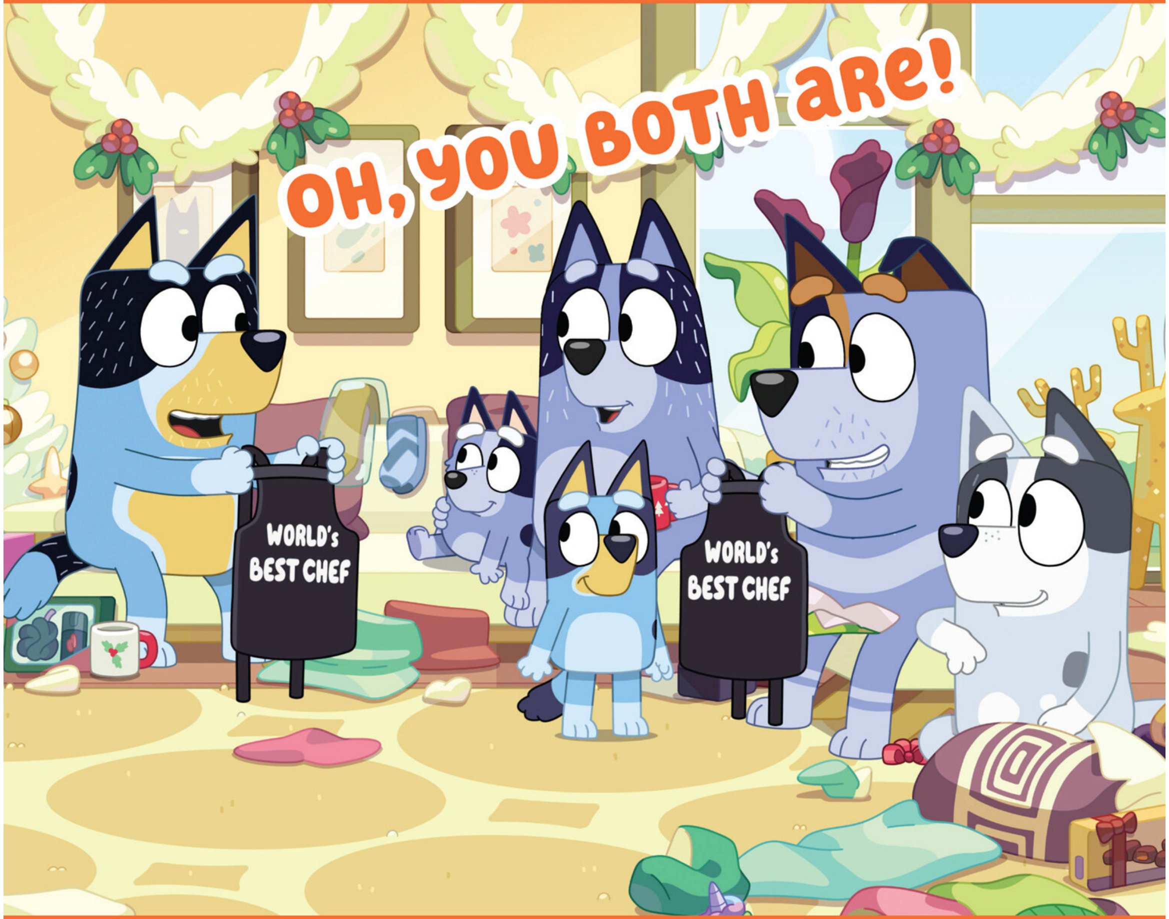
Bluey races the present over to Uncle Stripe.



Nana has given Uncle Stripe an apron.

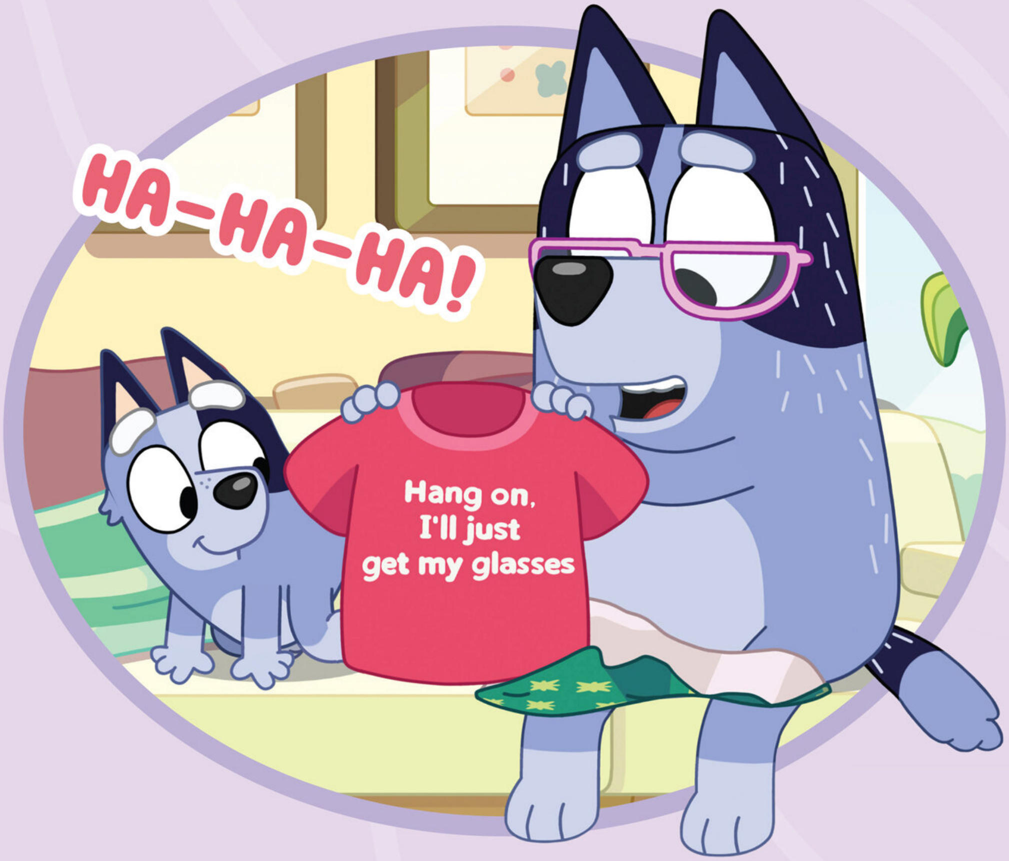
'Whoa! World's **BEST** Chef. Thanks, Mum!' says Uncle Stripe.

'Hey! I thought I was the World's **BEST** Chef!' says Dad.


OH, YOU BOTH ARE!
WORLD's BEST CHEF
WORLD's BEST CHEF

'The next one's for you, Nana. It's from Dad,' says Bluey.

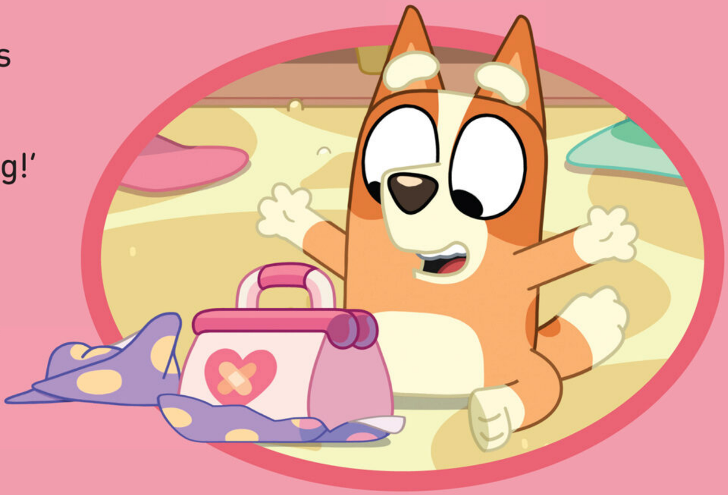
'Oh, thanks, Bandy,' Nana says to Dad. 'Ooh, what does it say? **HANG ON, I'LL JUST GET MY GLASSES**.'

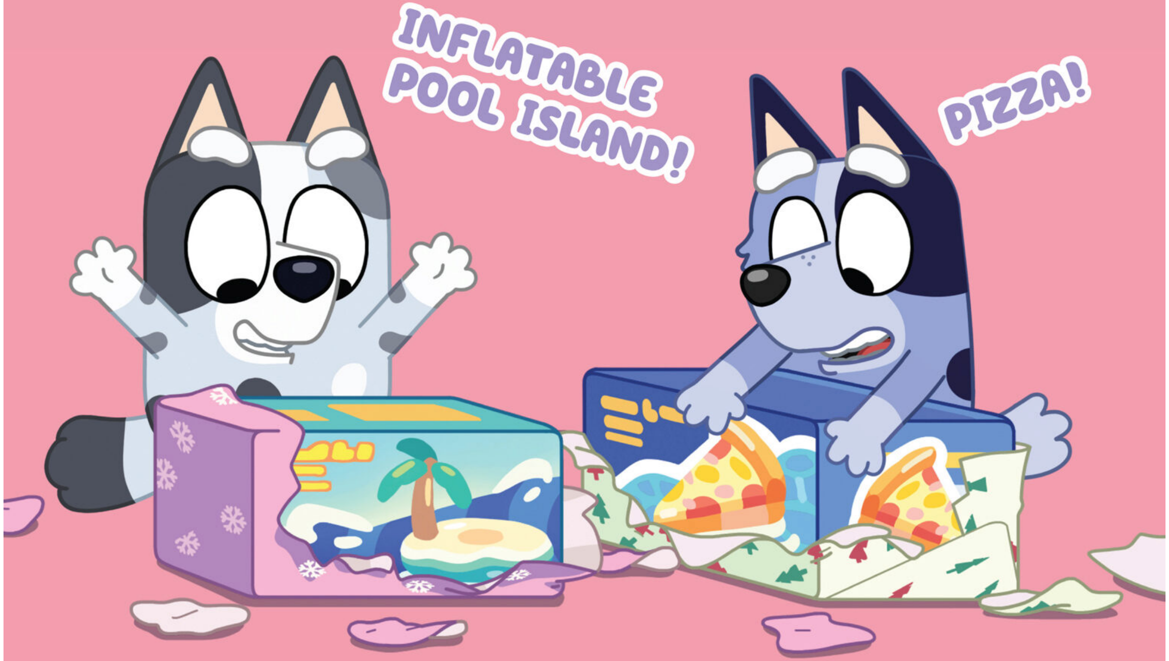

HA-HA-HA!
Hang on, I'll just get my glasses

The next present is
for Bingo.

'Yes! A doctor's bag!'
Bingo yells.

Muffin and Socks
unwrap theirs too.

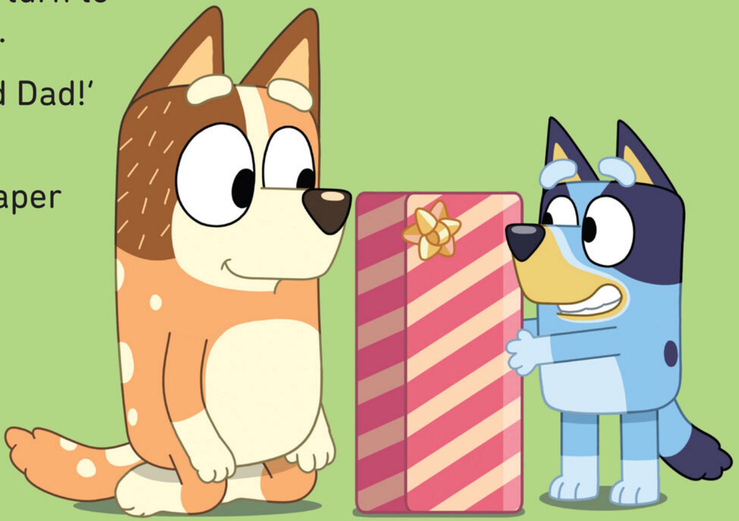


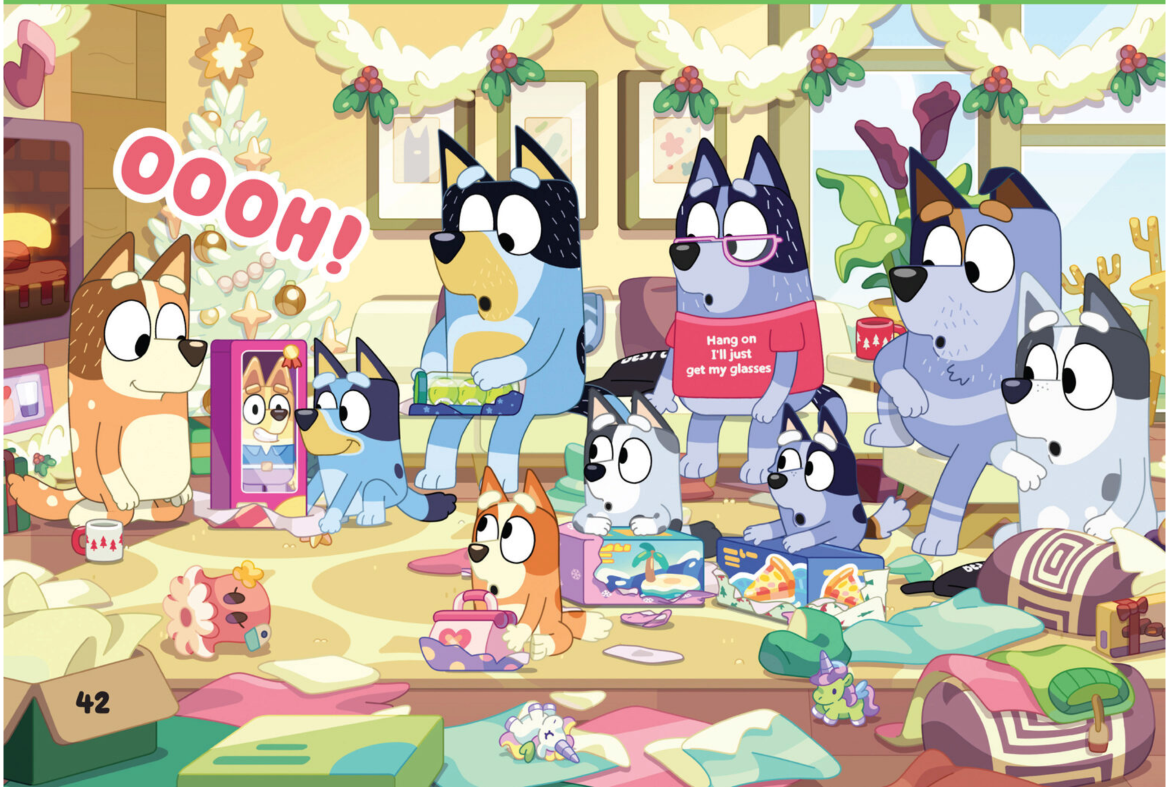

INFLATABLE POOL ISLAND!
PIZZA!

It's finally Bluey's turn to unwrap a present.

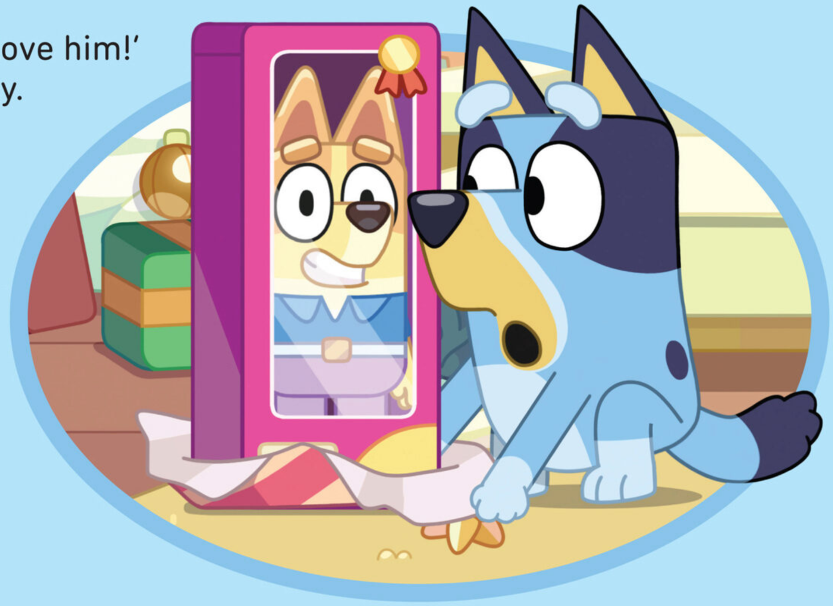
'Thanks, Mum and Dad!' says Bluey.

She rips off the paper and . . .

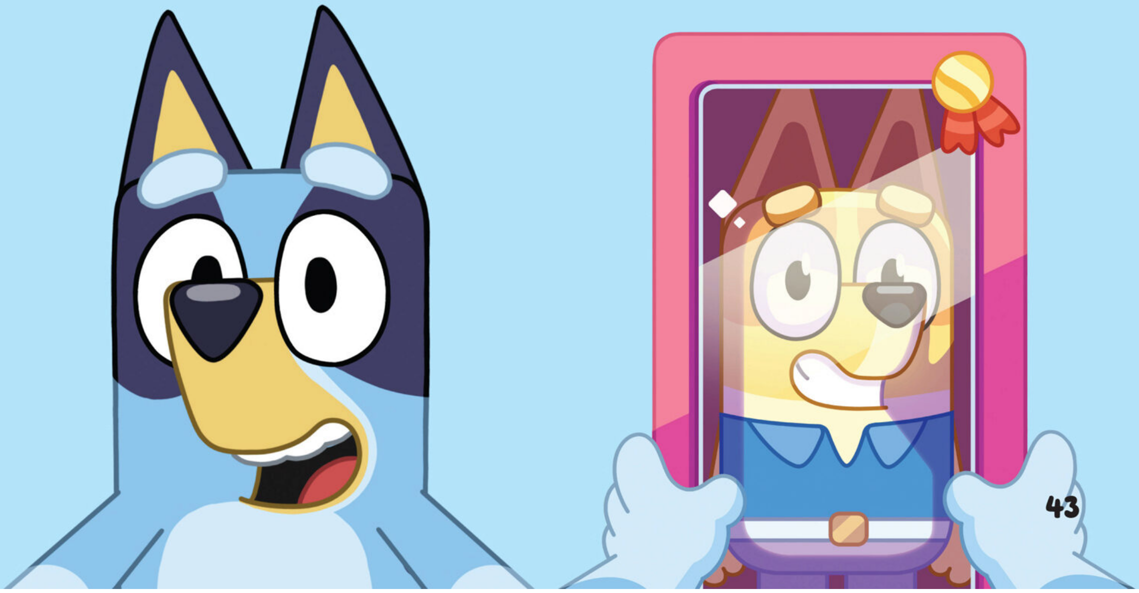


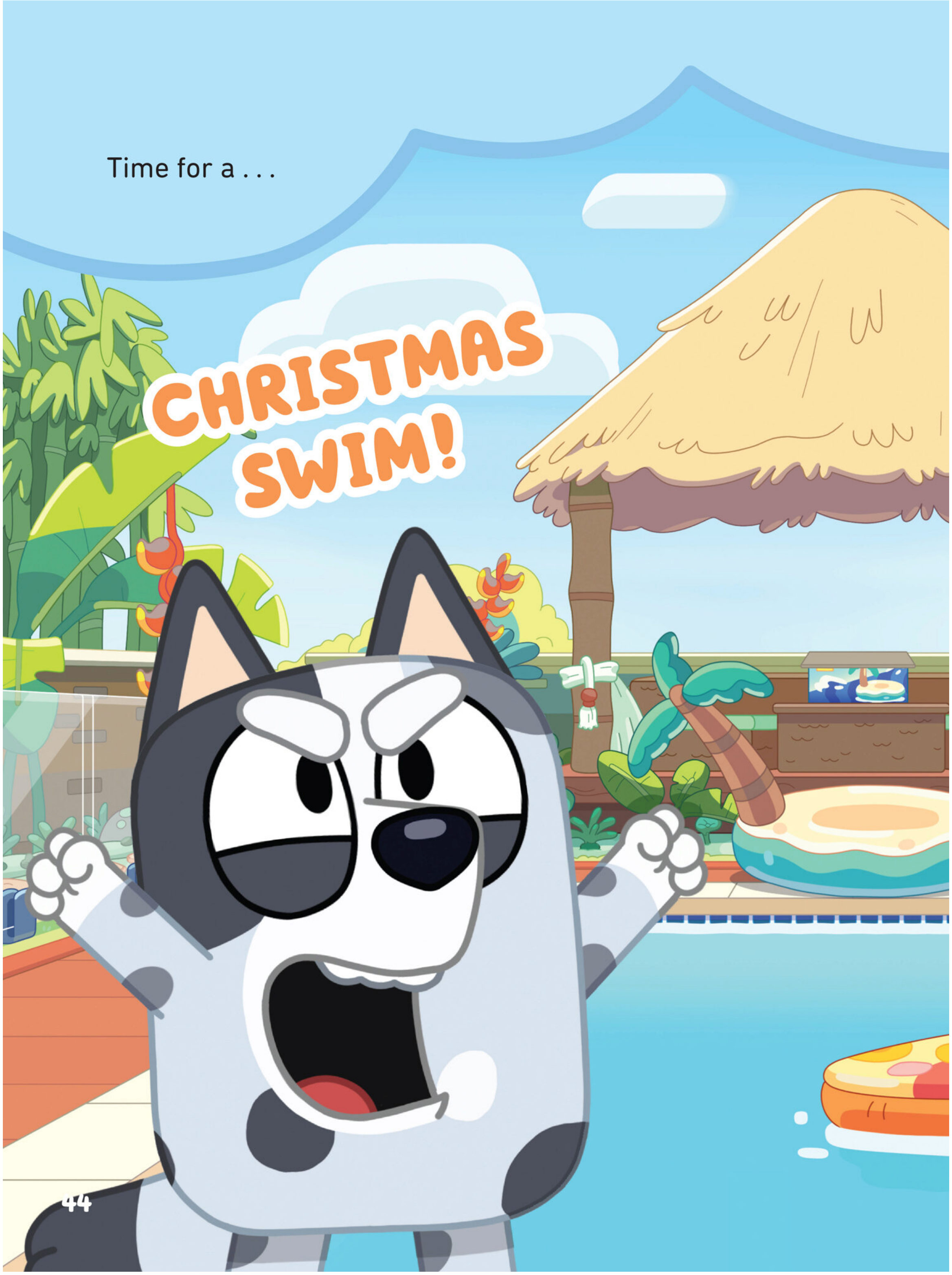

OOOH!
Hang on I'll just get my glasses

'**WHOA!** I love him!' cries Bluey.



'I'm going to call you **BARTLEBEE!**'

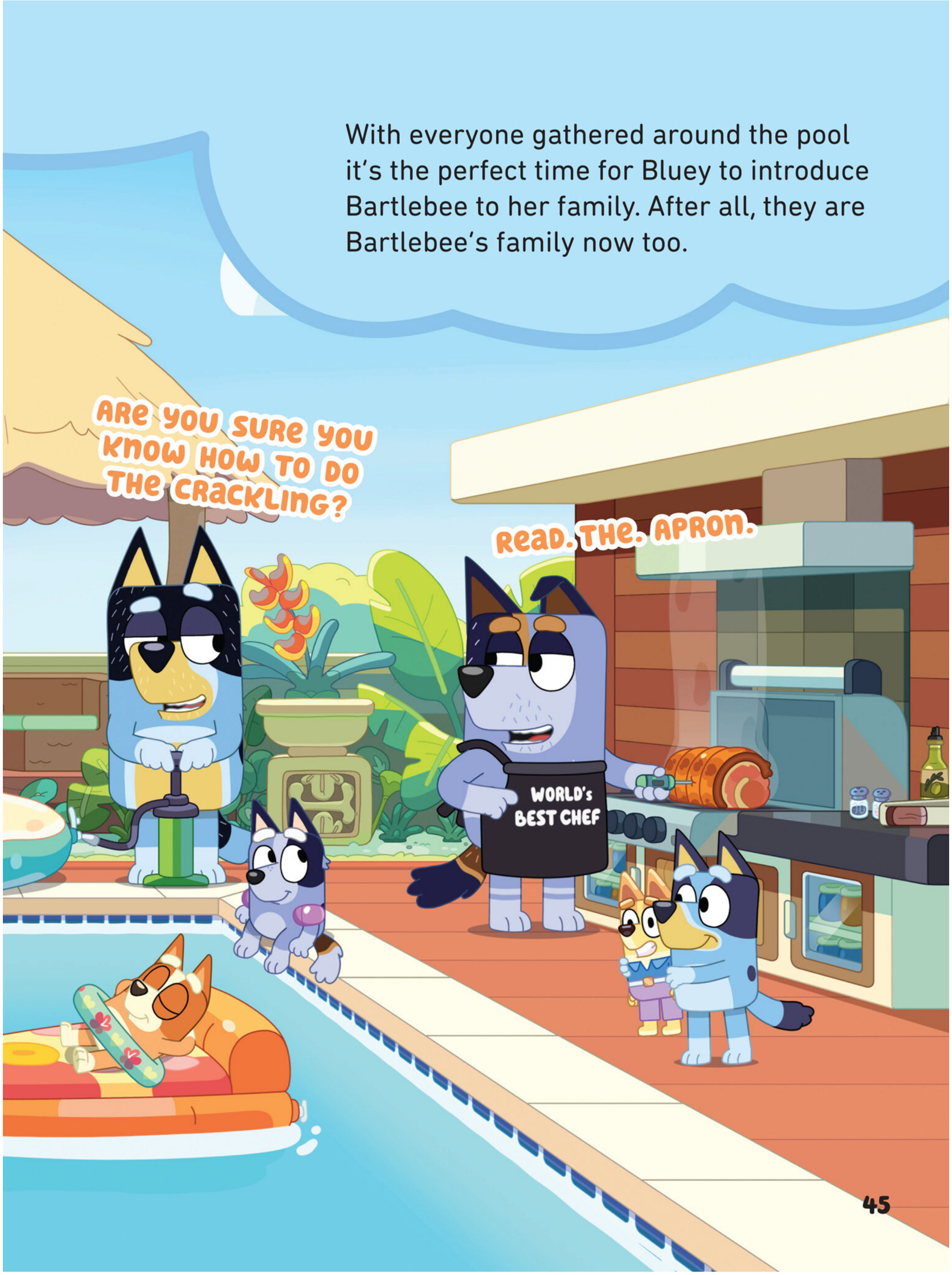




Time for a . . .

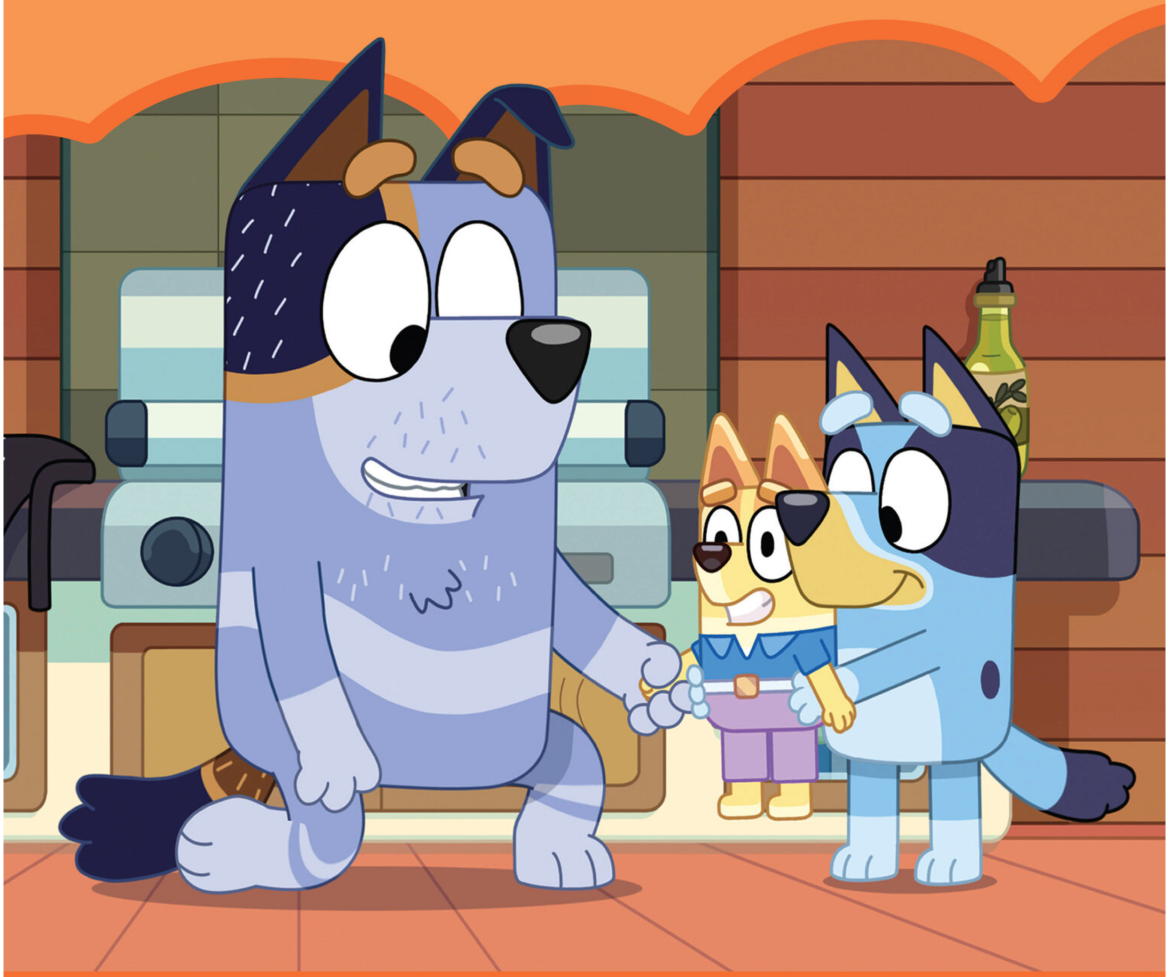
CHRISTMAS SWIM!

With everyone gathered around the pool it's the perfect time for Bluey to introduce Bartlebee to her family. After all, they are Bartlebee's family now too.

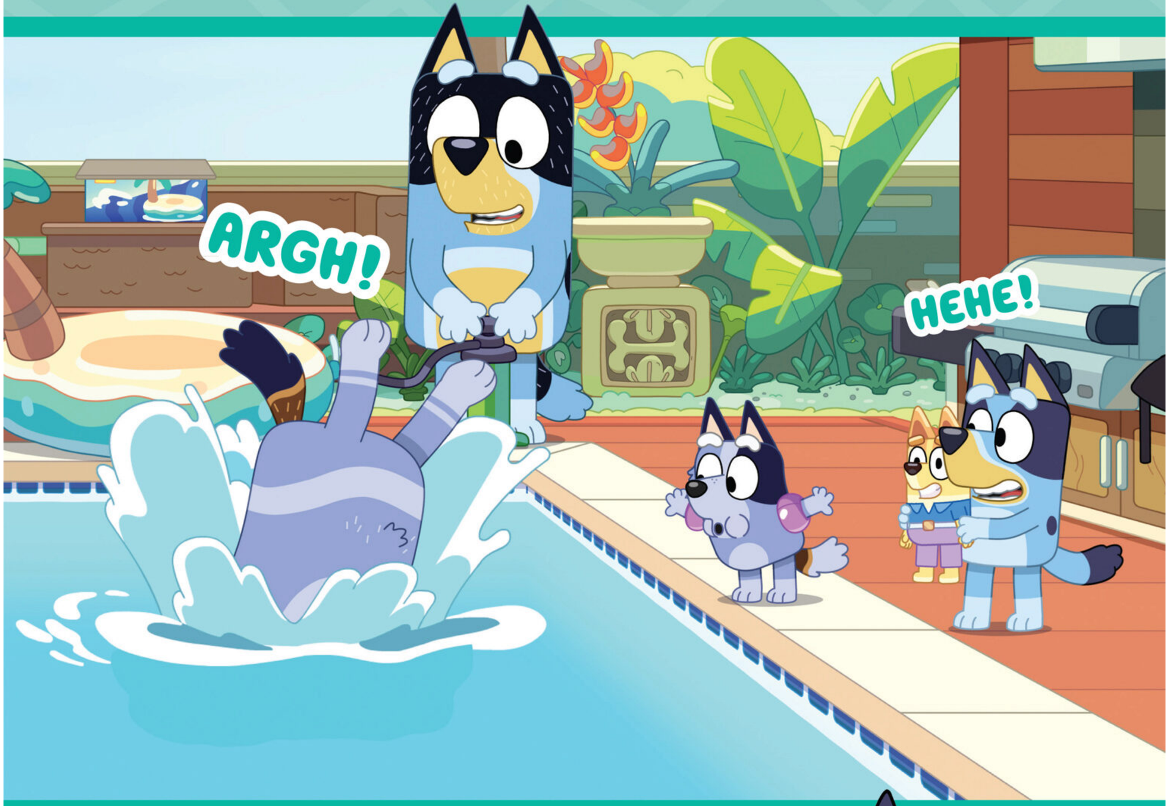

Are you sure you know how to do the crackling?
Read. The. Apron.
WORLD's BEST CHEF

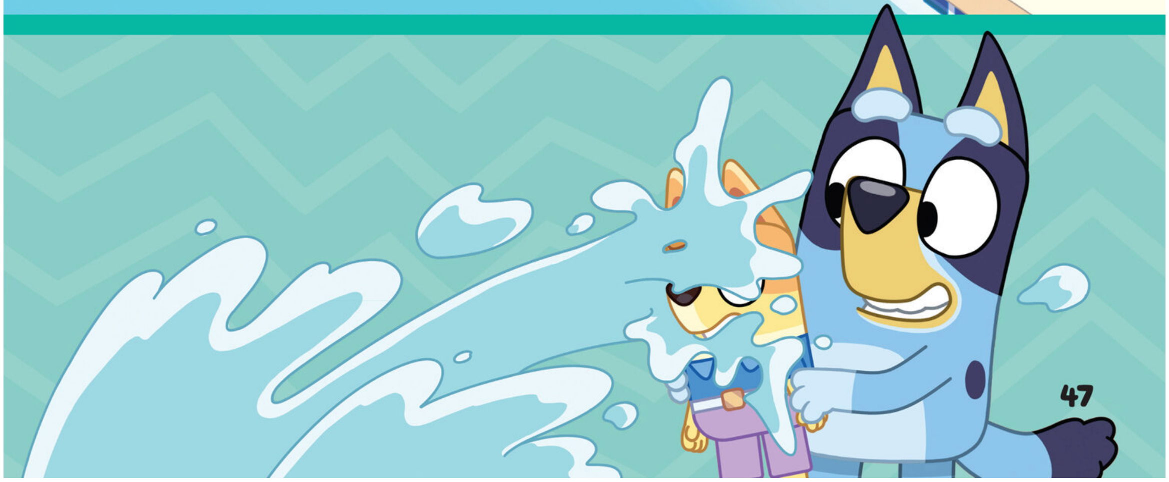
'Uncle Stripe, this is Bartlebee,' says Bluey.

'G'day, Bartlebee. Nice to meet you.'

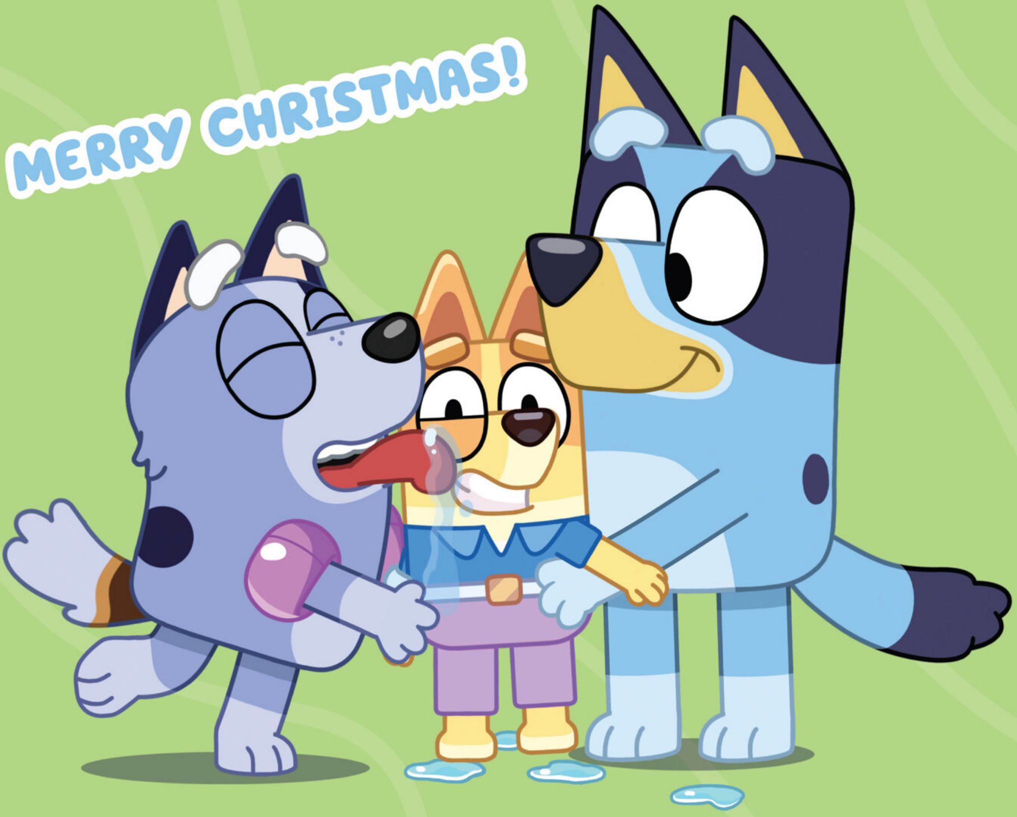


'Hang on, Bartlebee. I'm just getting blown towards the pool,' says Uncle Stripe.



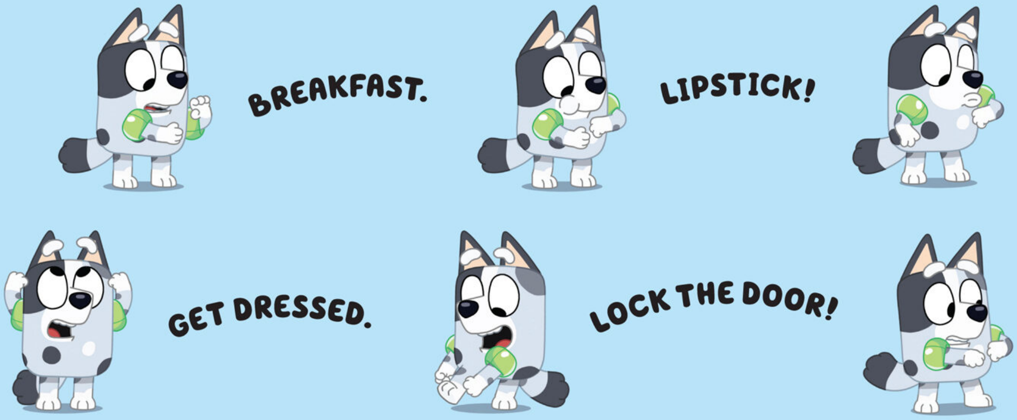


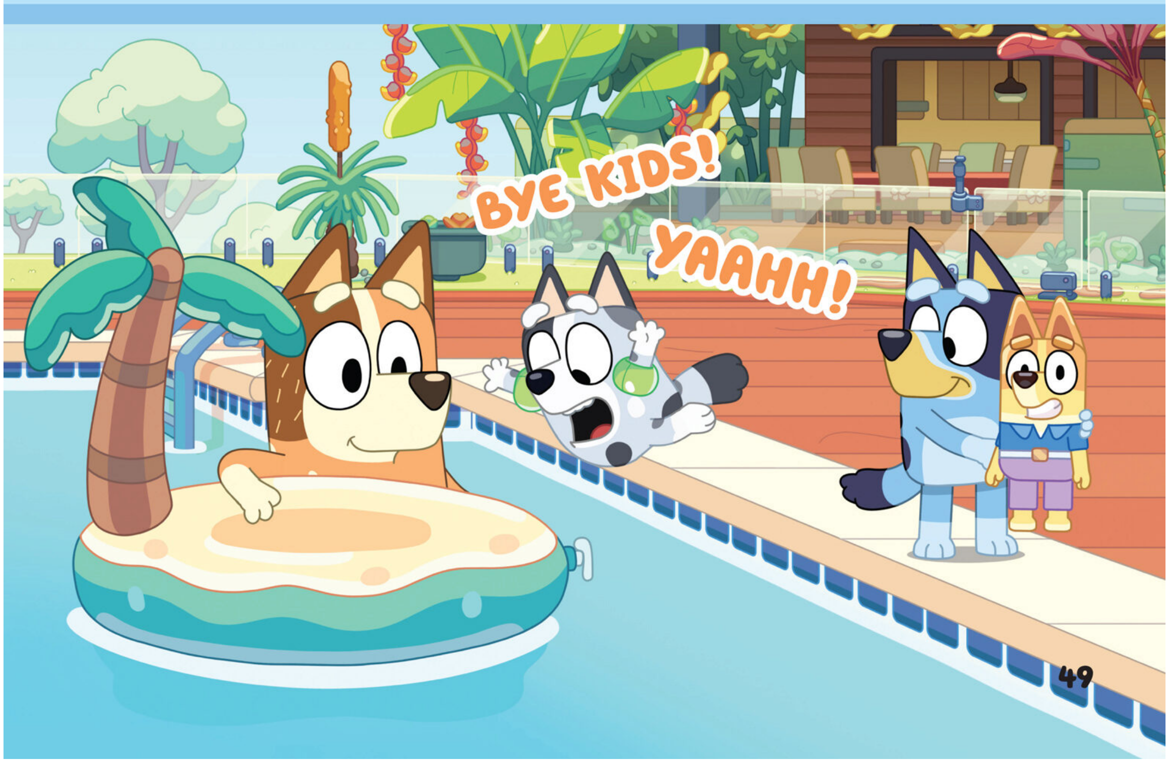
Next, a dripping Bartlebee meets Socks.


MERRY CHRISTMAS!

'Don't worry, she does that to everyone,'
Bluey explains to Bartlebee.

'This is my cousin, Muffin,' says Bluey. 'She's a bit busy right now, she's going to be late for the ferry!'

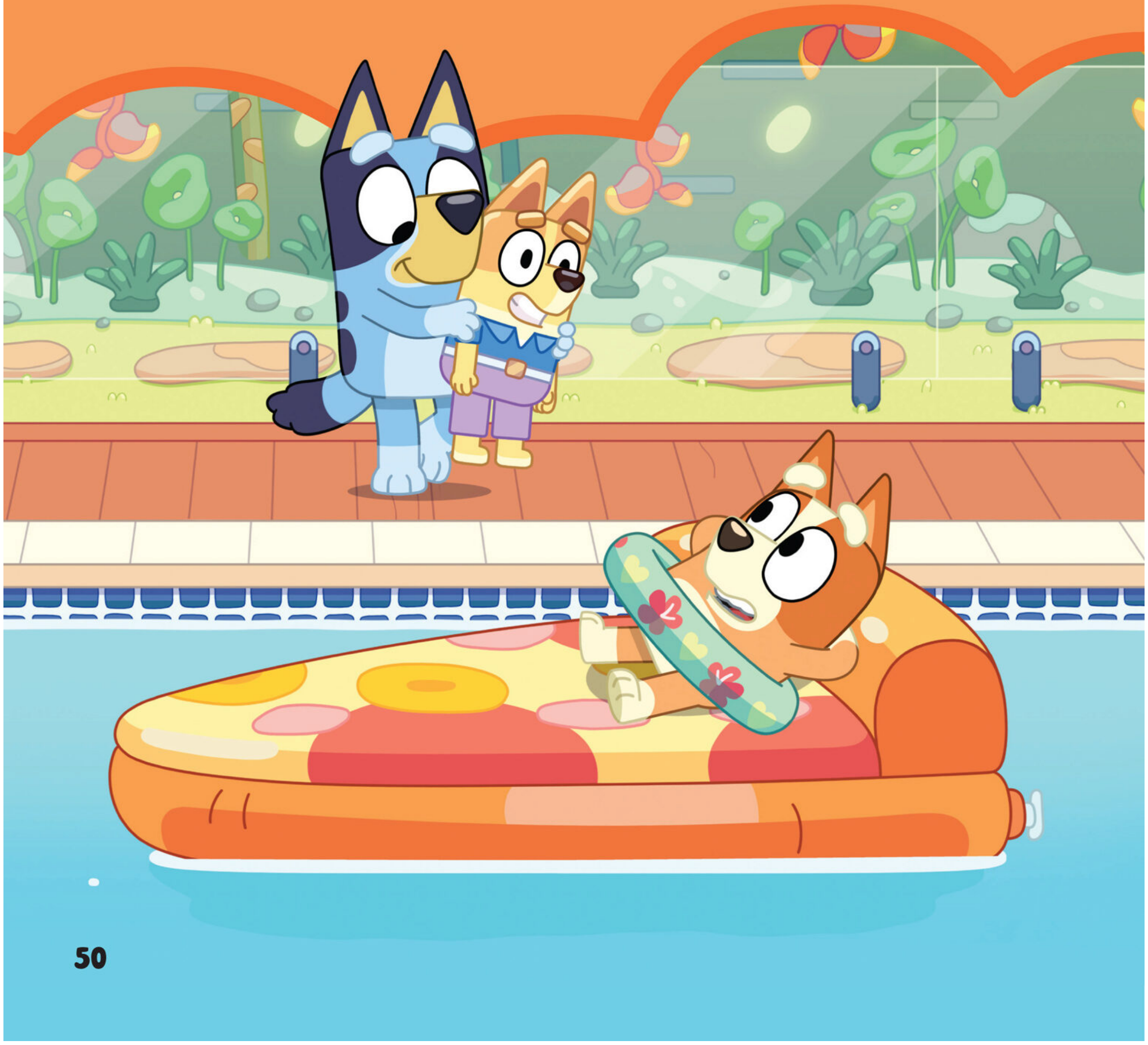

BREAKFAST.
LIPSTICK!
GET DRESSED.
LOCK THE DOOR!

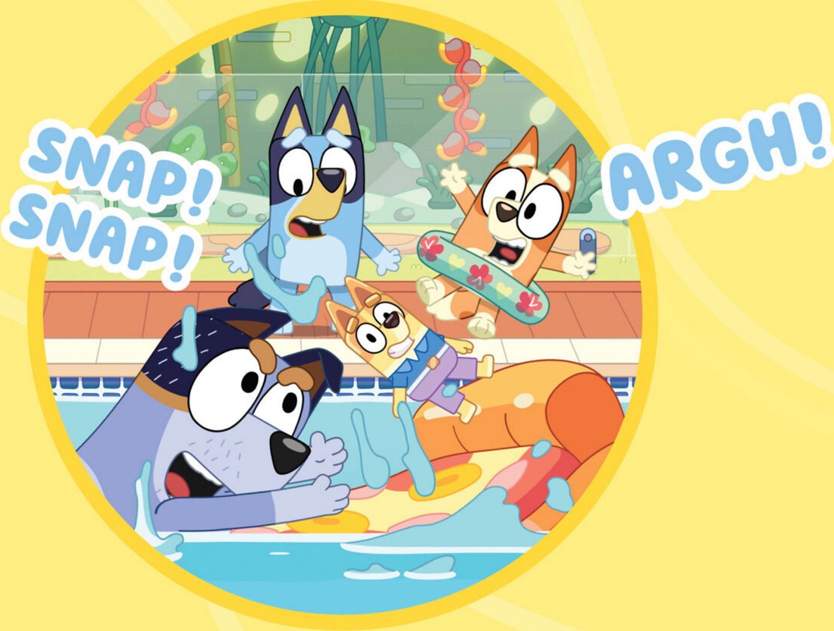

BYE KIDS!
YAAHH!

Bluey takes Bartlebee to meet Bingo.

'This is my sister, Bingo. Bingo, this is Bartlebee. It's his first Heeler Christmas.'

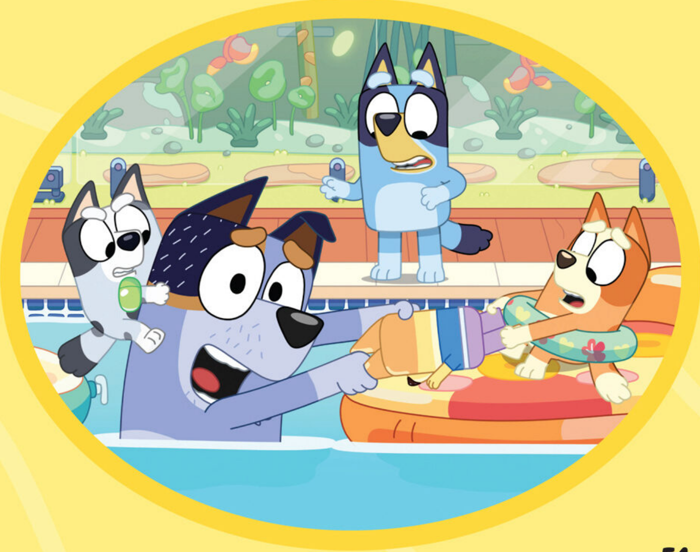
'Hi, Bartlebee. It's nice to –'



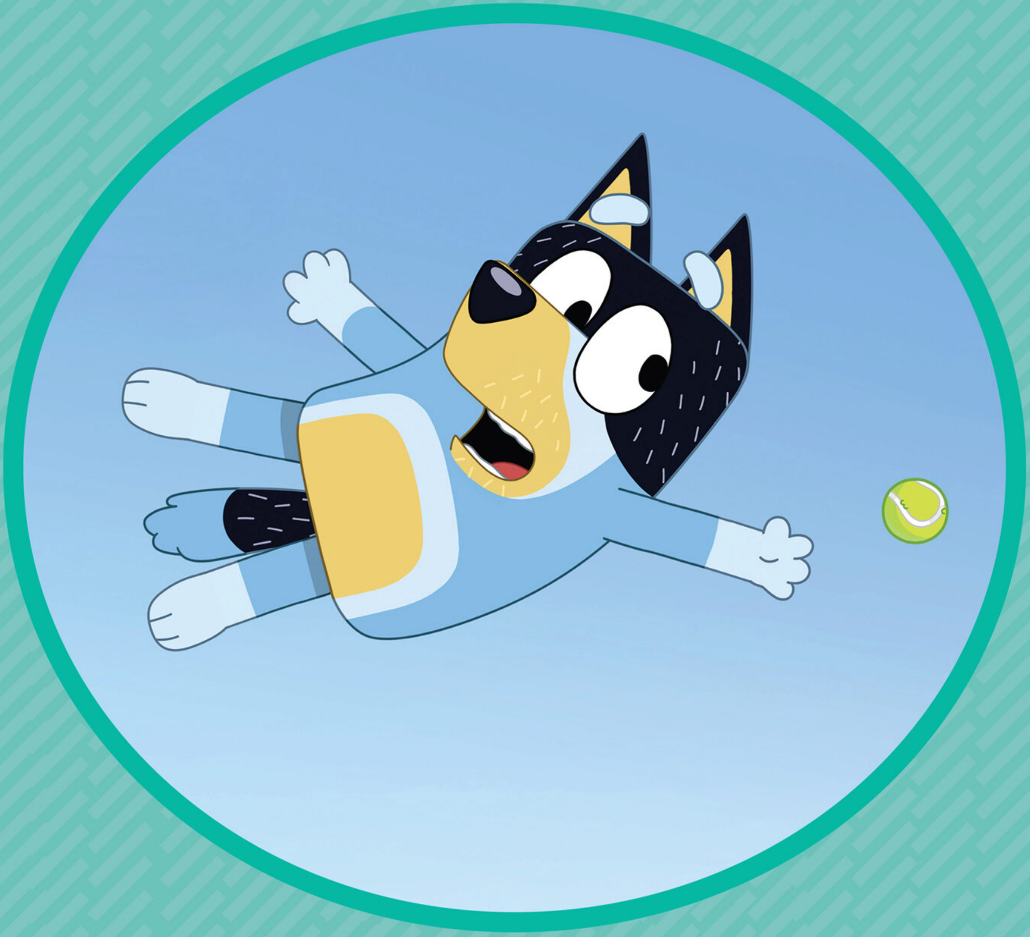

SNAP! SNAP!
ARGH!

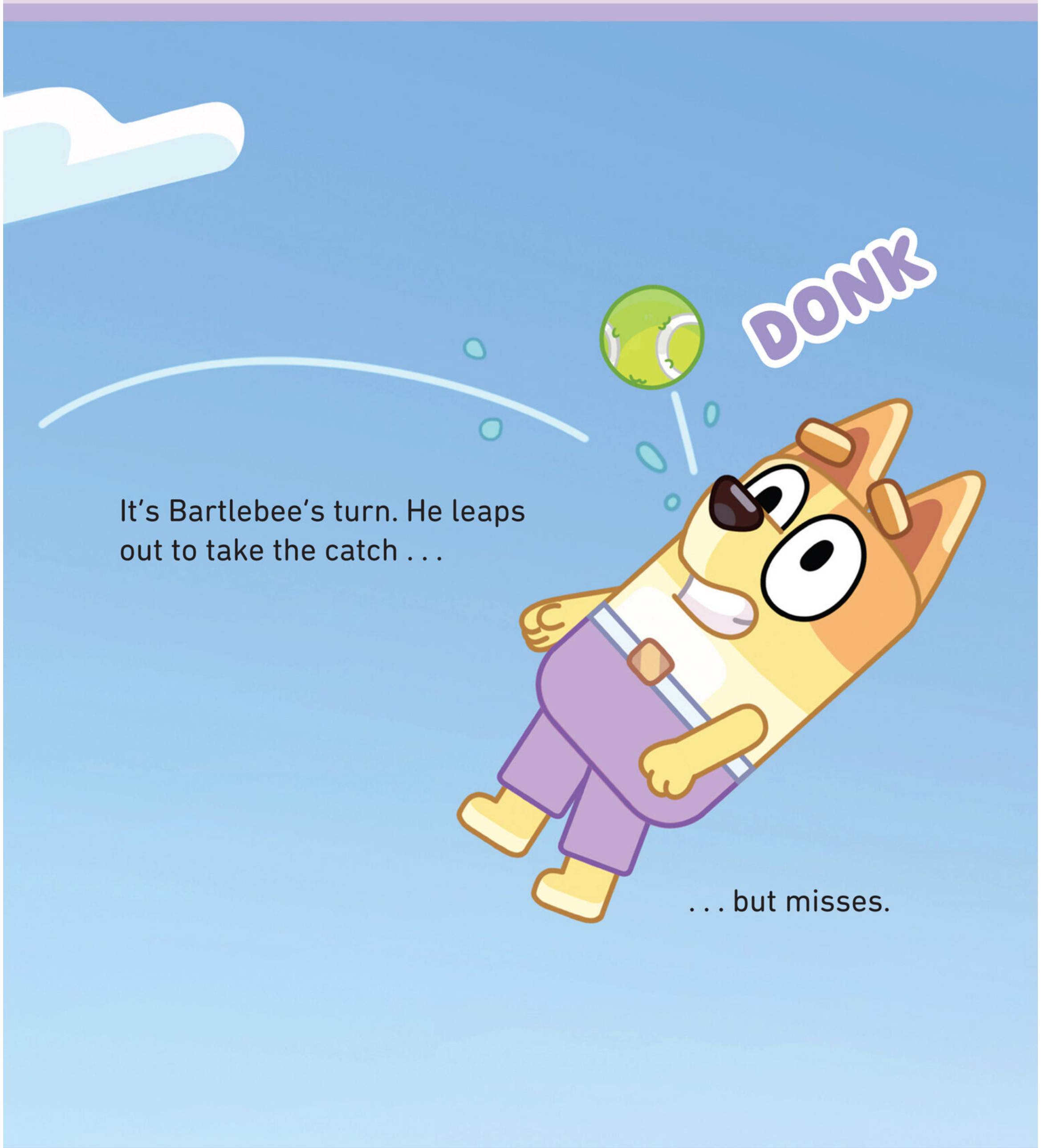
'**LET GO OF BARTLEBEE, YOU SNAPPY CROCODILE!**' shouts Bluey. 'Muffin, **HELP!**'

Muffin jumps on the crocodile and saves Bartlebee.



Dad is playing Classic Catches at the other end of the pool.





It’s Bartlebee’s turn. He leaps out to take the catch . . .

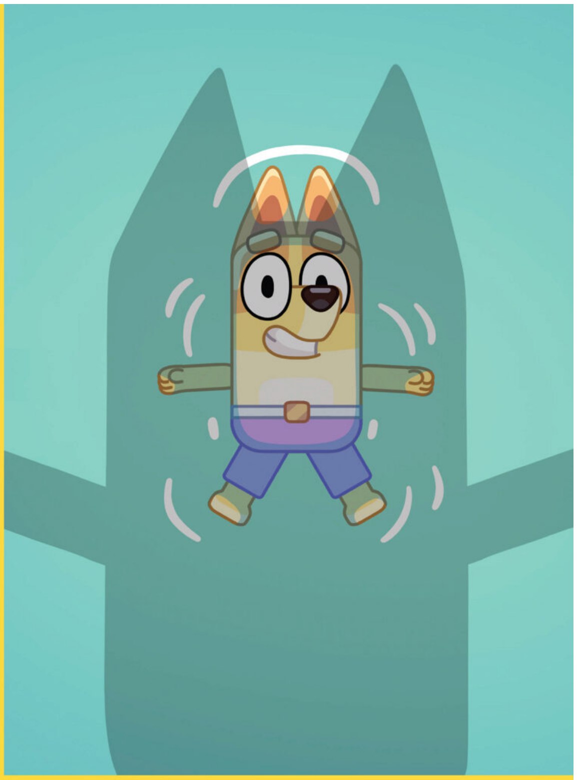
. . . but misses.

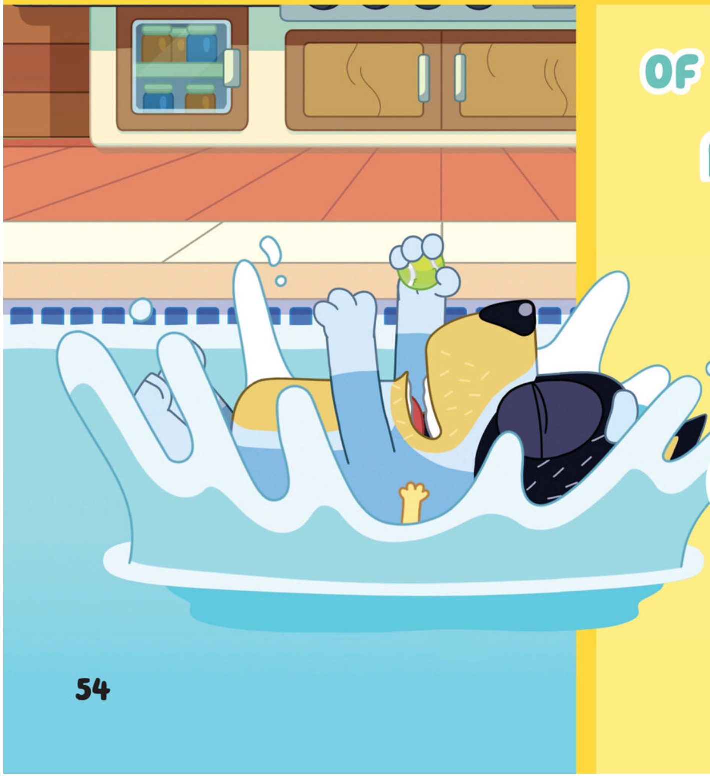
Not to worry. Dad is
following close behind. He
takes the catch and falls . . .

RIGHT

ON

TOP





OF

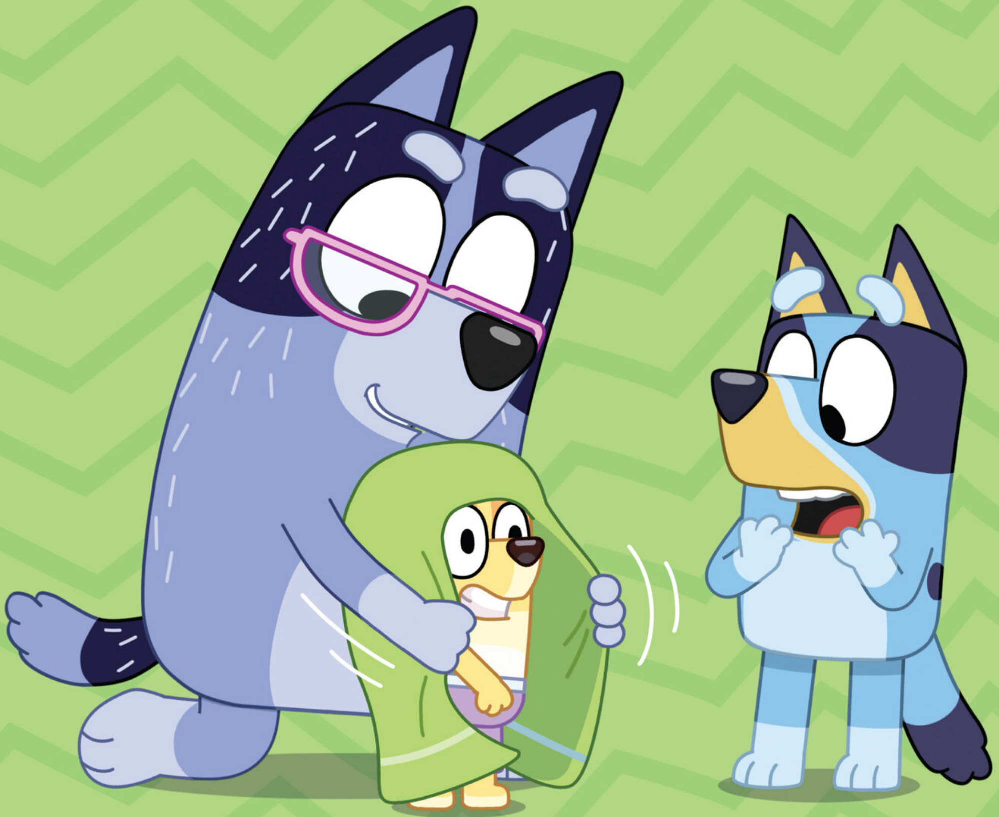
BARTLEBEE.

OH NO!

Bluey asks Nana for a towel.

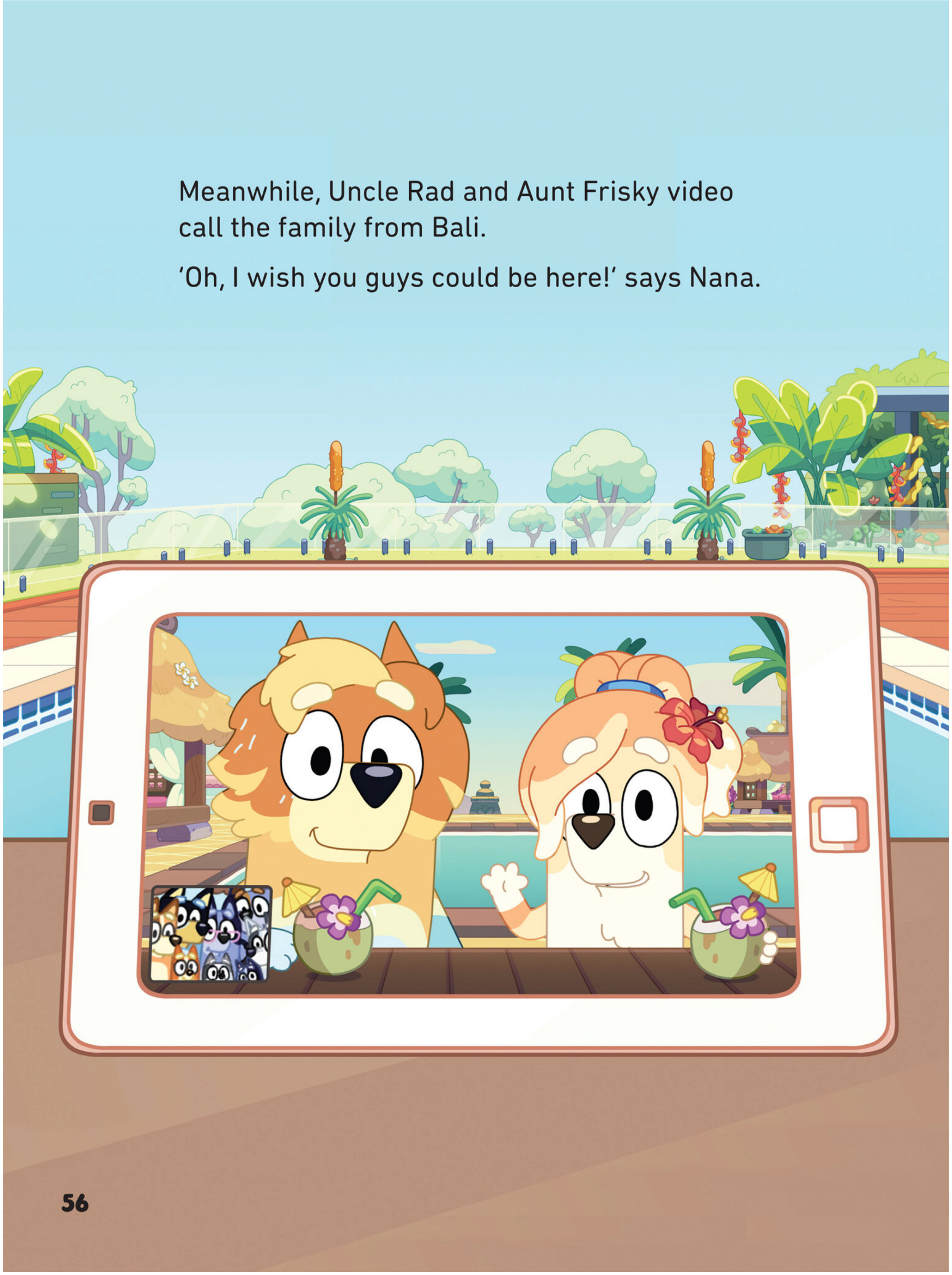
'Oh, did you get wet, **BARTLE-BOY**?' asks Nana.

She starts to dry Bartlebee. But Nana is a little bit too rough with his broken arm. Everyone is being too rough! Bluey and Bartlebee head inside.



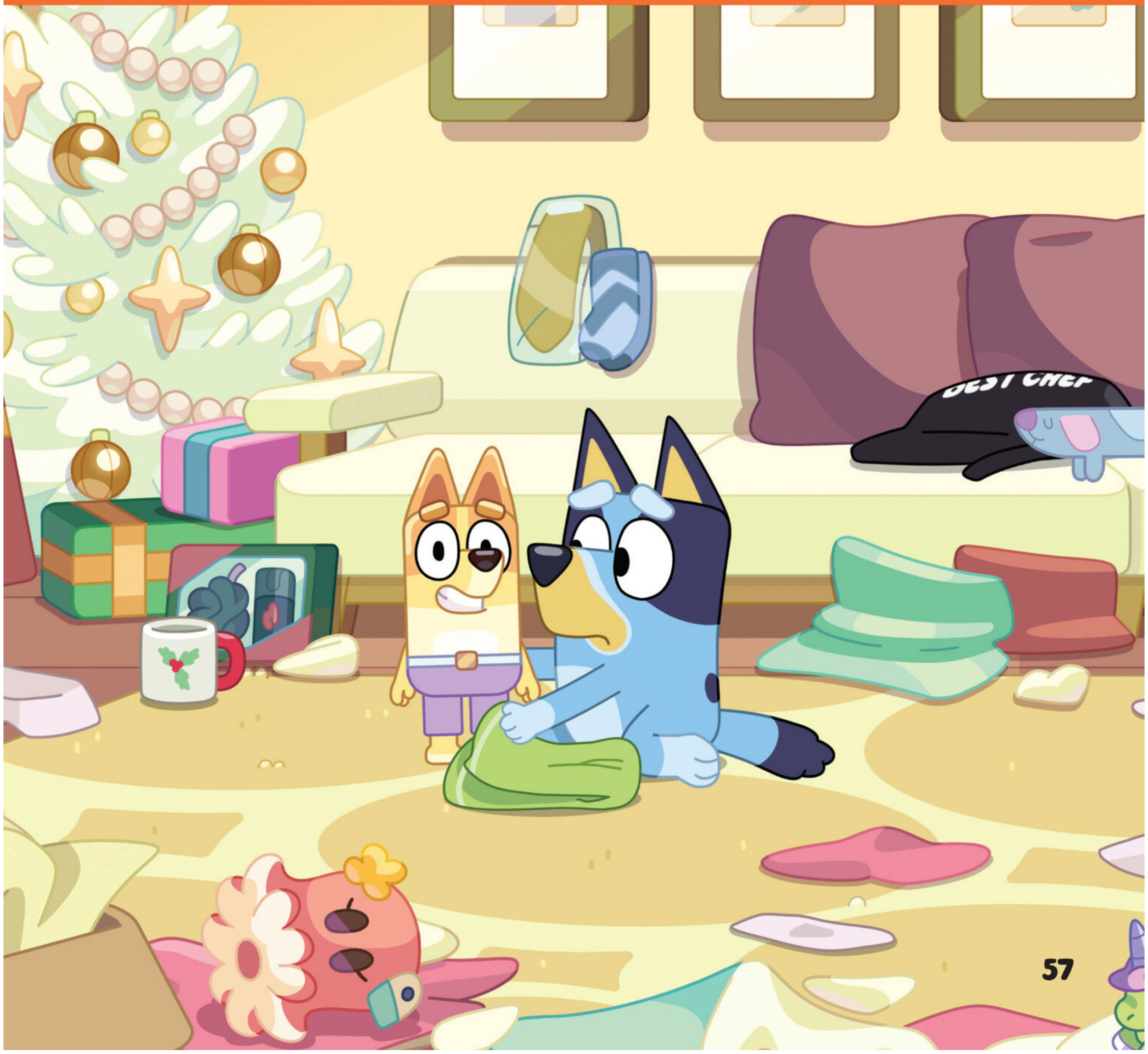
Meanwhile, Uncle Rad and Aunt Frisky video call the family from Bali.

'Oh, I wish you guys could be here!' says Nana.

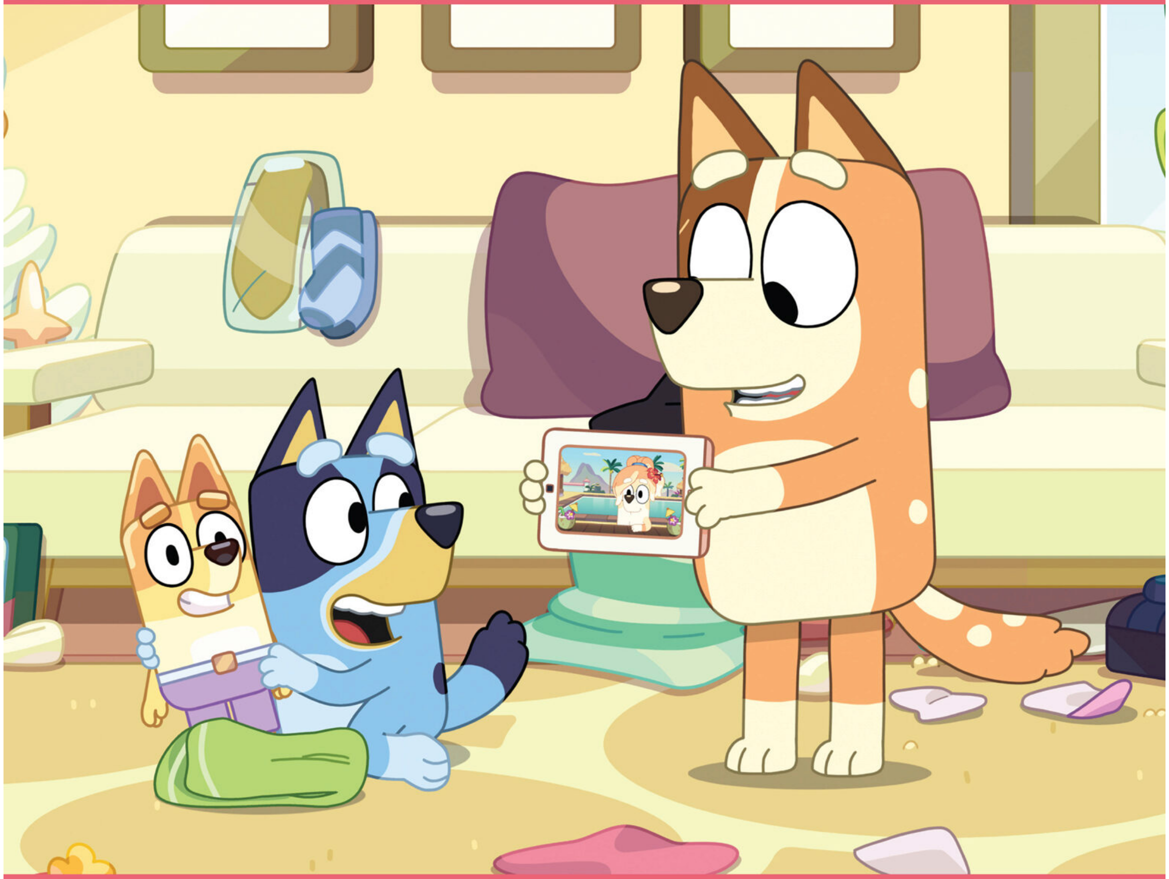


Bluey is in the living room with Bartlebee.

'I'm sorry it's been a bit crazy, Bartlebee. I hope you're still having a good time. What's that? What? You want to go home? Oh . . .'

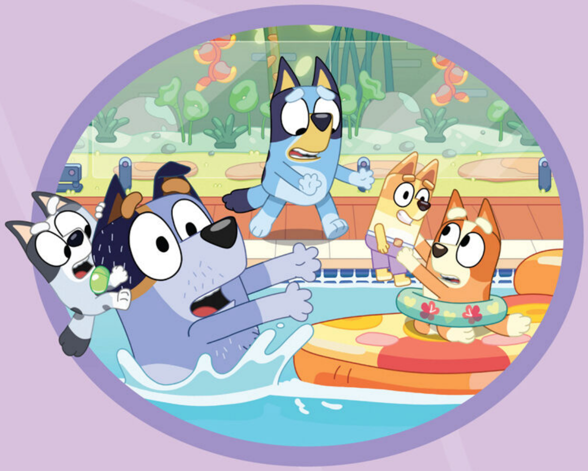


'Hey, Bluey, look who it is!' says Mum, handing her the tablet.



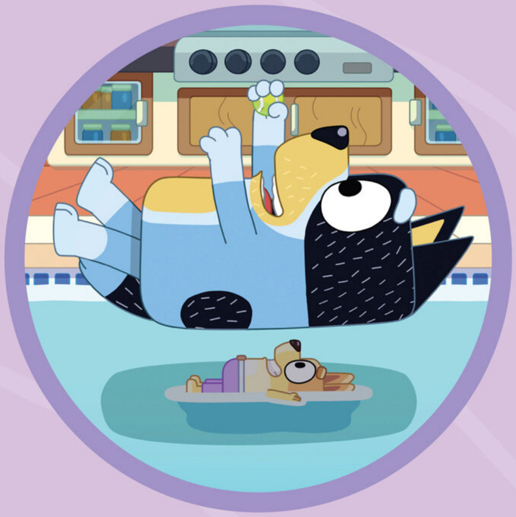
'Frisky! Merry Christmas!' yells Bluey with excitement. 'Look, this is Bartlebee. He's having his first Heeler Christmas.'

'Oh, how's it going?' asks Aunt Frisky.

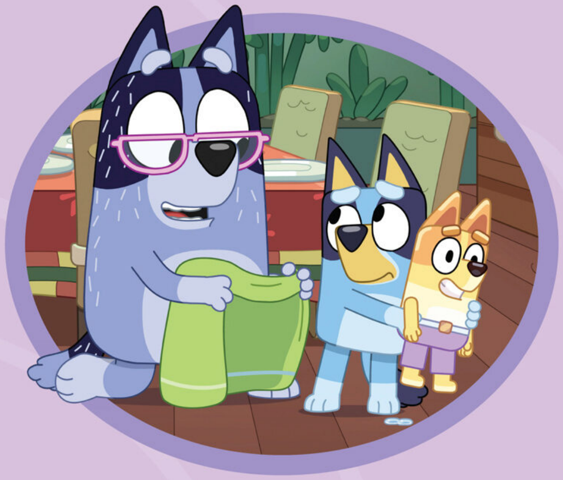


'Well, not good,' says Bluey.

He got attacked by
a crocodile . . .



. . . then Dad broke his arm . . .

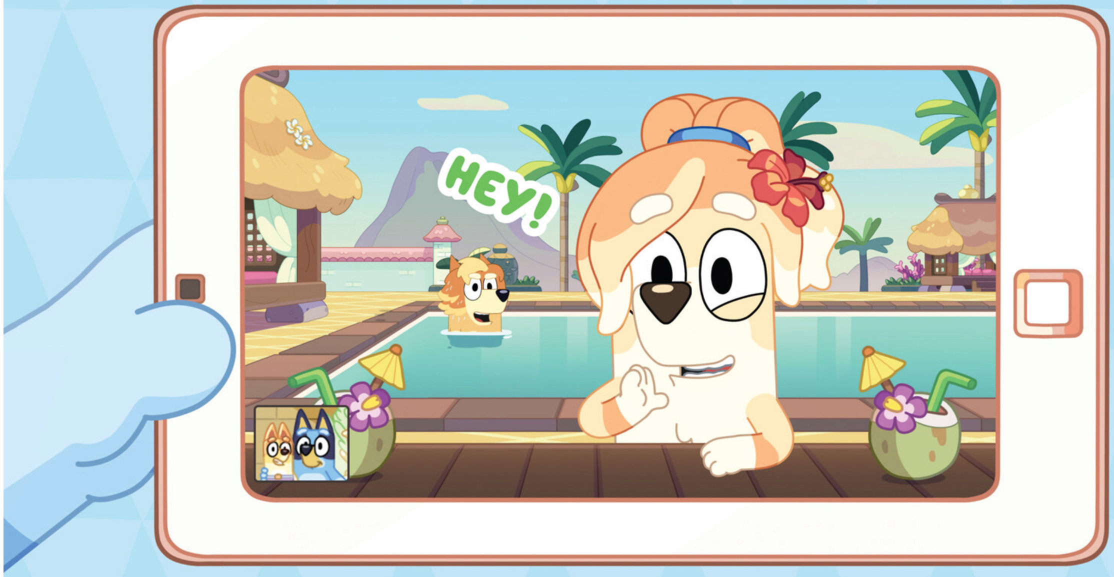


. . . then Nana jiggled
it all about.

'He wants to go home. He says my family's too rough,' explains Bluey.

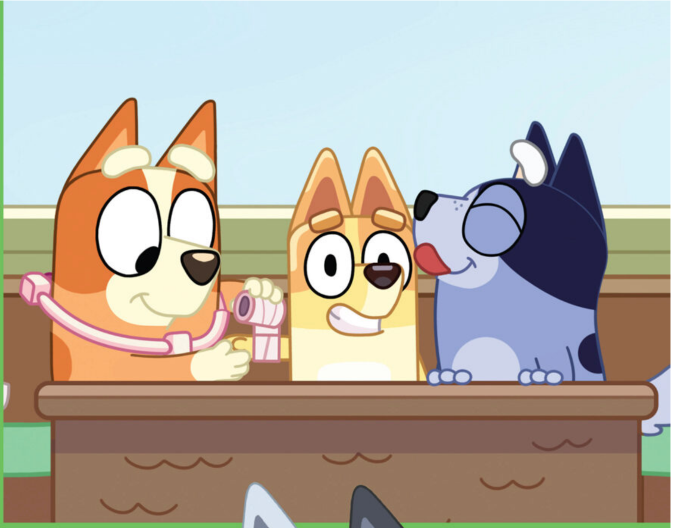
'Oh dear! Here, let me have a word with him,' says Aunt Frisky.

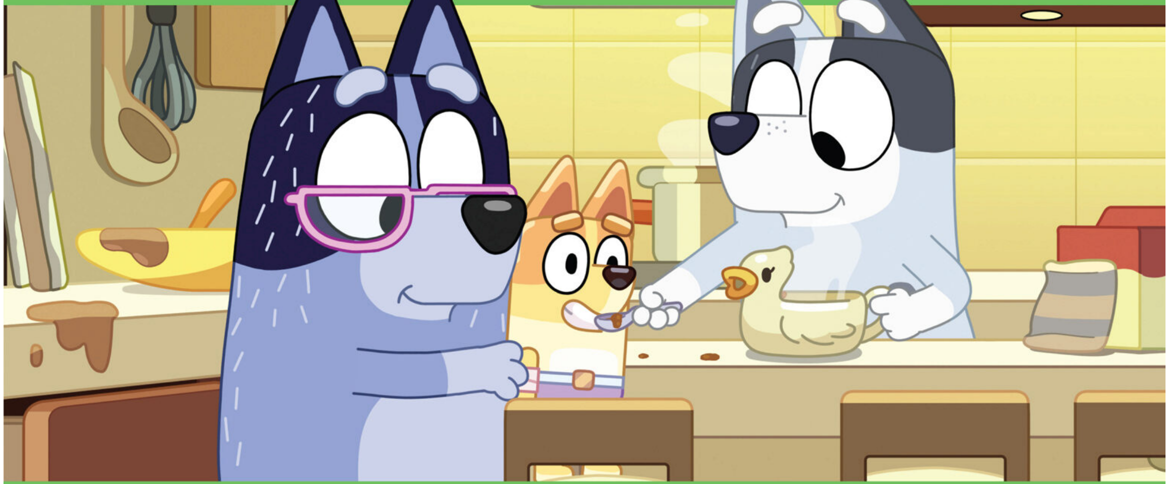
'Ooh, okay!'



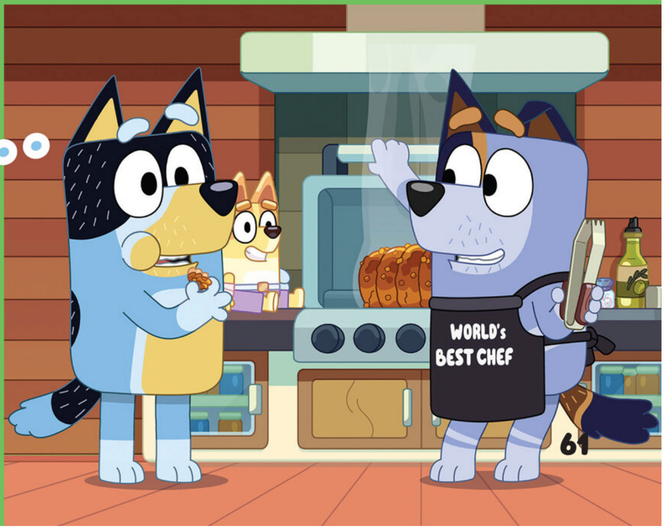
'Nice to meet you, Bartlebee! I'm Frisky. I'm new to the Heeler family as well. And just between you and me, they're a bit crazy!' explains Aunt Frisky.

'**BUT** . . . give them a chance.'

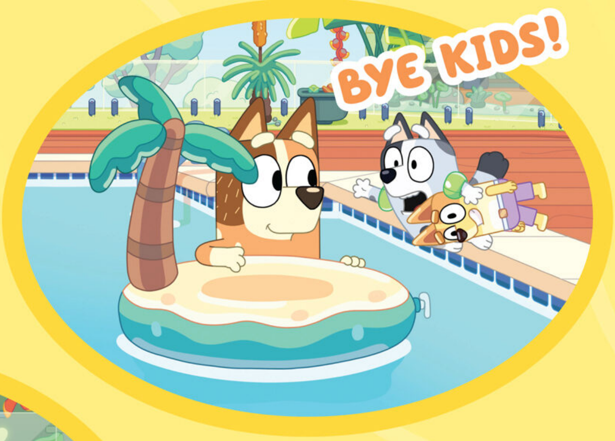


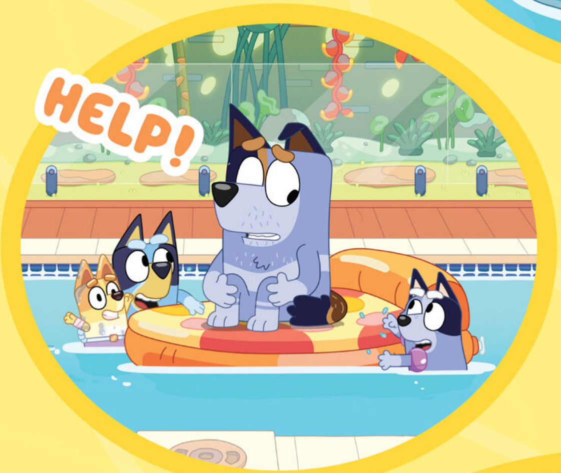


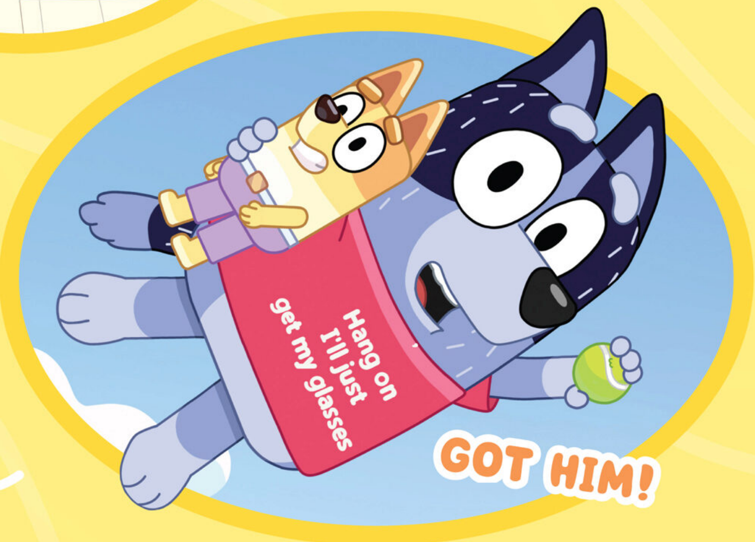
OH, STRIPE. THIS CRACKLING . . . IT'S SO GOOD.


WORLD's BEST CHEF

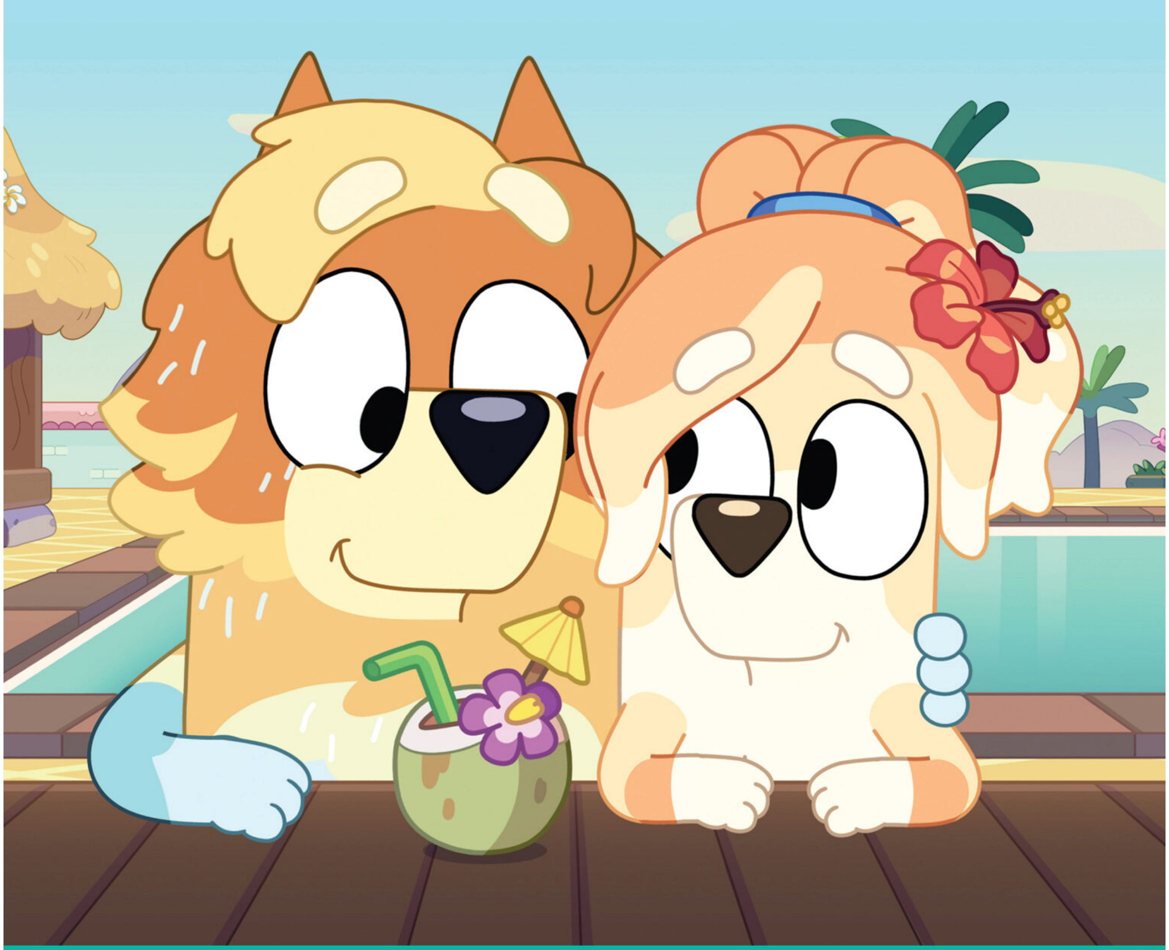
'You'll see.'



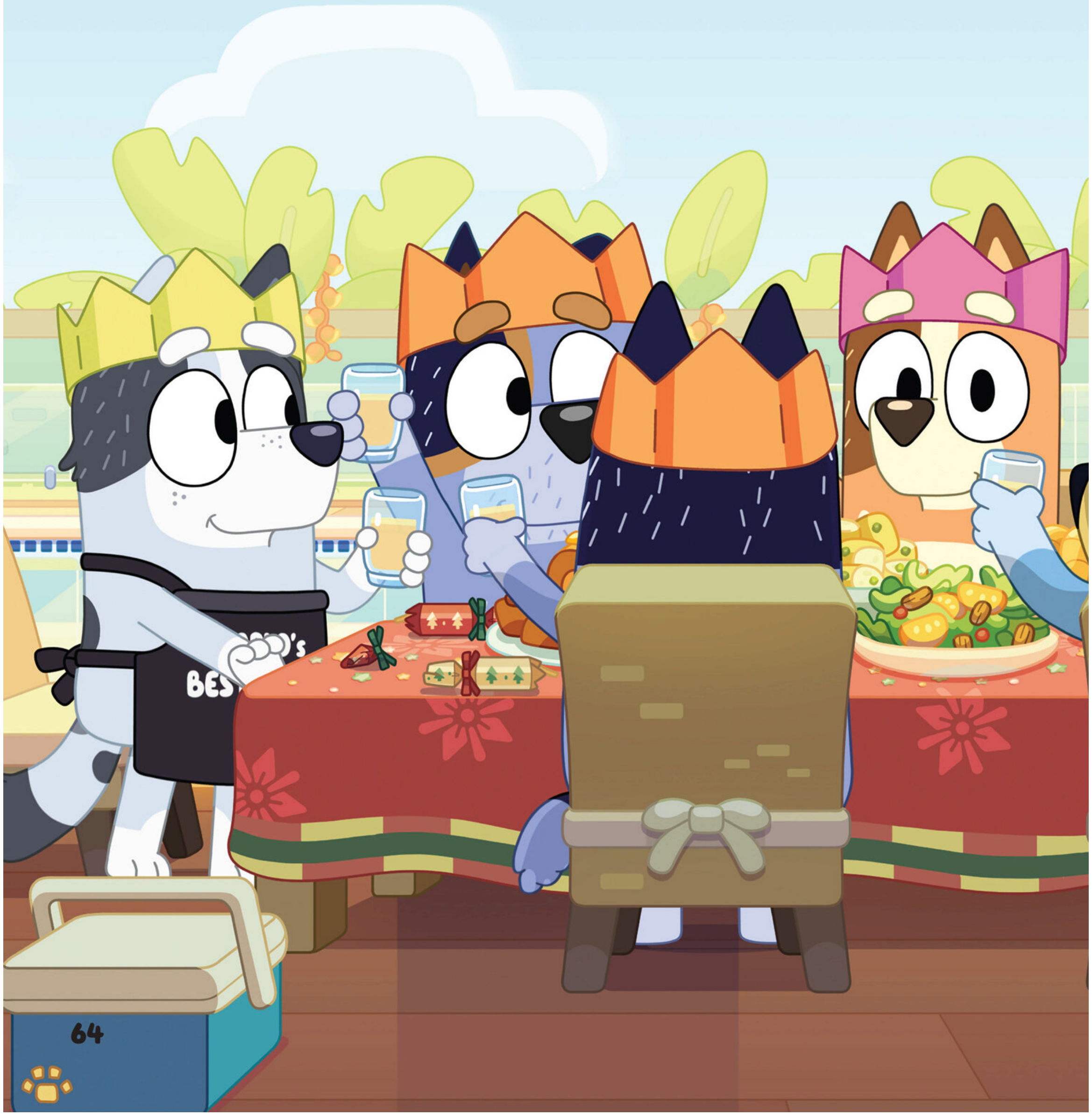



Hang on I'll just get my glasses
GOT HIM!

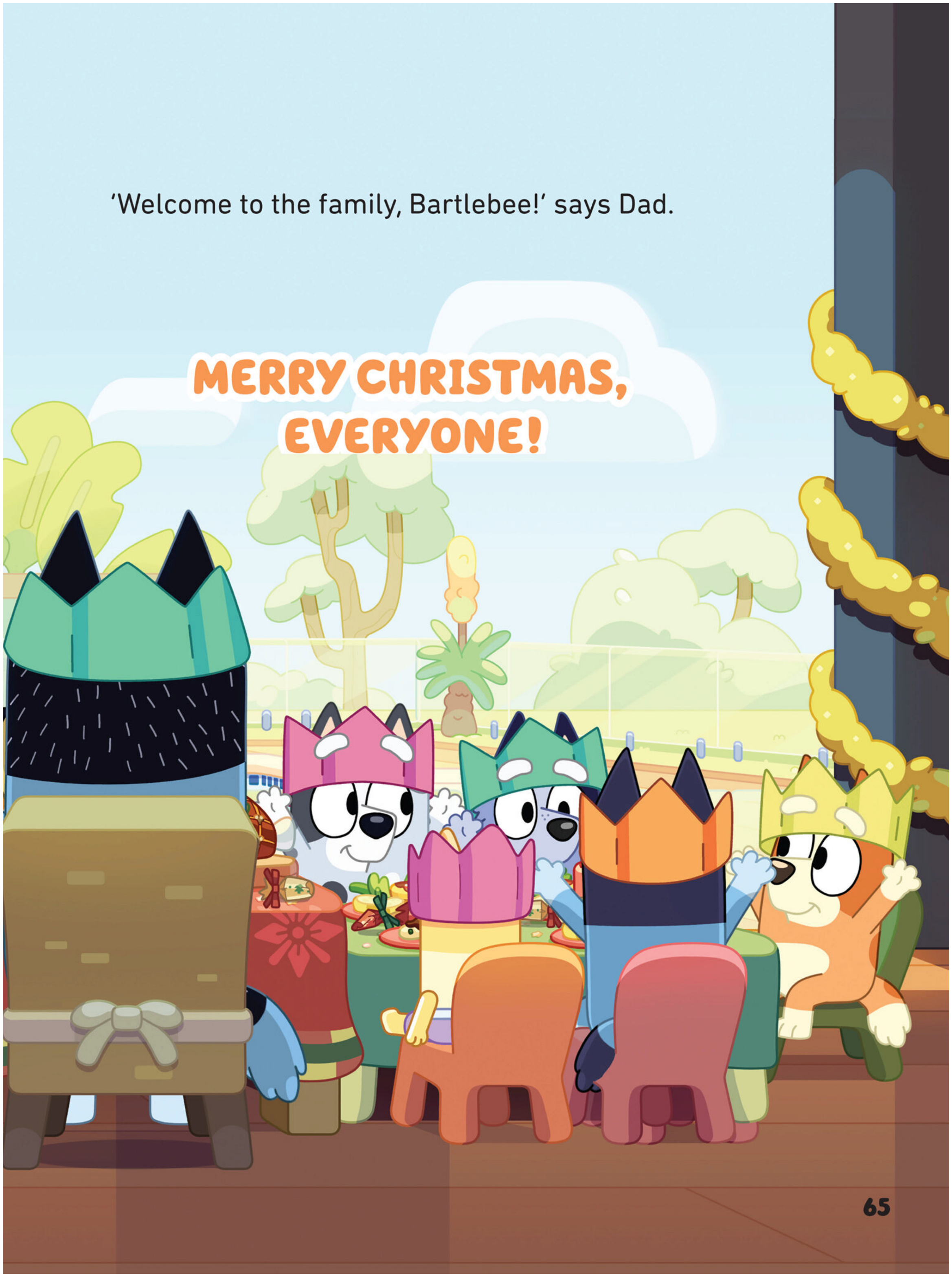
'They're **FULL OF LOVE**.'



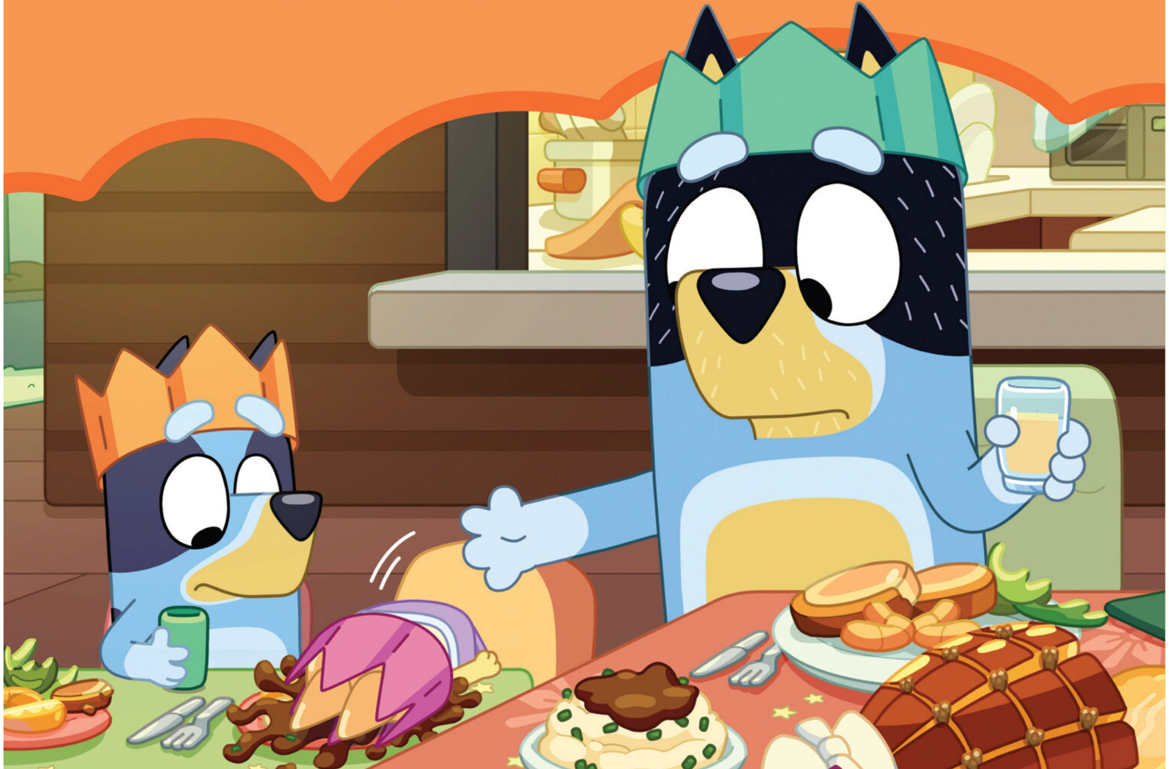
It's time for Christmas lunch. Bartlebee sits with his new family around the table.



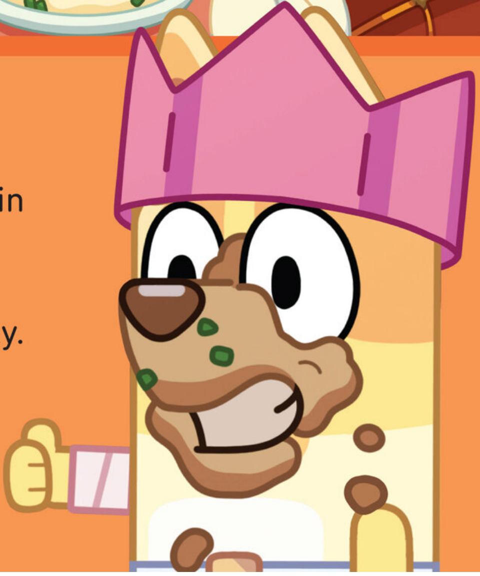
'Welcome to the family, Bartlebee!' says Dad.

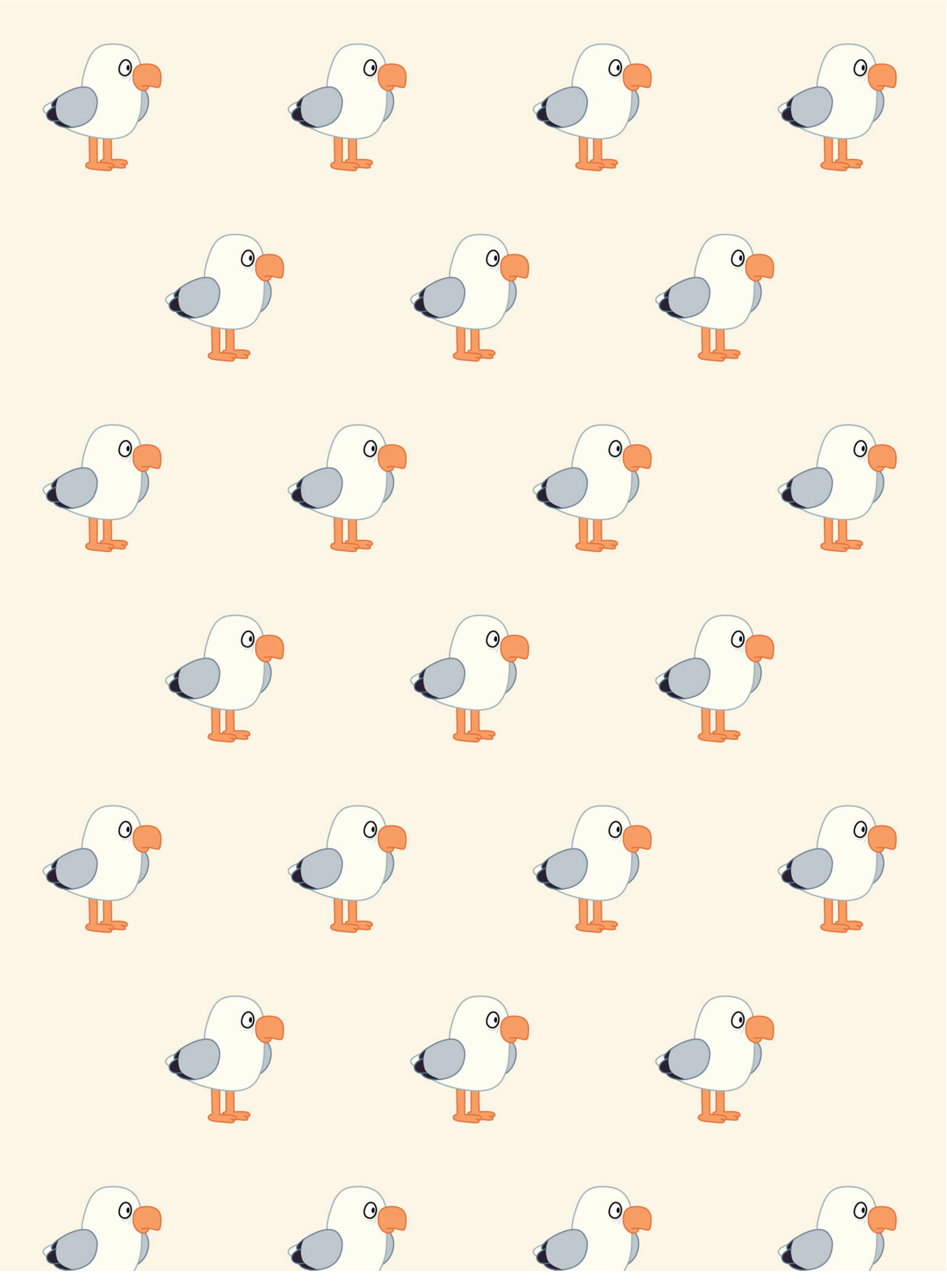

MERRY CHRISTMAS, EVERYONE!

'Oh, sorry, buddy!' says Dad.



Even though he's covered in gravy, Bartlebee gives a thumbs up. He's happy to be part of the Heeler family.

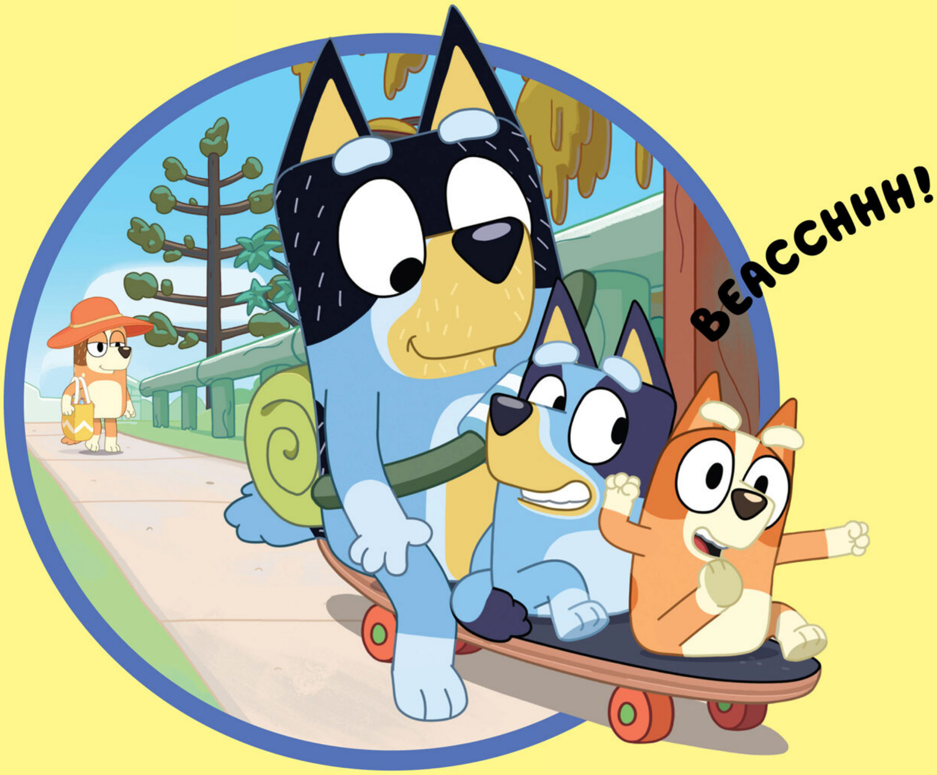


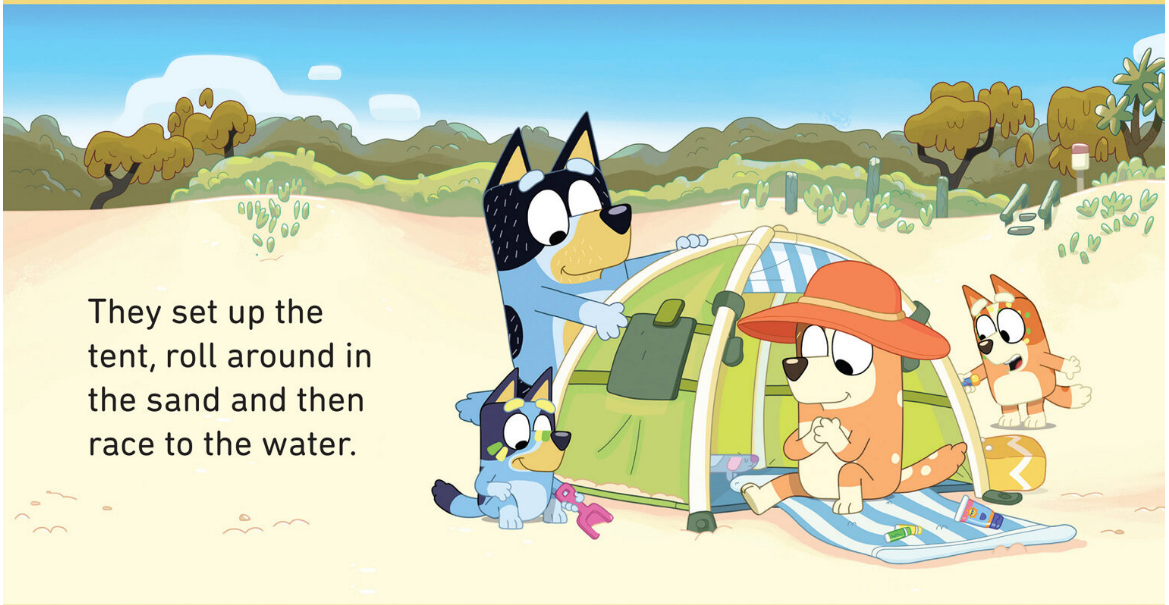


BLUEY

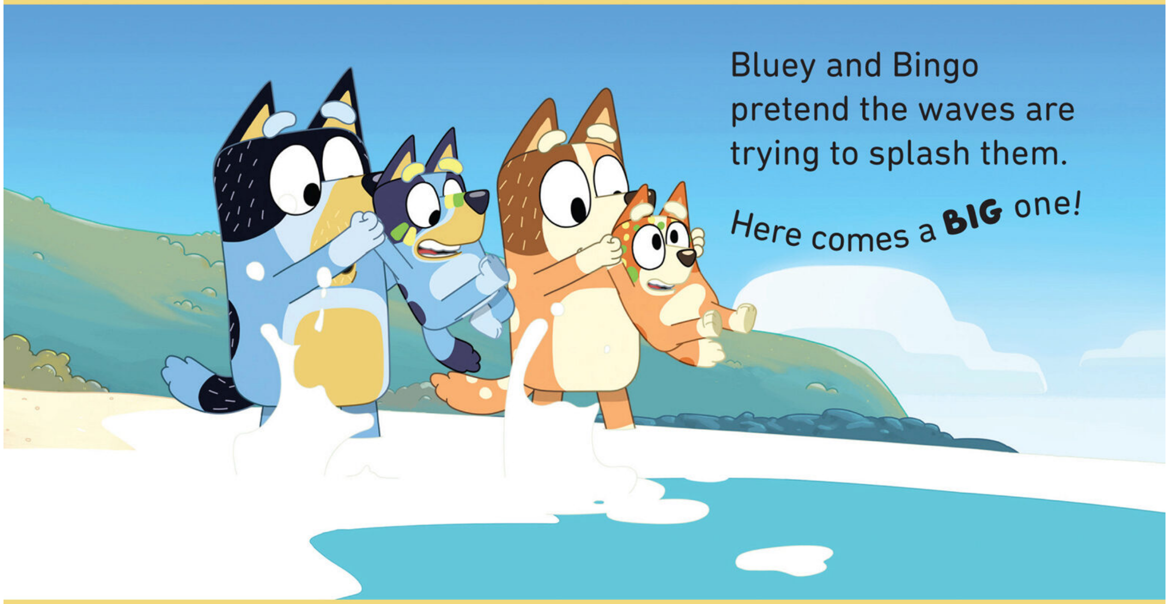
THE BEACH

Bluey, Bingo, Mum and Dad are off to the beach.





They set up the tent, roll around in the sand and then race to the water.



Bluey and Bingo pretend the waves are trying to splash them.

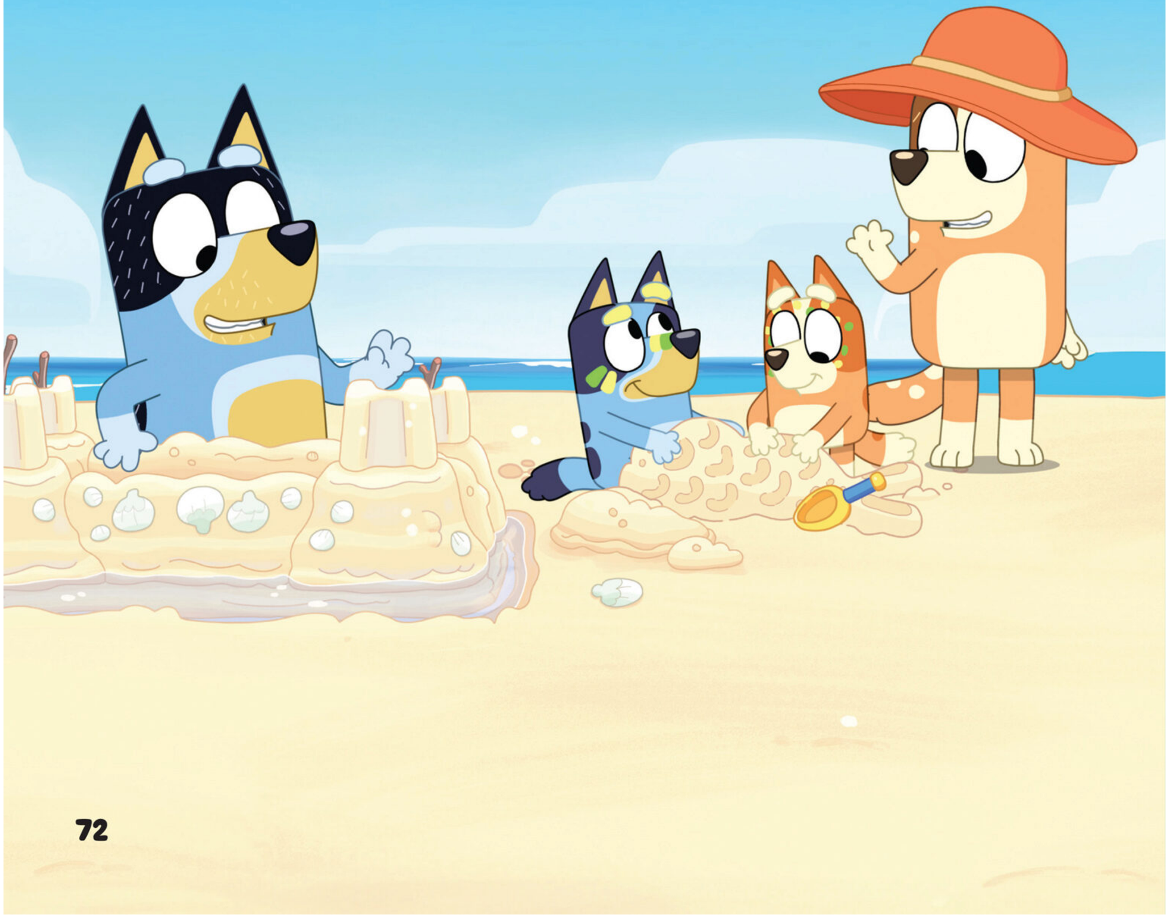
Here comes a **BIG** one!

Mum is off for a walk along the beach.

'Why do you like walking by yourself?' asks Bluey.

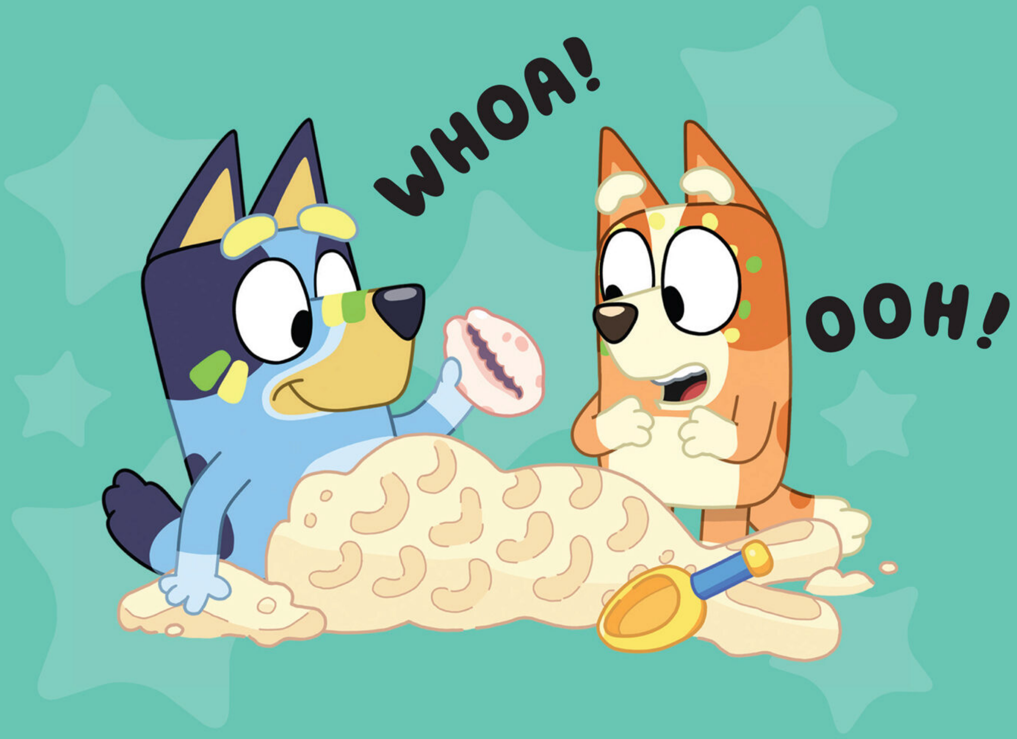
'I'm not sure,' says Mum. '**I JUST DO.** See you soon, little mermaid.'

What a strange answer, thinks Bluey.



Not long after, she finds a beautiful shell and asks to show Mum.

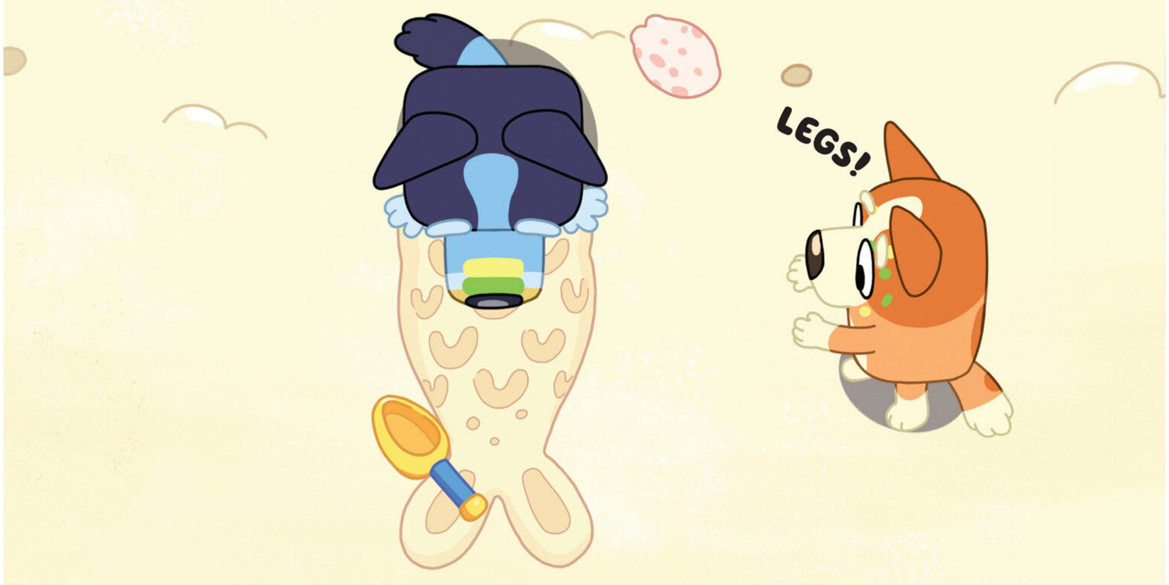
'All right, off you go,' says Dad.

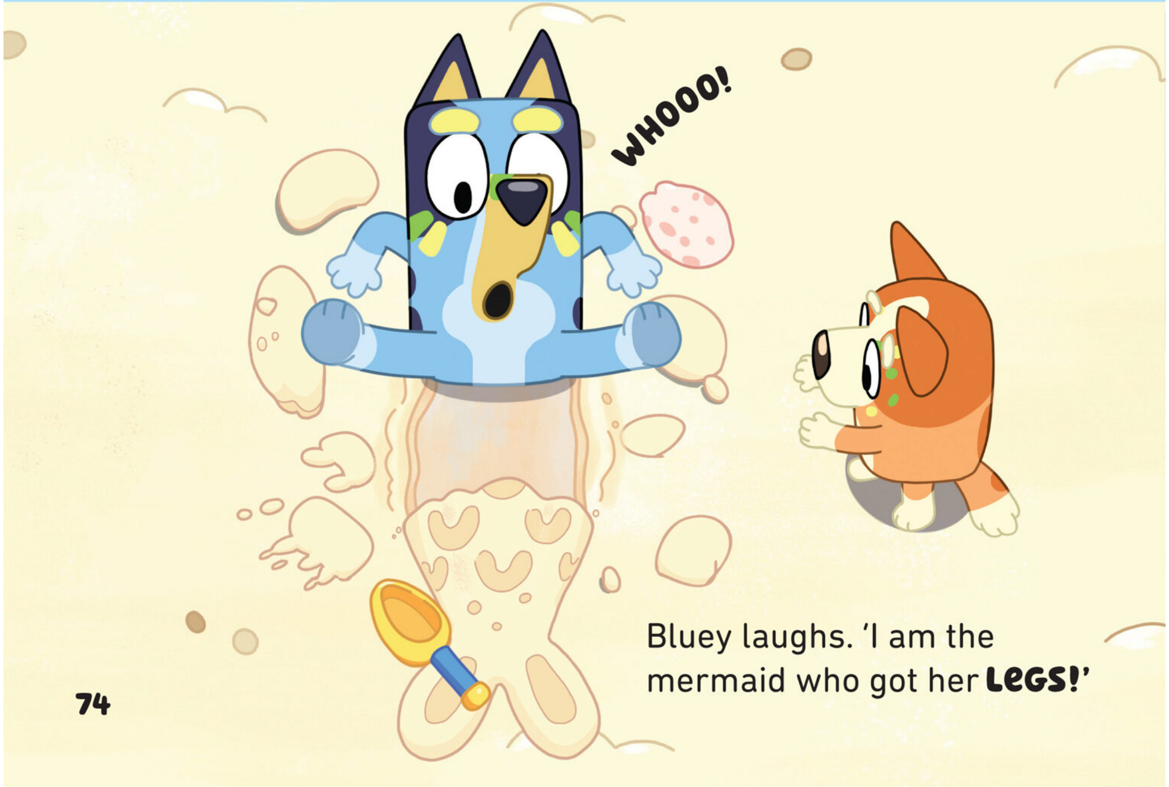


'FOR REAL LIFE?' says Bluey. 'All by myself?'

Dad nods. 'Just don't go in the water.'

Bingo waves her hands over Bluey's mermaid tail.





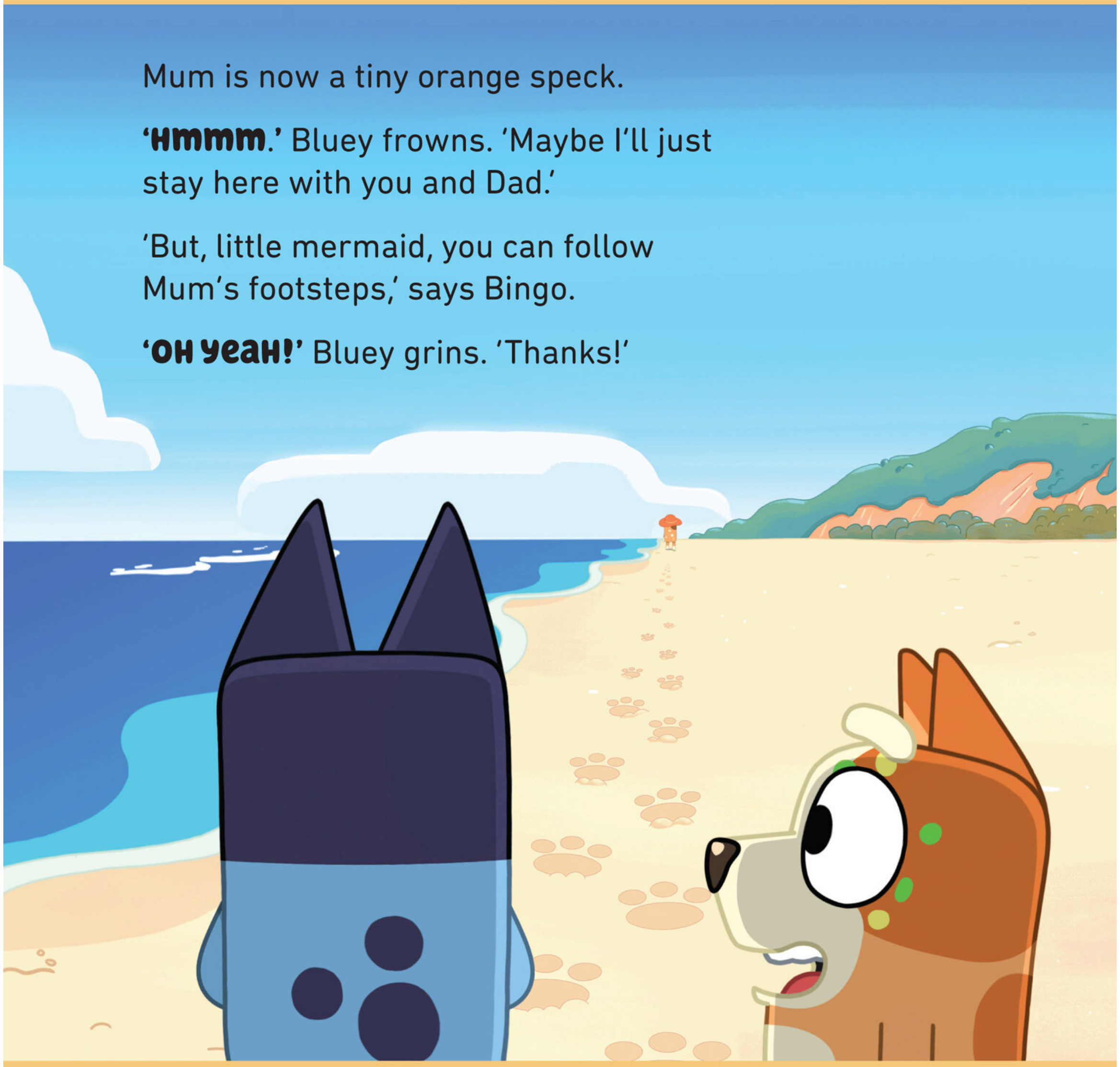
Bluey laughs. 'I am the mermaid who got her **LEGS!**'

Mum is now a tiny orange speck.

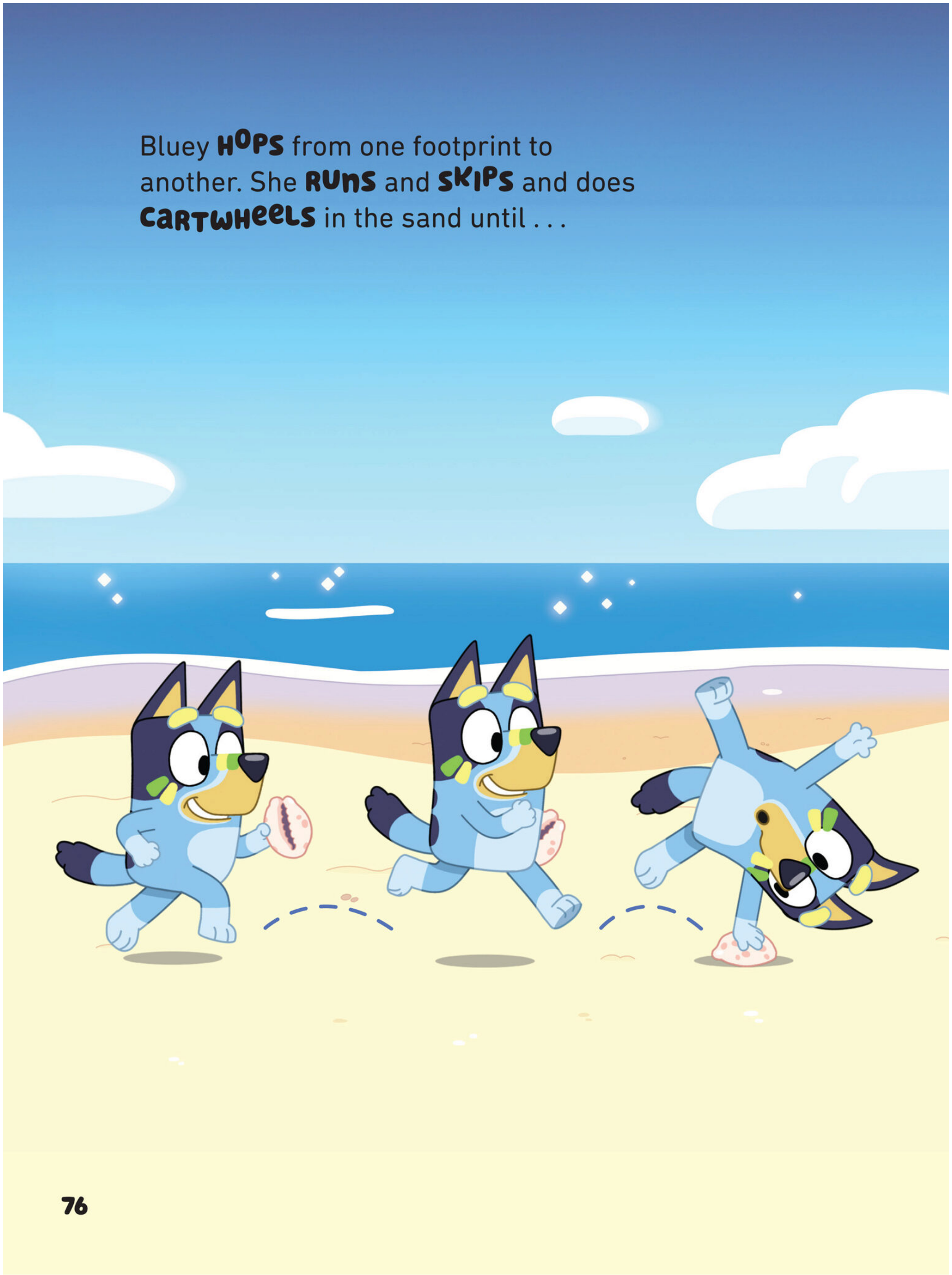
'Hmmm.' Bluey frowns. 'Maybe I'll just stay here with you and Dad.'

'But, little mermaid, you can follow Mum's footsteps,' says Bingo.

'Oh yeah!' Bluey grins. 'Thanks!'

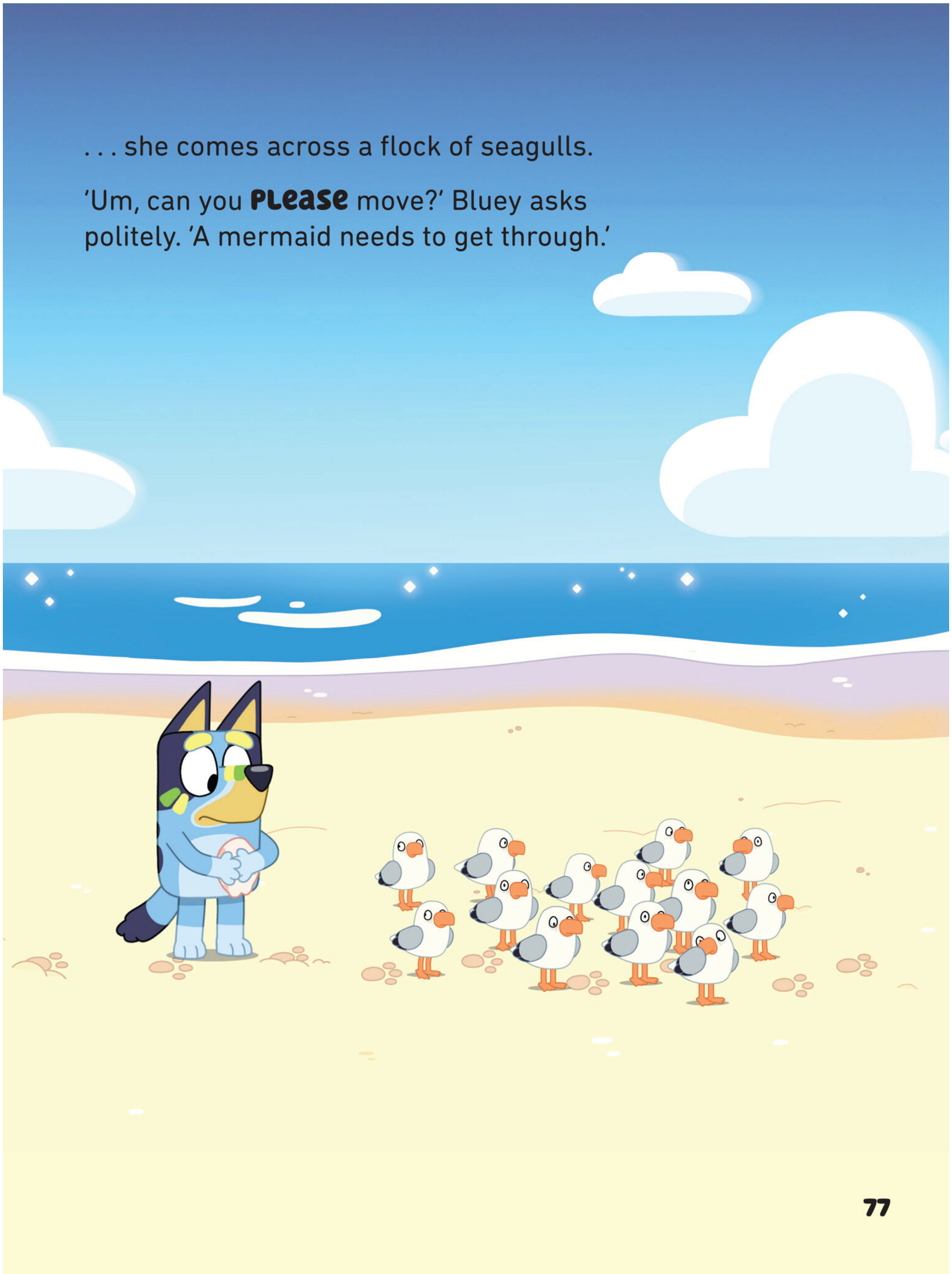


Bluey **HOPS** from one footprint to another. She **RUNS** and **SKIPS** and does **CARTWHEELS** in the sand until . . .

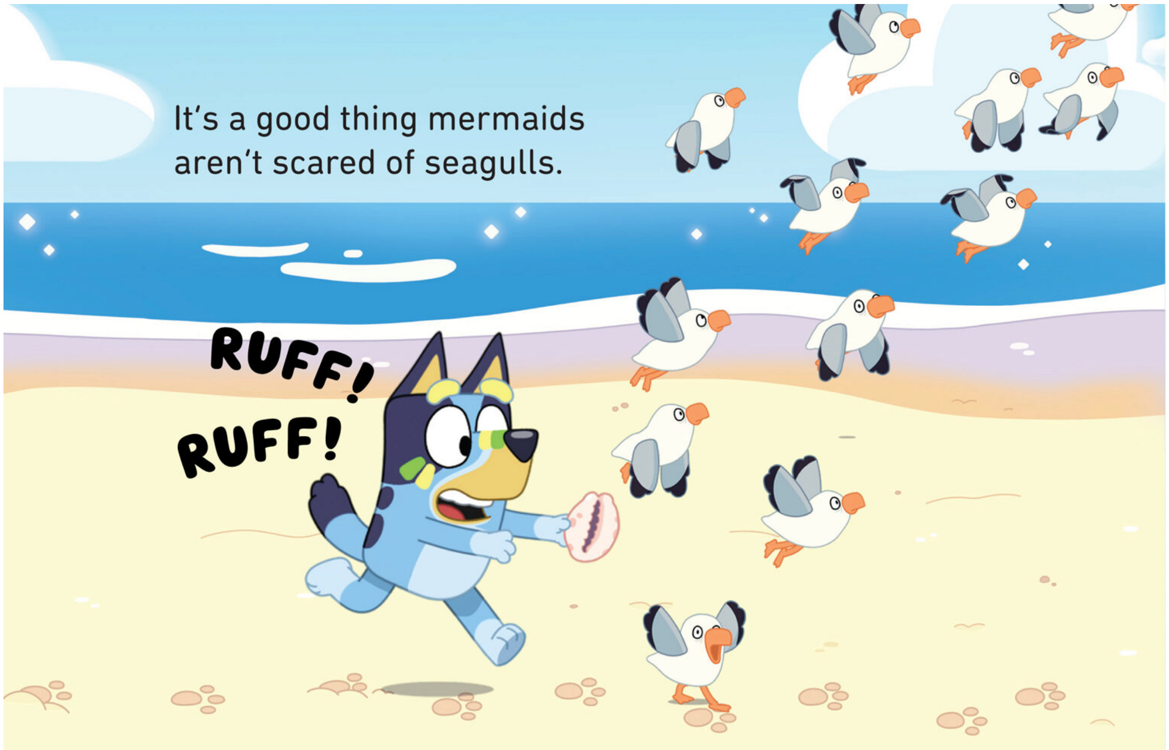


. . . she comes across a flock of seagulls.

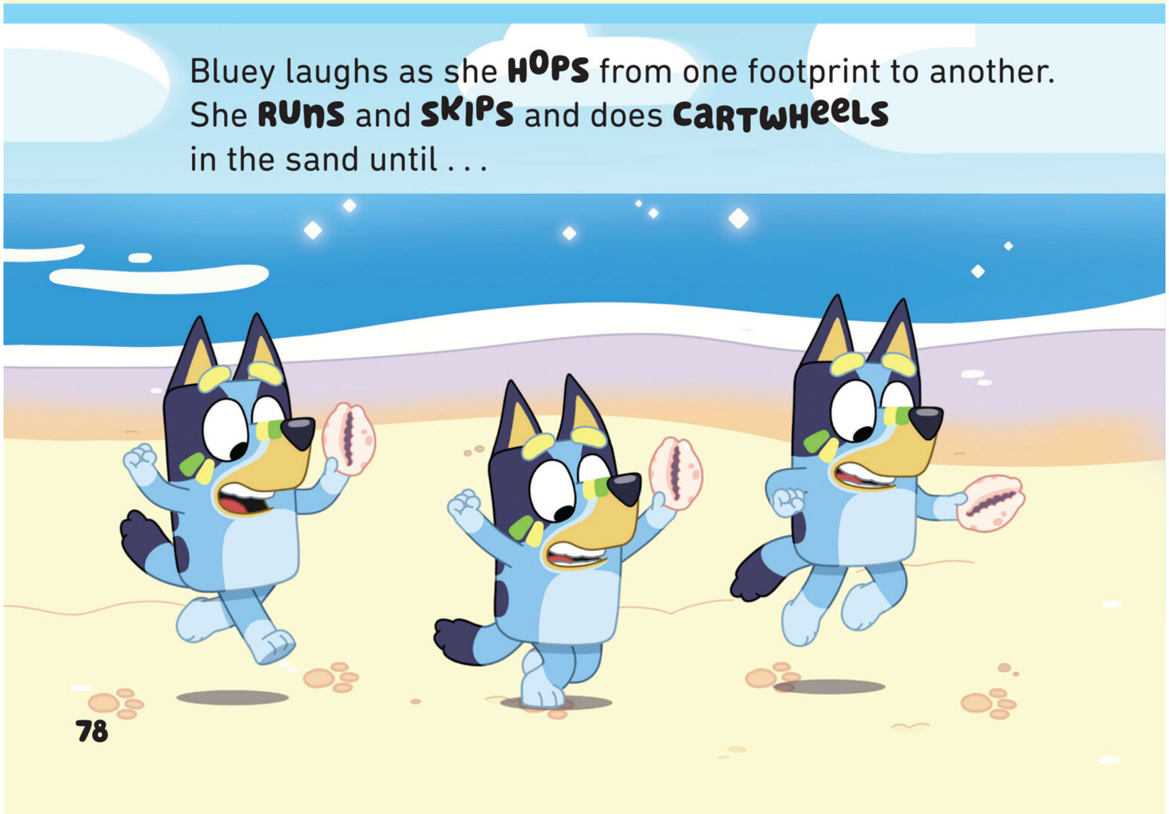
'Um, can you **please** move?' Bluey asks politely. 'A mermaid needs to get through.'

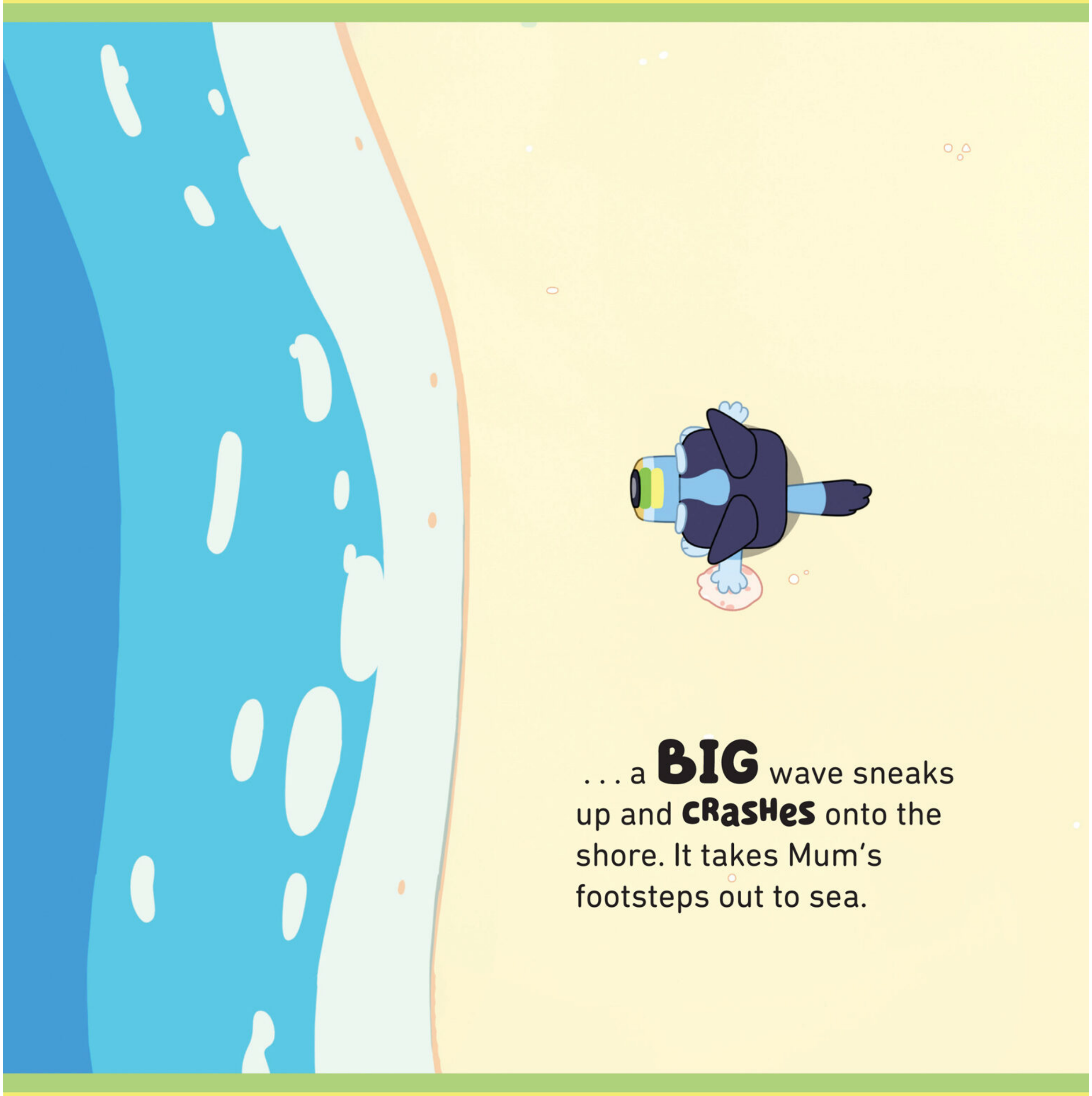


It's a good thing mermaids
aren't scared of seagulls.



Bluey laughs as she **HOPS** from one footprint to another.
She **RUNS** and **SKIPS** and does **CARTWHEELS**
in the sand until . . .

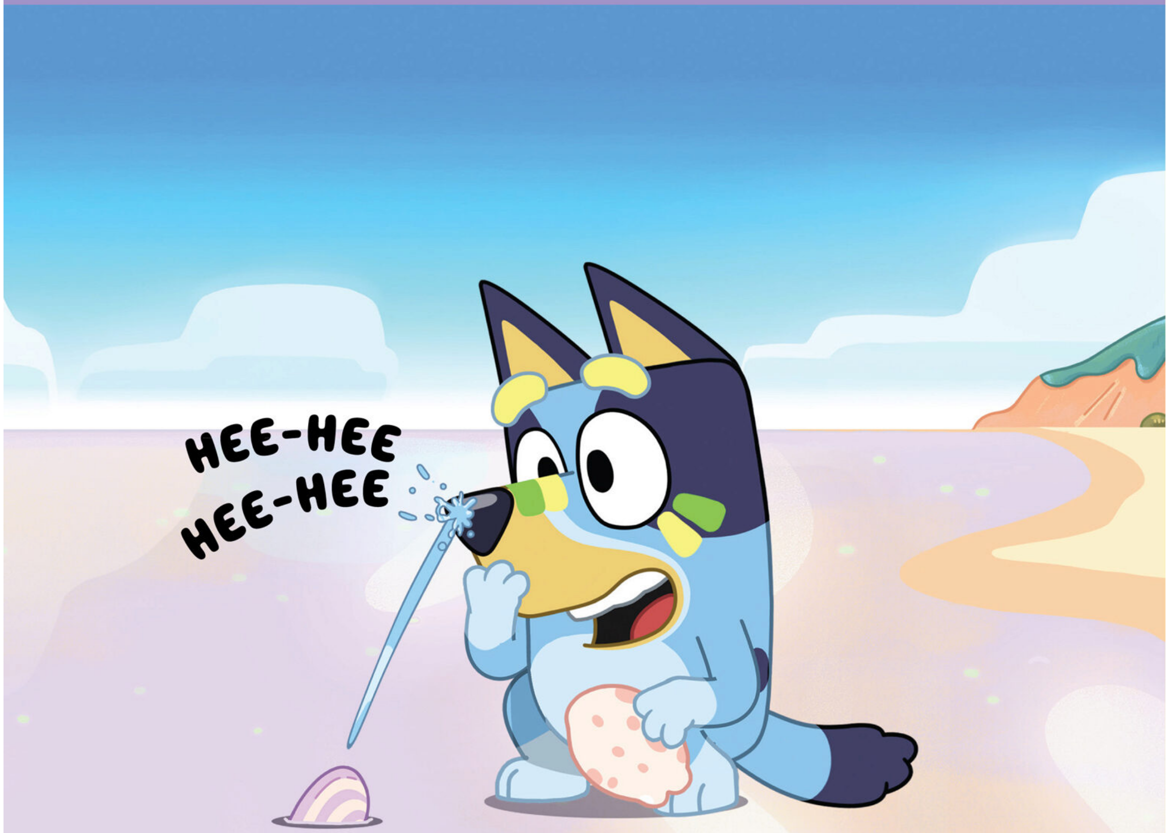




. . . a **BIG** wave sneaks up and **CRASHES** onto the shore. It takes Mum's footsteps out to sea.

'Ooh, you **CHEEKY** wave!' Bluey barks. 'How will I find Mum now?'

Just as Bluey begins to lose hope, she spots a . . .

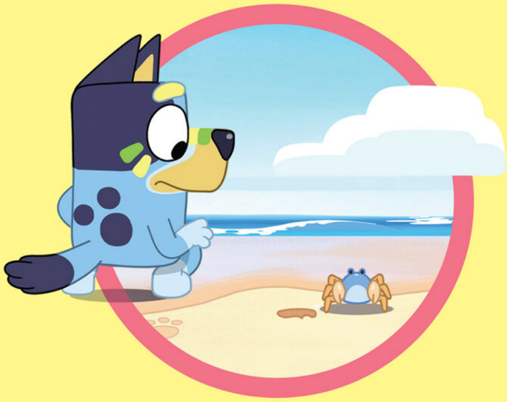

HEE-HEE
HEE-HEE

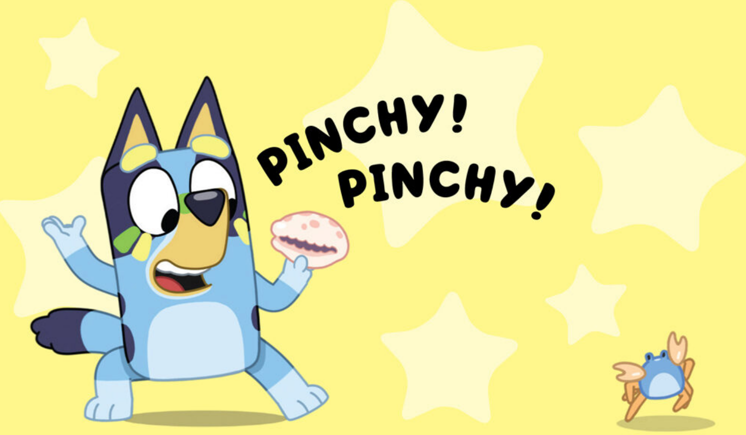
. . . pipi coming up for **wee-wees!**

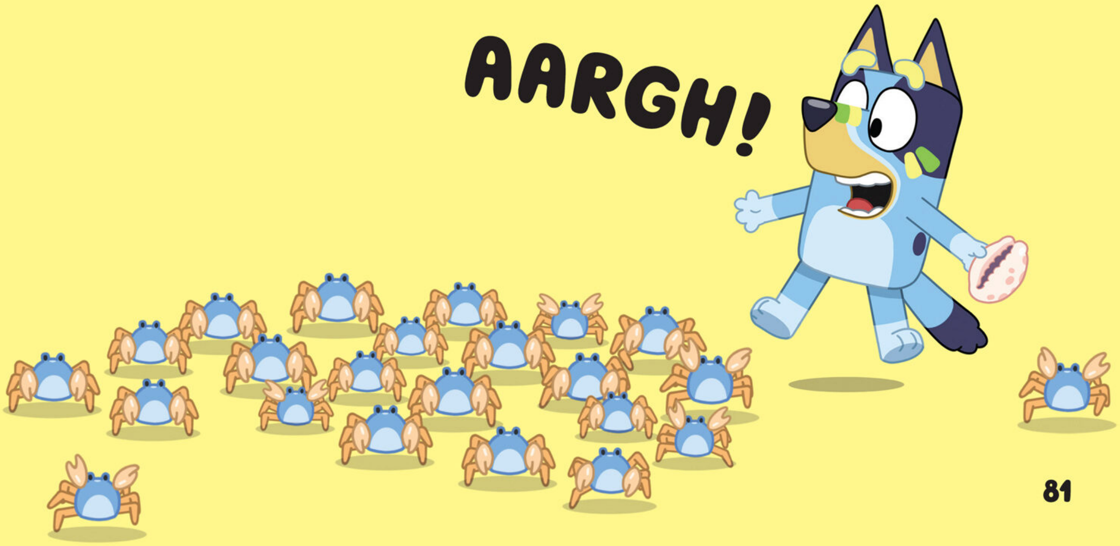
A crab scuttles past.

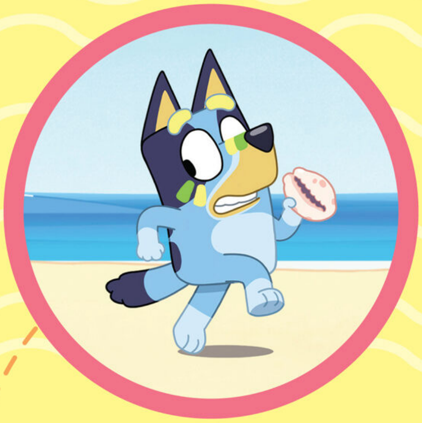
Bluey copies its funny sideways walk.

'**Ha-Ha!** I am the mermaid who got her **CRAB LEGS!**'

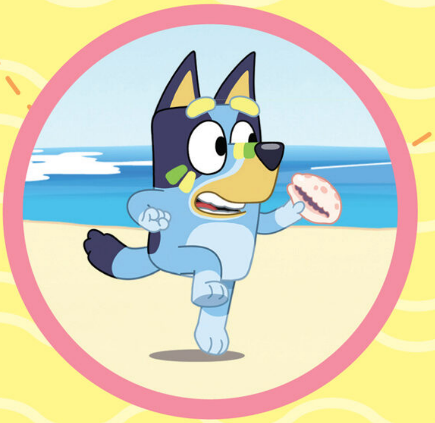



PINCHY! PINCHY!

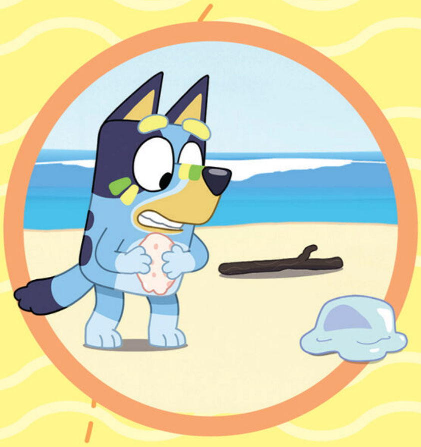




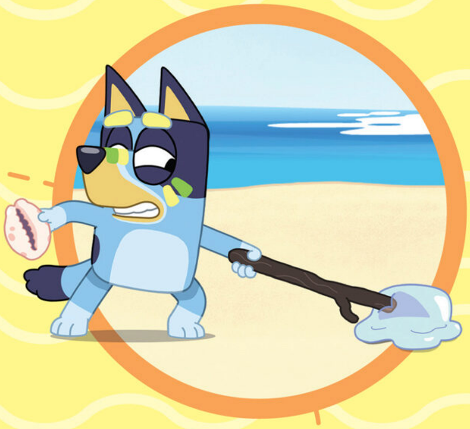
Bluey scampers away.



She **RUNS** and **RUNS** . . .



. . . then **SKIDS** to a stop. 'A jellyfish! How will I get past?'



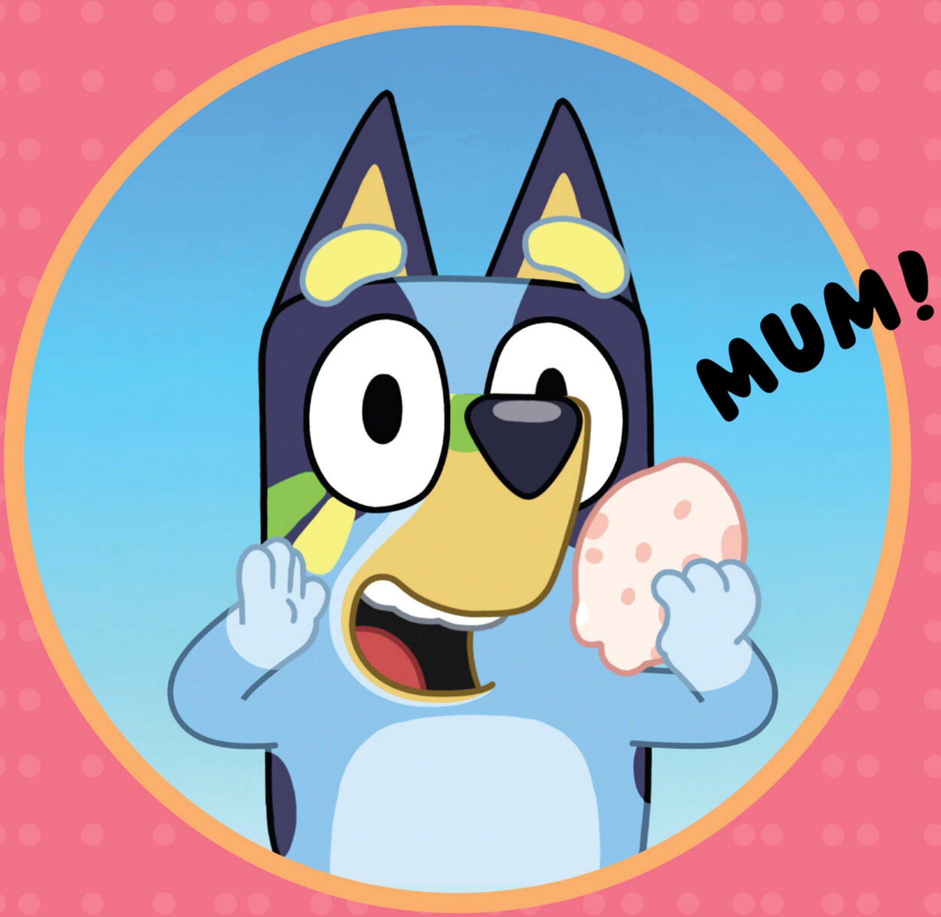
She picks up a stick and
pokes the blue blob.
It wobbles hello.

'Ha-ha! You can't sting me, jellyfish!
**I am the mermaid who got
her legs, but only for a day!**'

Bluey races ahead.

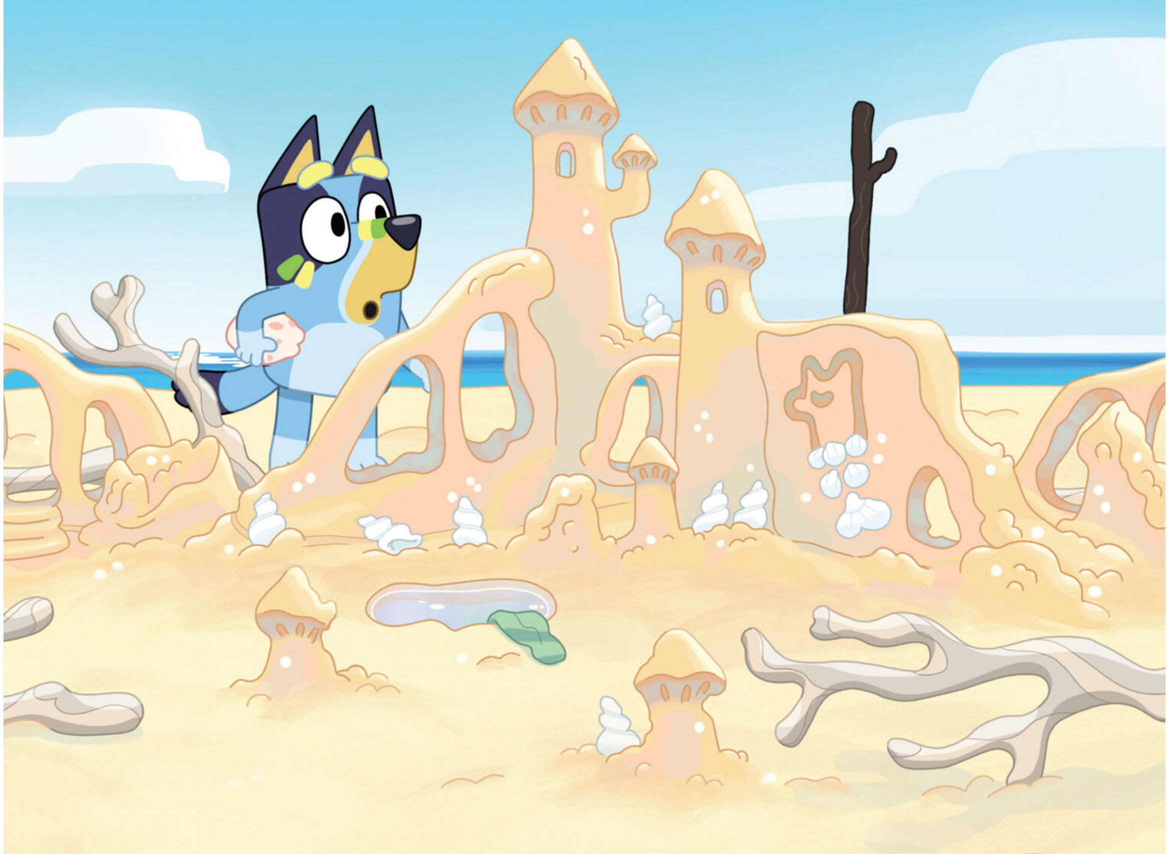
'Look at this amazing shell!' she calls, but Mum's still too far away to hear.

Better keep going!

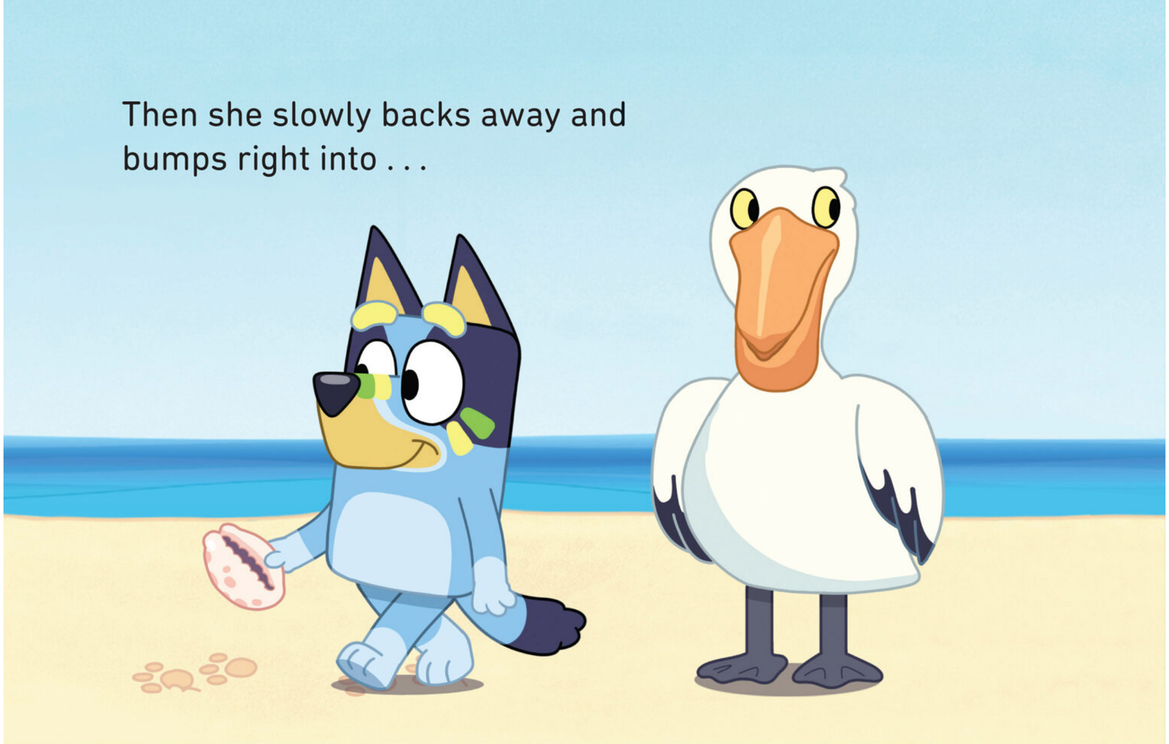


Bluey **RUNS** and **SKIPS** and does **CARTWHEELS** in the sand until she comes across an old castle.

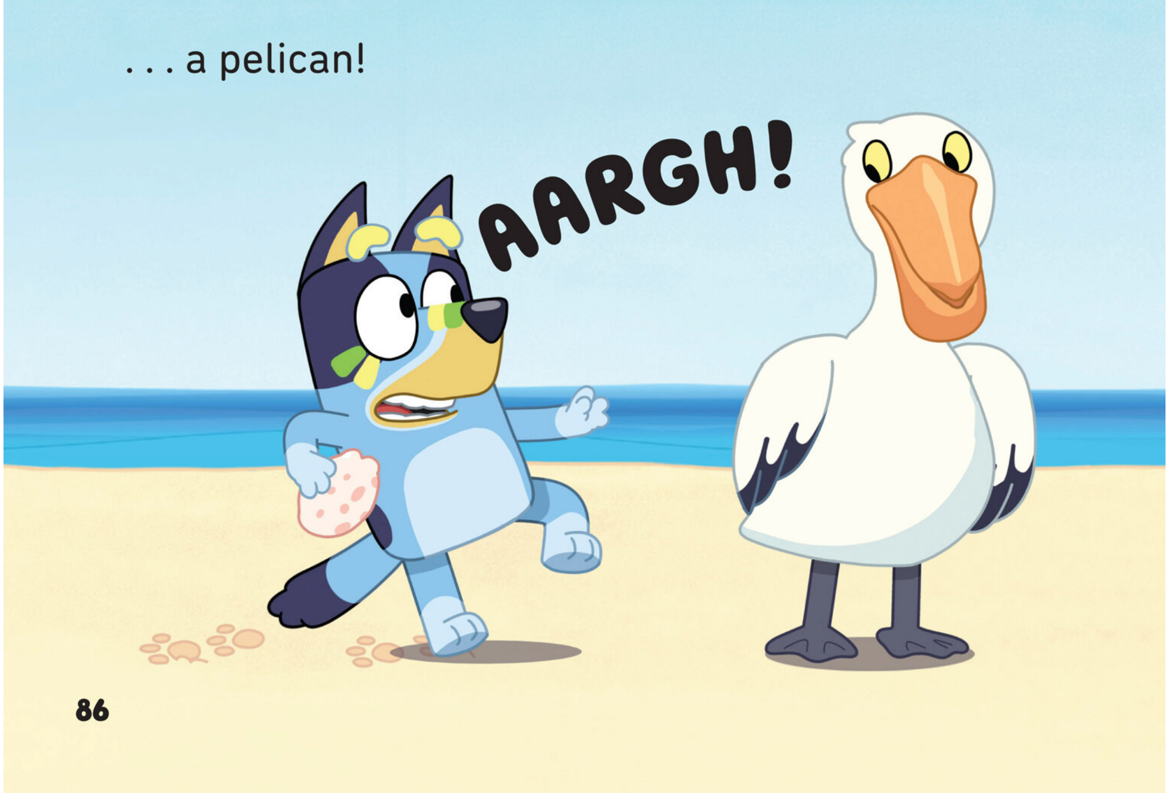
Perhaps this is where all the other mermaids lived, she thinks, and leaves her stick as a present.



Then she slowly backs away and
bumps right into . . .



. . . a pelican!



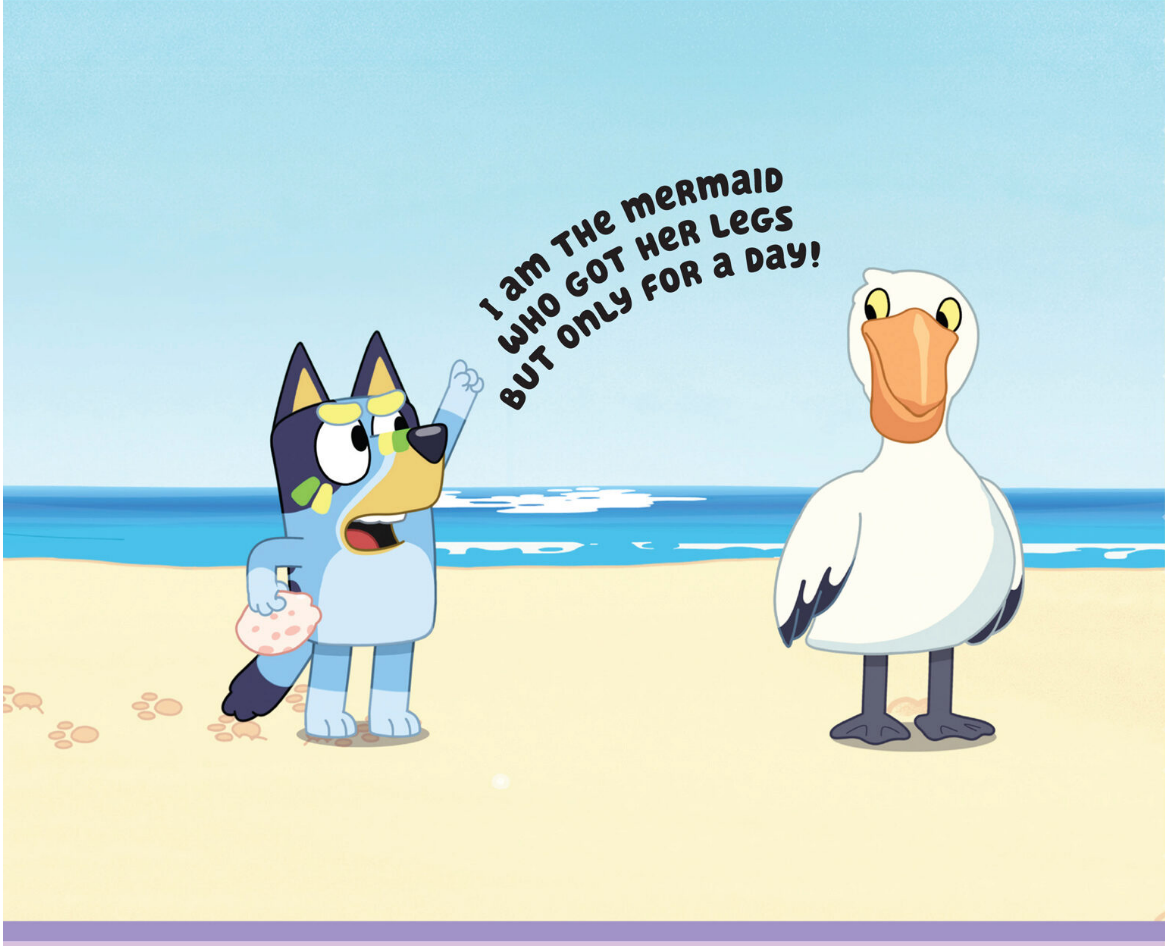
Bluey begins to think she's had enough of walking by herself . . .

She looks back at Dad, but he's just a tiny blue speck.

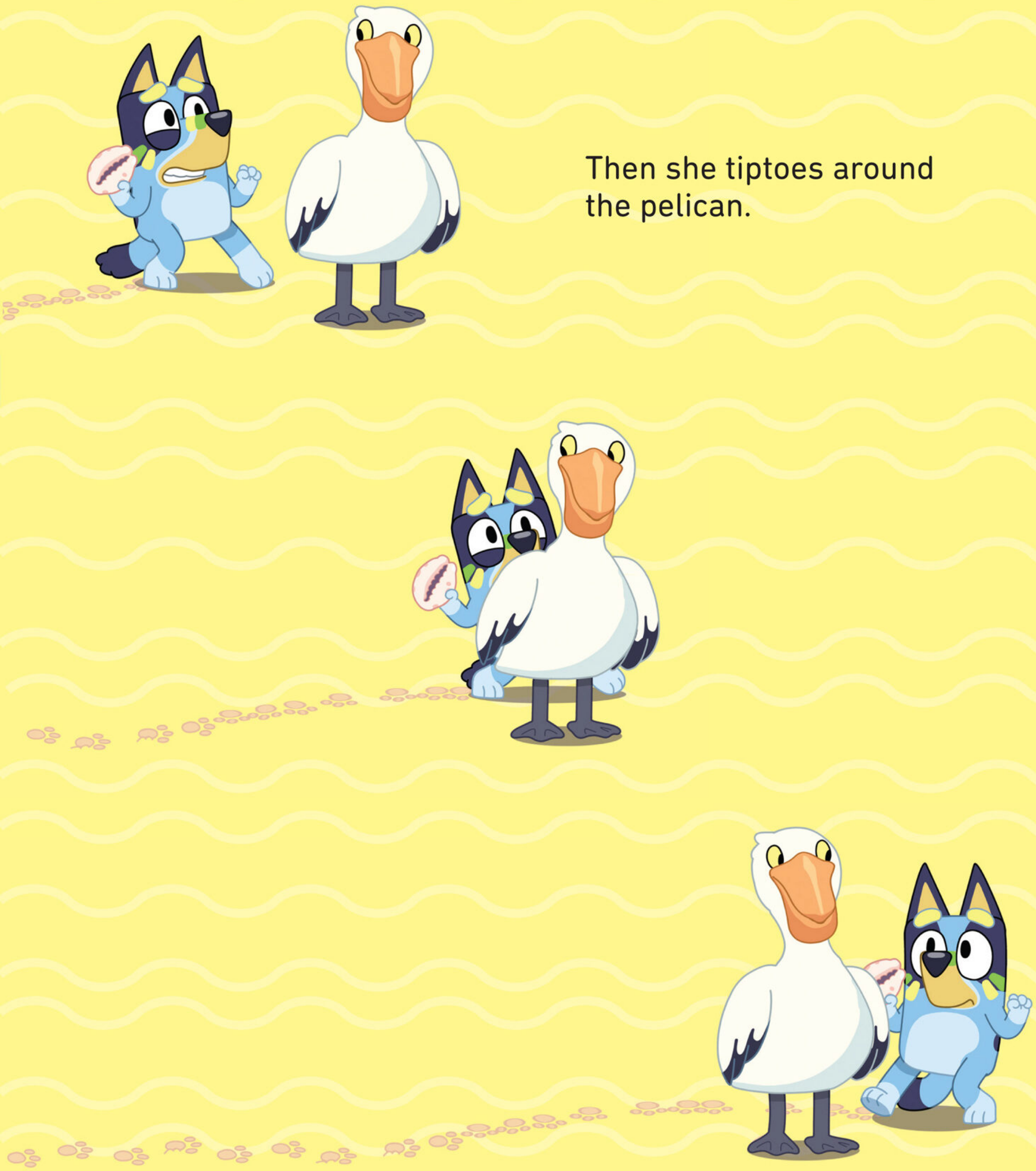
'If I can't go backwards, and I can't go forwards, what am I going to do?'

Bluey remembers the seagulls and crabs and the jellyfish. If she got past them, maybe she can get past a pelican too . . .

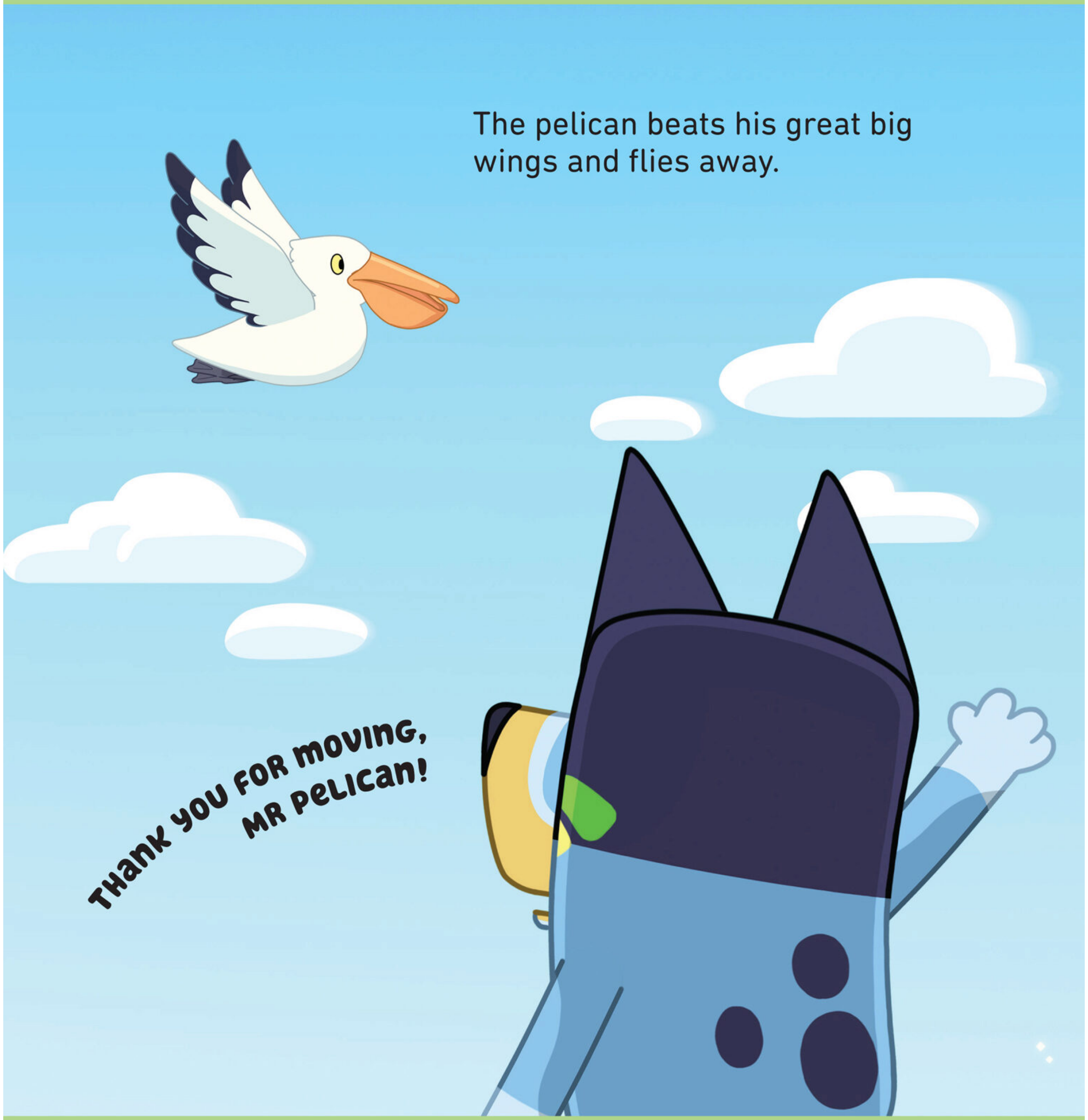
She summons every bit of courage. After all, a little mermaid has got to be brave.


I am the mermaid who got her legs but only for a day!

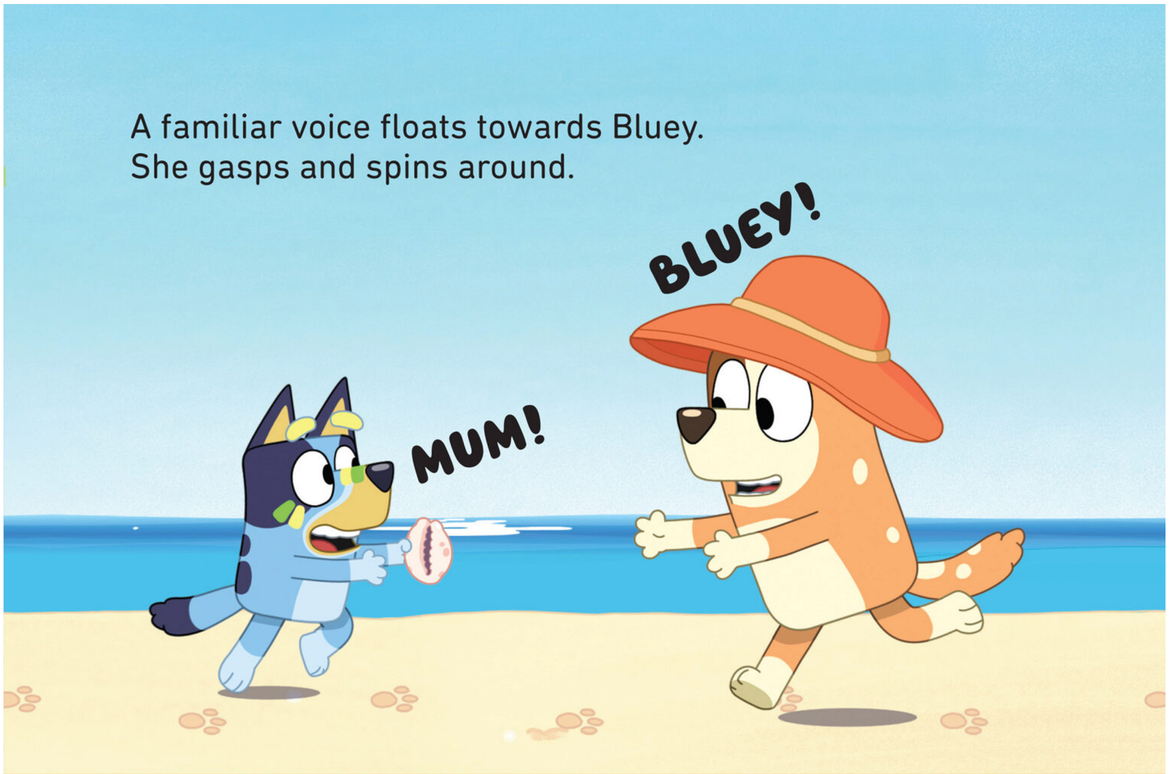
Then she tiptoes around the pelican.

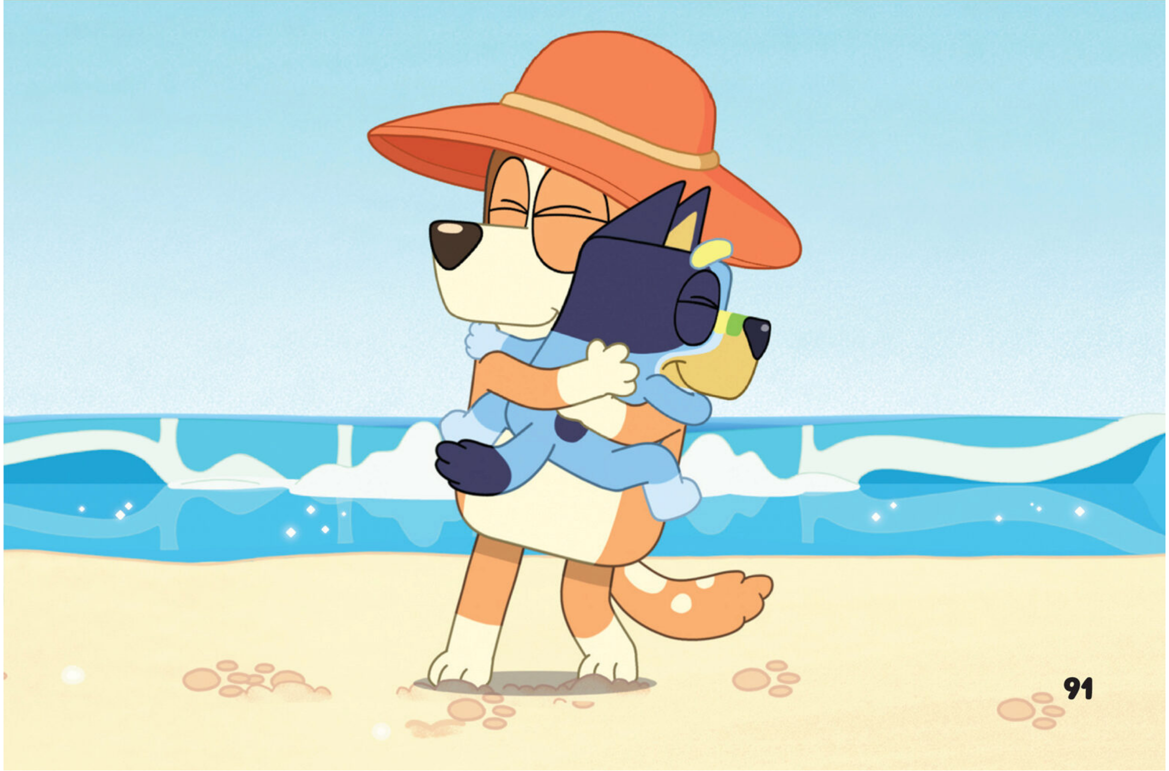


The pelican beats his great big wings and flies away.

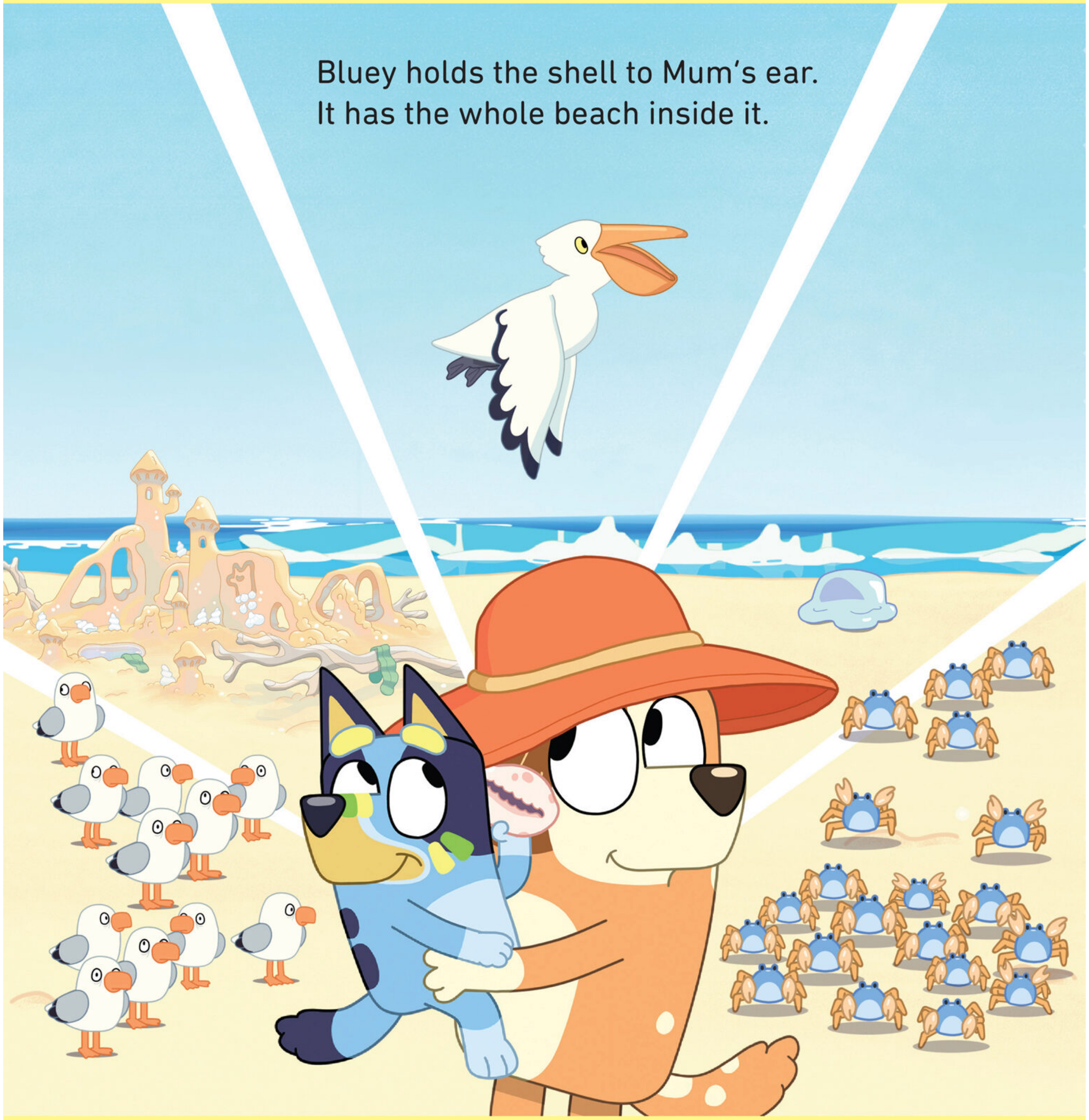

THANK YOU FOR MOVING, MR PELICAN!

A familiar voice floats towards Bluey.
She gasps and spins around.





Bluey holds the shell to Mum's ear.
It has the whole beach inside it.

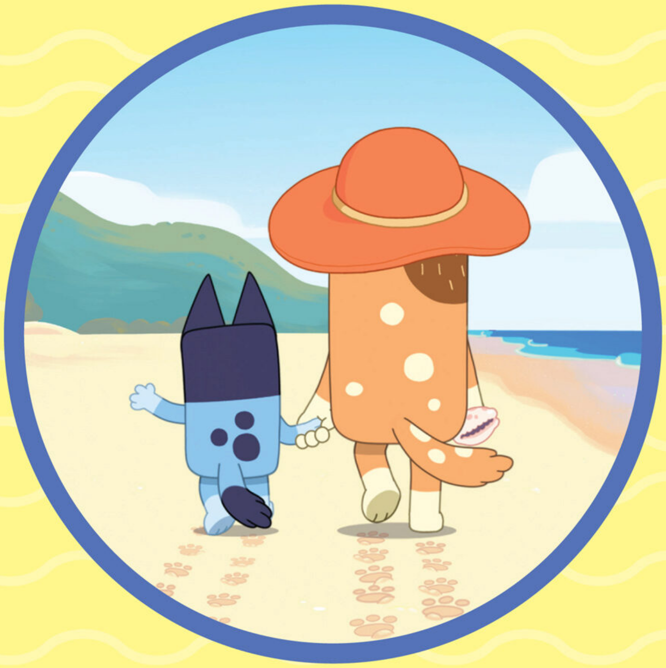


Bluey and Mum head back together.

'I **LOVE** walking by myself,' says Bluey.

'Oh yeah, why's that?' asks Mum.

Bluey thinks. That's a hard question. There are almost too many reasons to say.



'I don't know,
I JUST DO.'

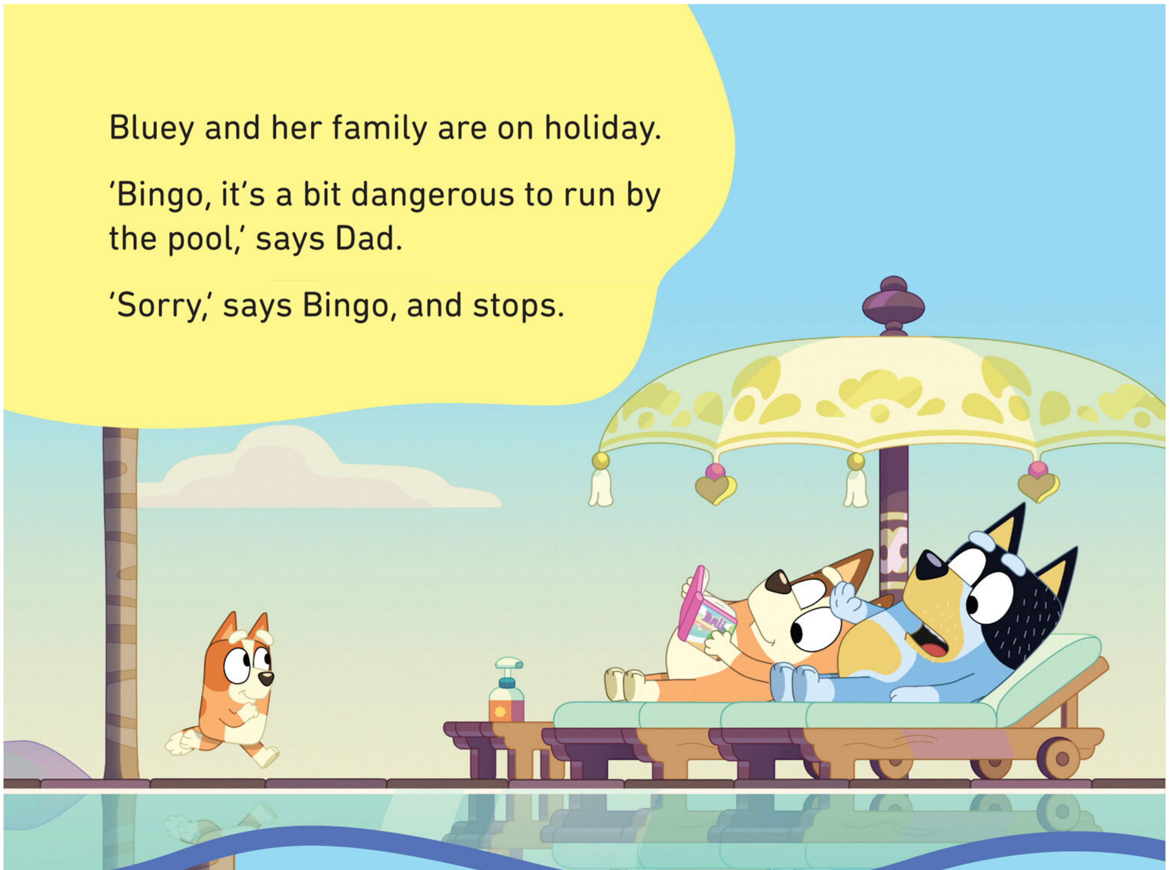
BLUEY

SWIM SCHOOL

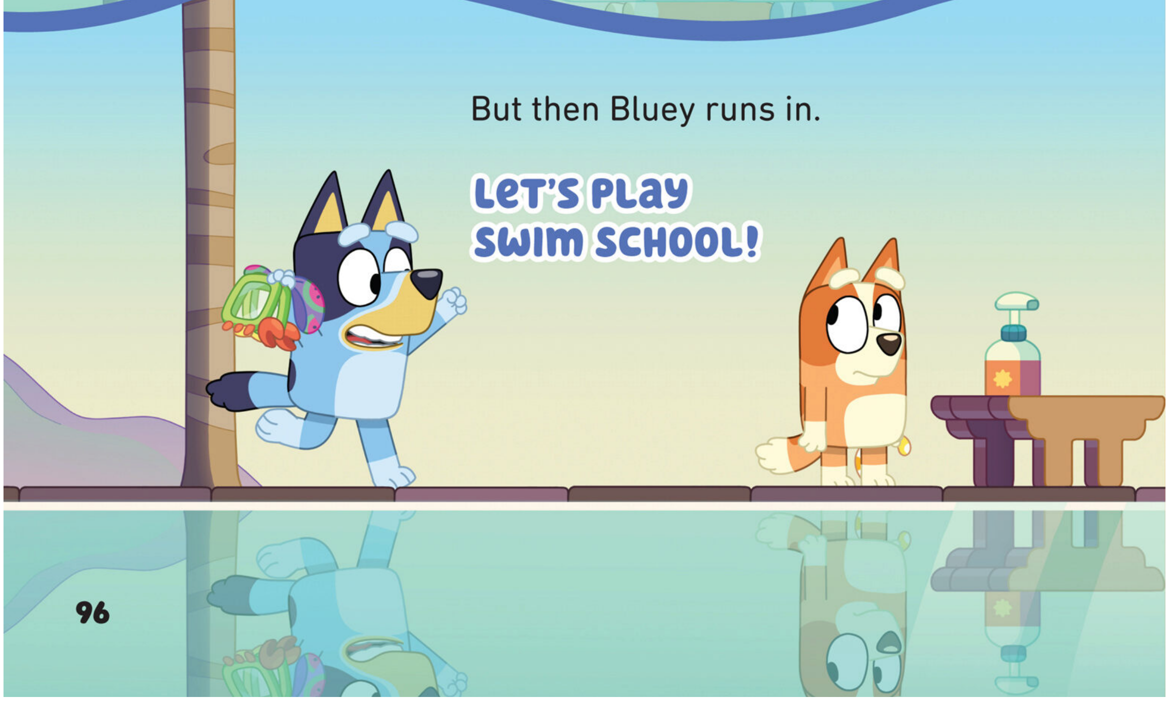
Bluey and her family are on holiday.

'Bingo, it's a bit dangerous to run by the pool,' says Dad.

'Sorry,' says Bingo, and stops.



But then Bluey runs in.


LET'S PLAY SWIM SCHOOL!

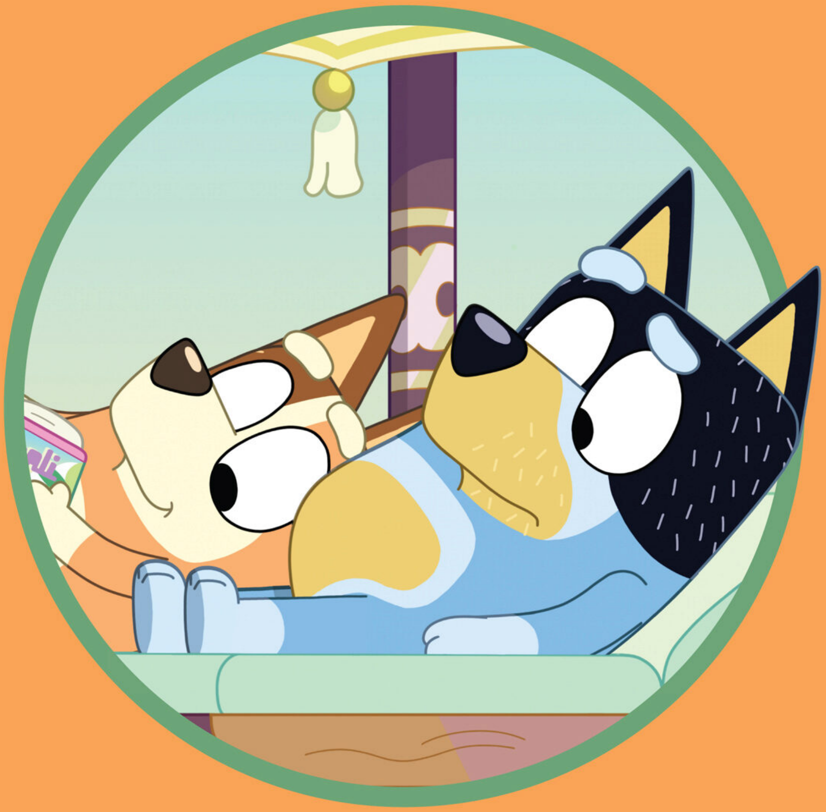
'Dad, Bluey's running by the pool!'

'Don't be a dobber,' says Dad.

'But Bluey's doing something dangerous,'
says Bingo, confused. 'Shouldn't I dob then?'

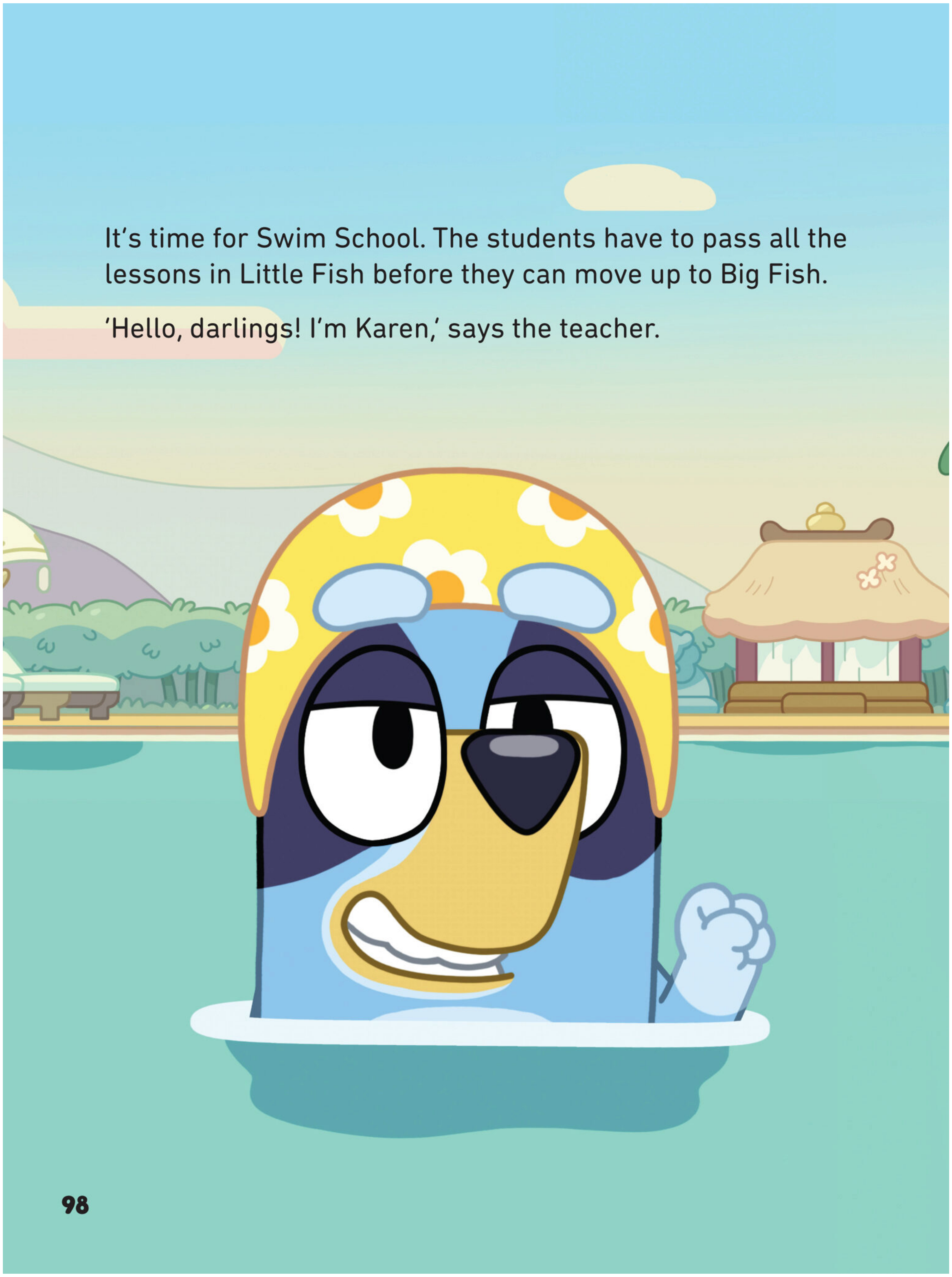
Dad doesn't know how to answer that. 'Uh . . . Chilli?'

Mum just shrugs.



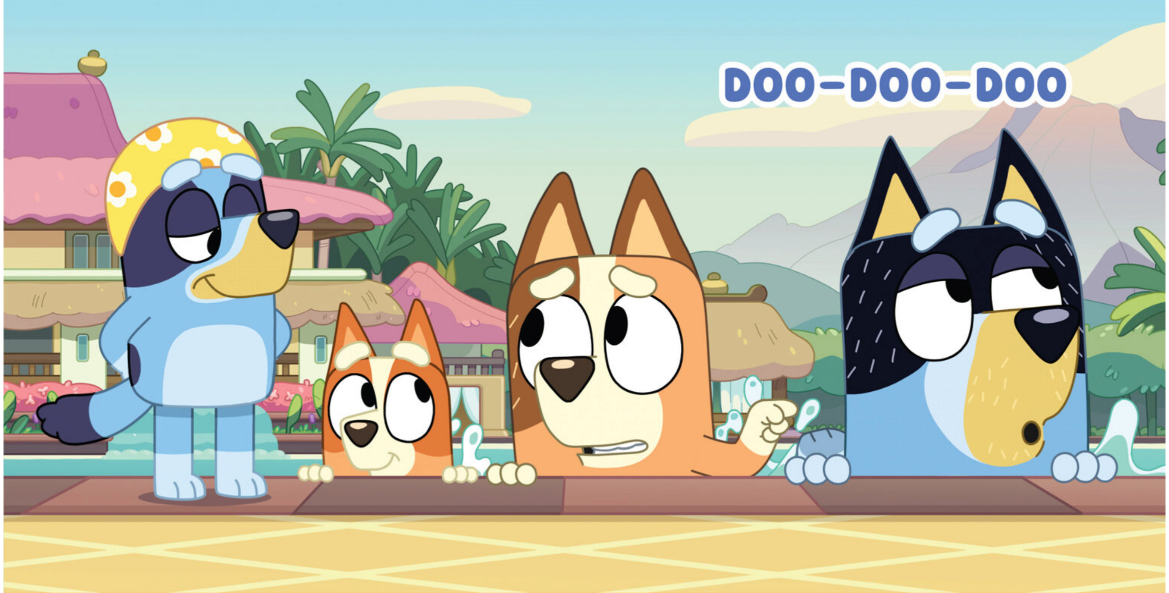
It's time for Swim School. The students have to pass all the lessons in Little Fish before they can move up to Big Fish.

'Hello, darlings! I'm Karen,' says the teacher.



Merifyndor, Sharon and Bevan are a family in the Little Fish class. Karen is teaching them to kick, when Bevan starts mucking around.

'Bevan isn't doing it properly,' dobs Sharon.

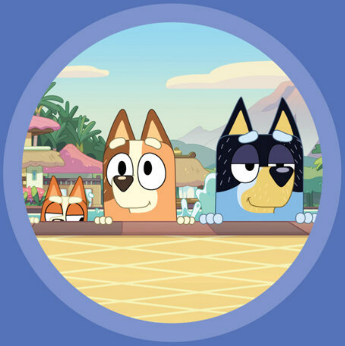


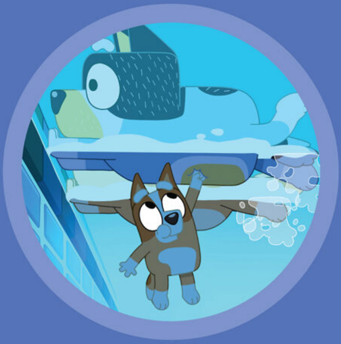
'Is Bevan doing anything **DANGEROUS**?' asks Karen.

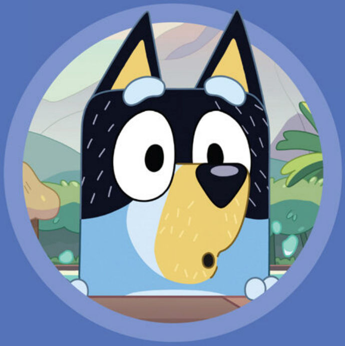
'Well, no.'

'Then don't be a dobber, sweetie.'

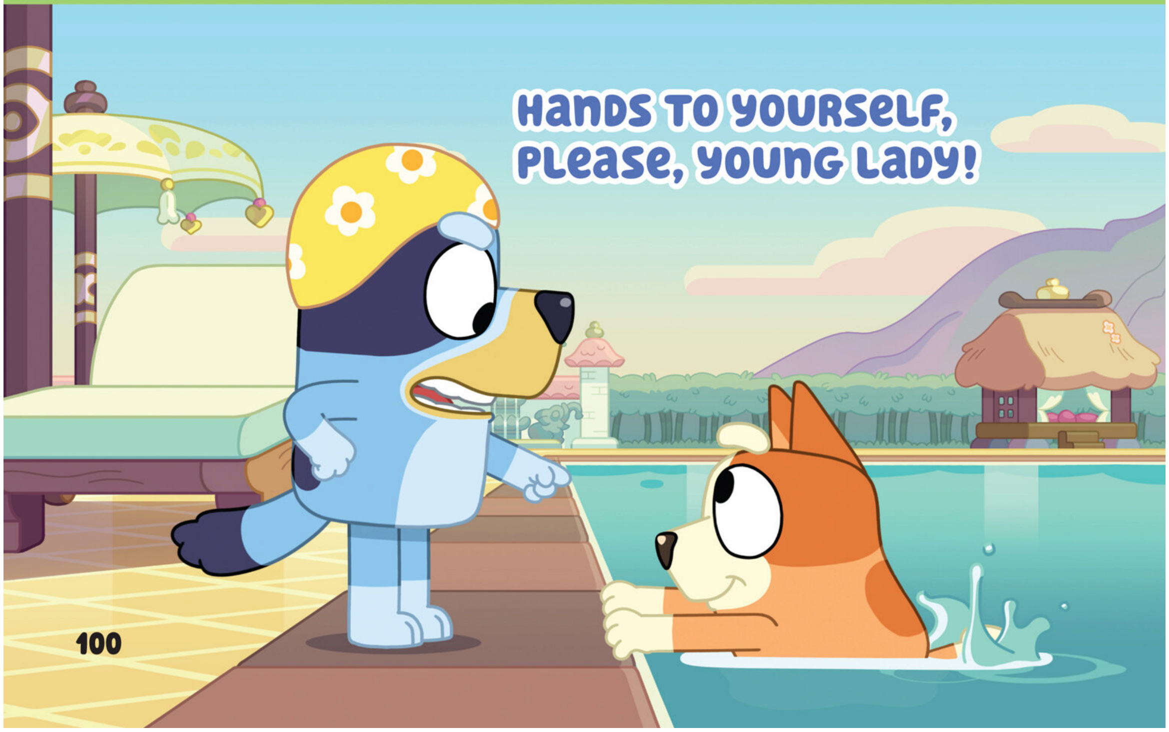
The family keep practising kicking until Merifyndor disappears underwater . . .

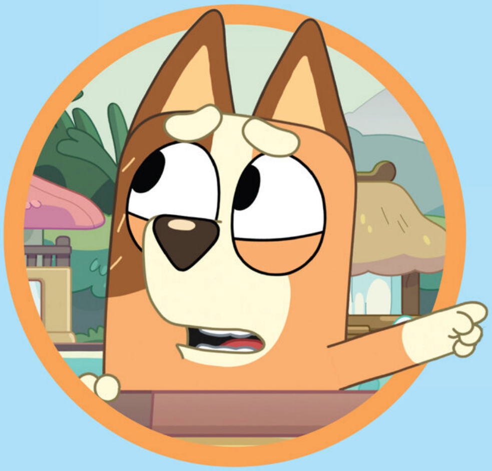






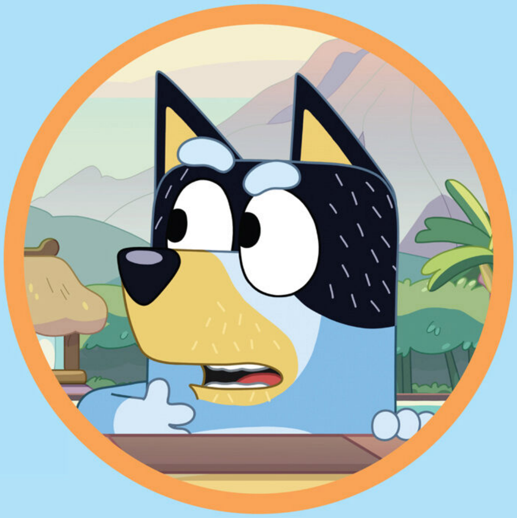
'Karen, Merifyndor just poked me!' dobs Bevan.


HANDS TO YOURSELF, PLEASE, YOUNG LADY!

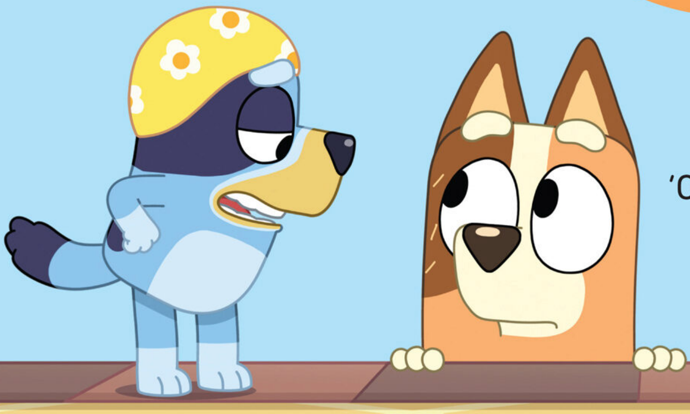


'Hang on!' says Sharon.
'Shouldn't Bevan get in trouble for dobbing, like I did?'

'Yes. Bevan, no dobbing,' says Karen.

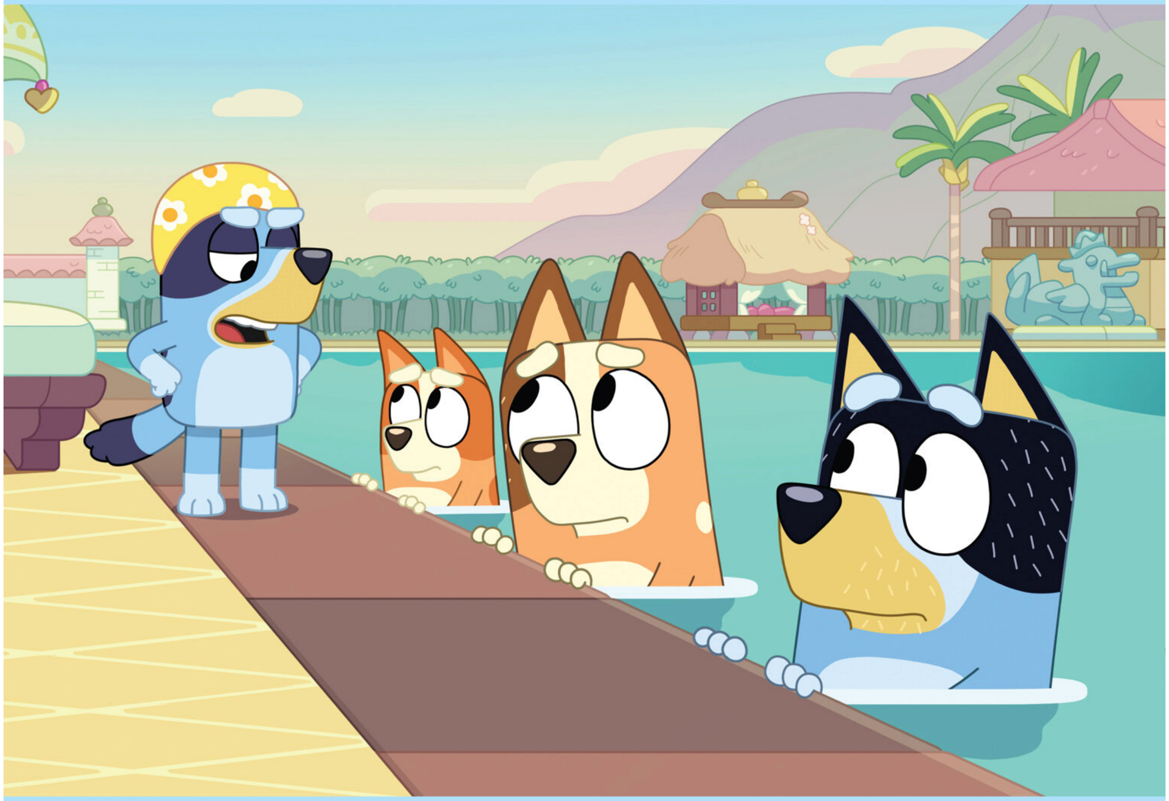


'Shouldn't **Sharon** get in trouble for dobbing on me about dobbing on Merifyndor?' he asks.



'Oh, yes. Bad Sharon.'

Karen has had enough. 'Okay, class, there's a new rule. **NO MORE DOBBING!**'

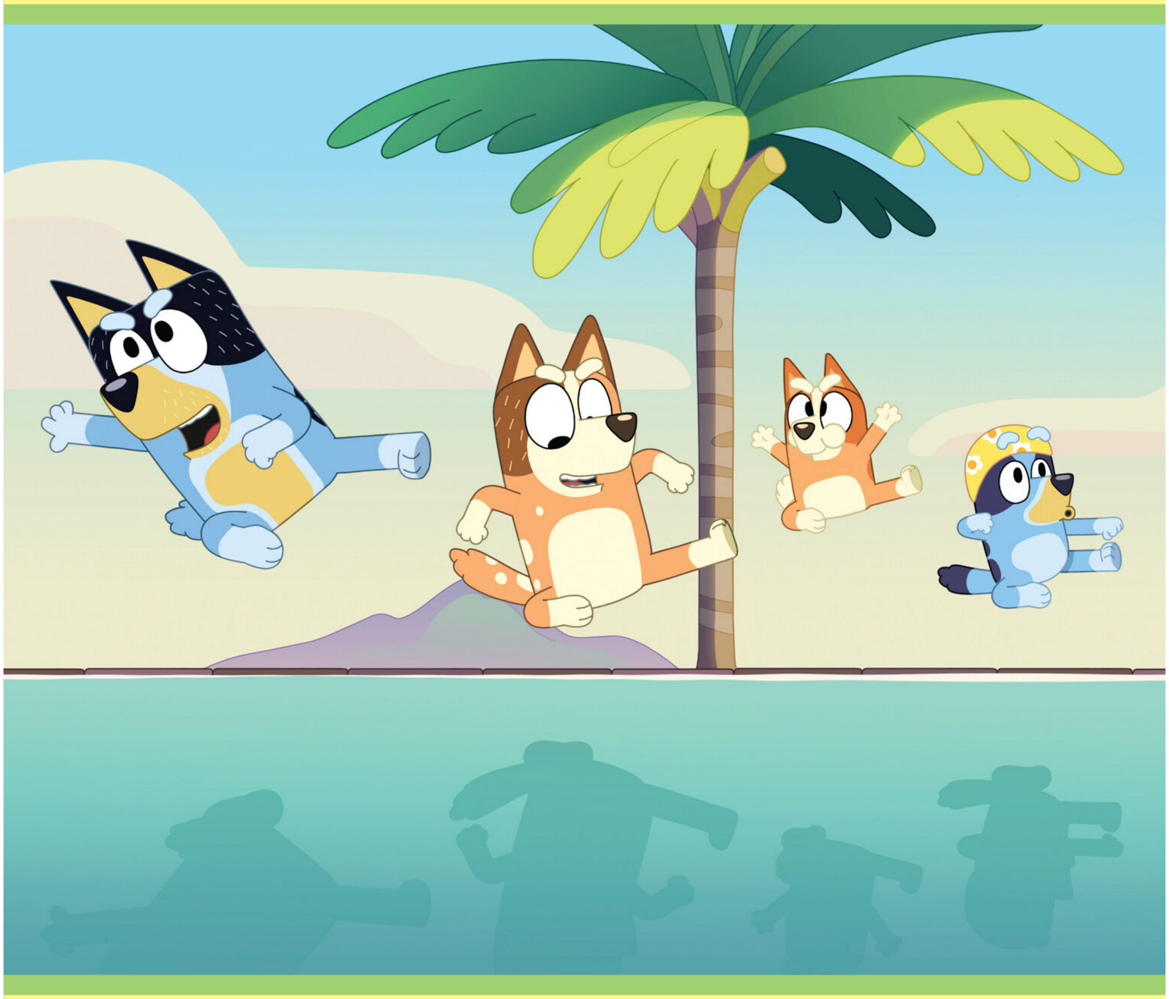


'Unless someone is in danger,' says Sharon.

Karen nods. 'Remember, you are a **FAMILY**.'

'Let's work together!' says Bevan.

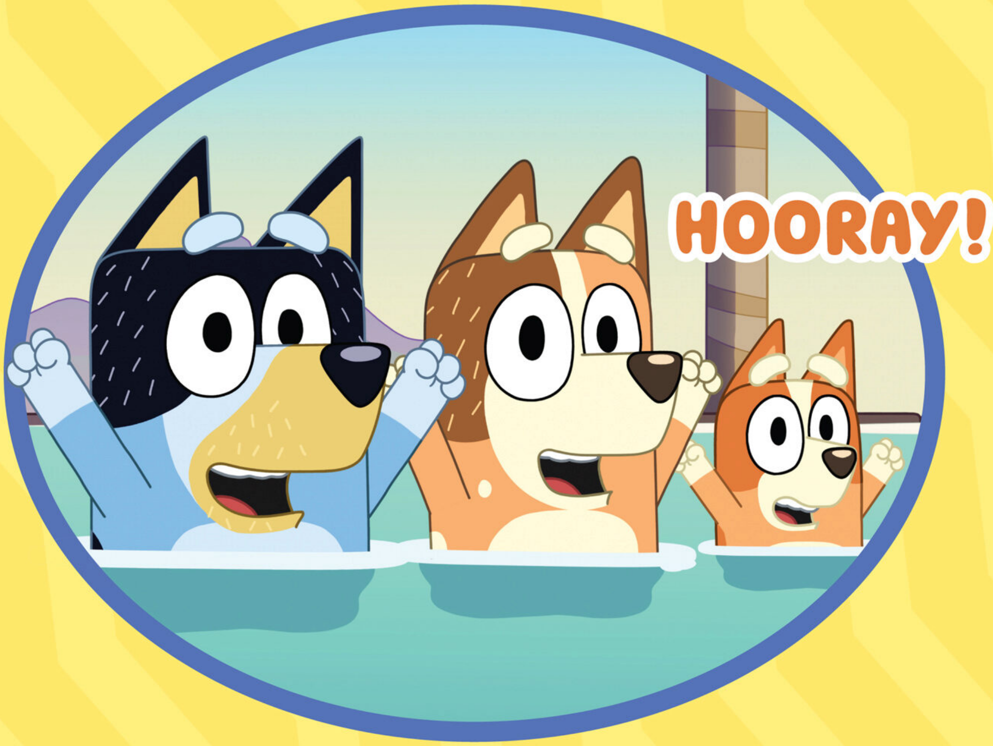
When they work together, Merifyndor, Sharon and Bevan are excellent Little Fish. They learn doggy paddle, monkeying and . . . **NINJA KICKS!**



Karen is very proud.

'Well done, poppets. You all get to move up to Big Fish!'

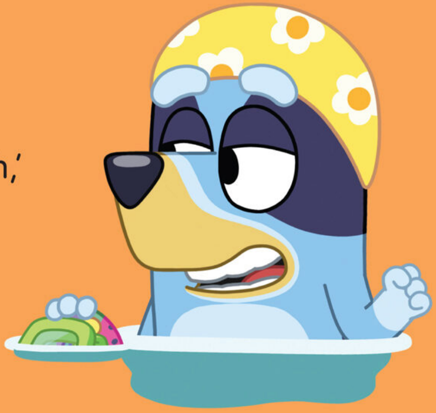
'And no one dobbed on anyone!' says Merifyndor.

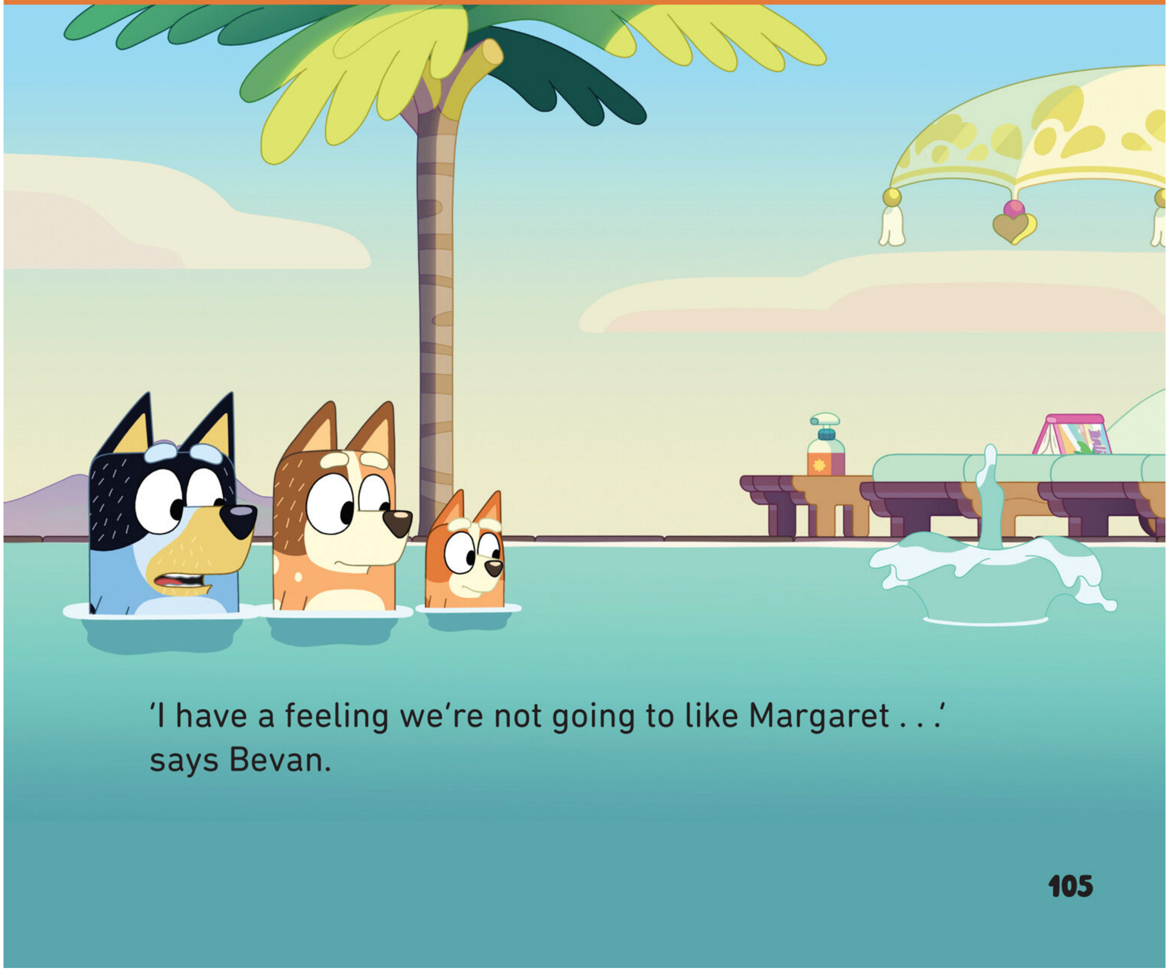


'Good luck,' says Karen.

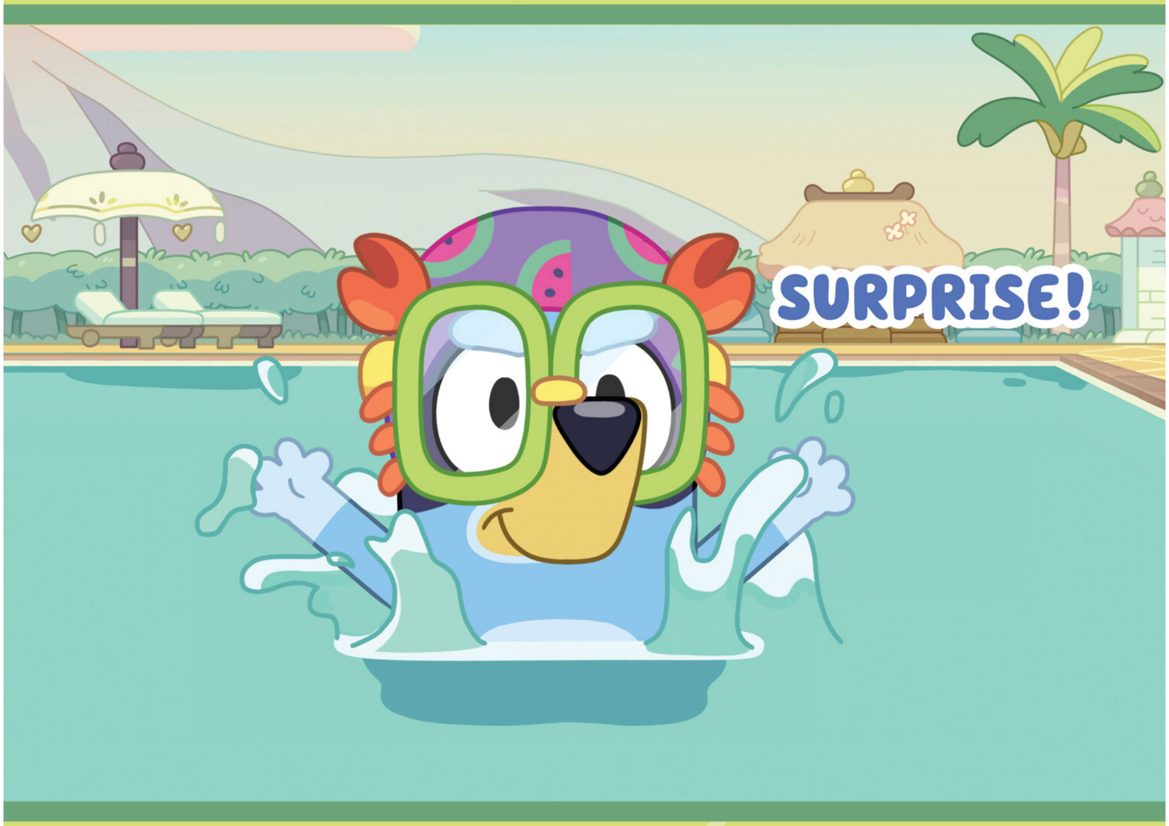
'Wait!' says Sharon. 'Aren't you our teacher for Big Fish?'

'Oh no. Margaret takes Big Fish,' says Karen. 'Goodbye!'





'I have a feeling we're not going to like Margaret . . .' says Bevan.



'I'm Margaret, I'm not as **nice** as Karen.'

'Don't worry about us. Karen taught us to work as a family and never to dob,' says Sharon.

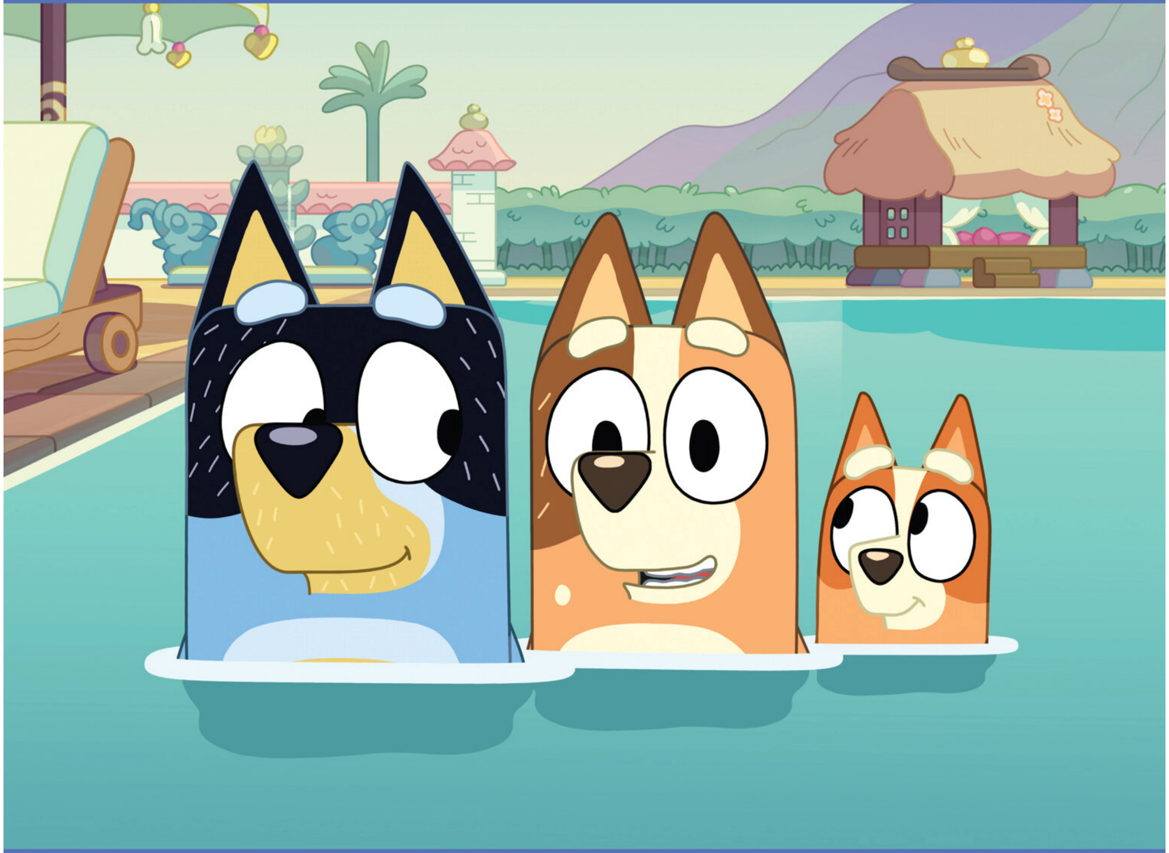
'Well, I **LIKE** dobbing. If you don't dob, you won't pass.'

'But I thought dobbing was bad,' says Merifyndor.

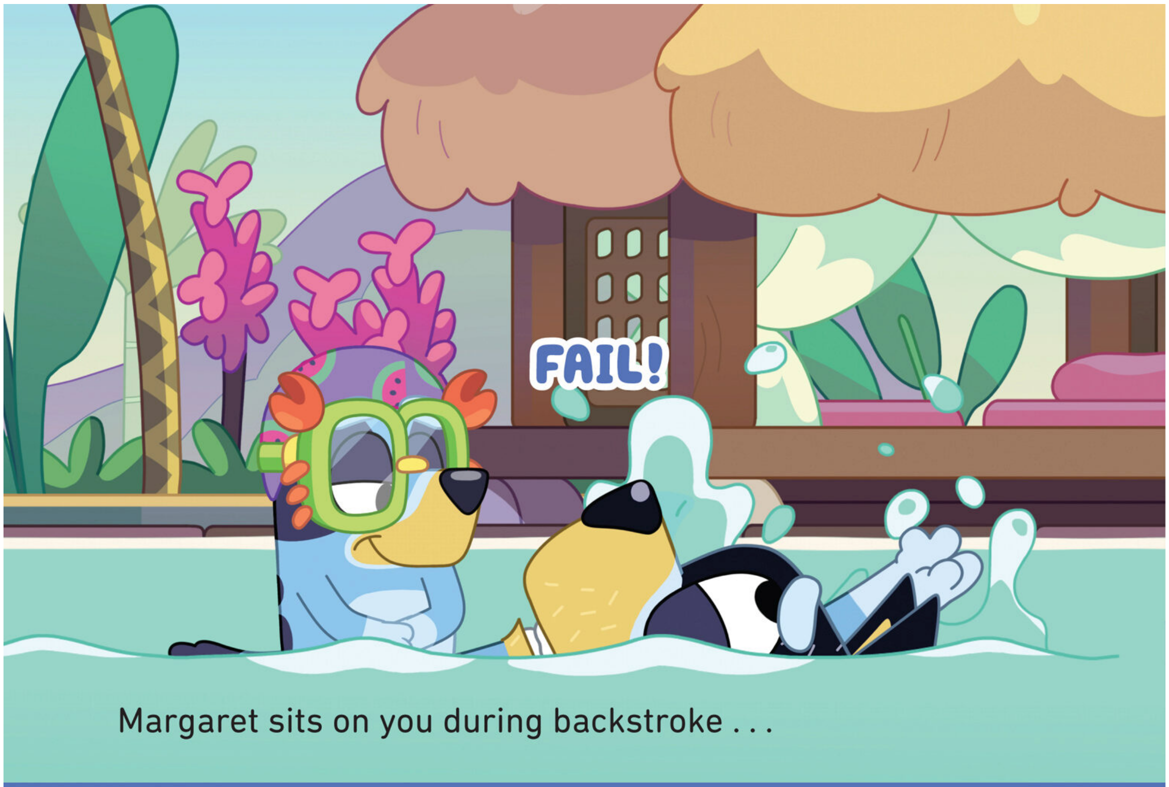
'No, dobbing is **GOOD!**'

The family doesn't think much of that.

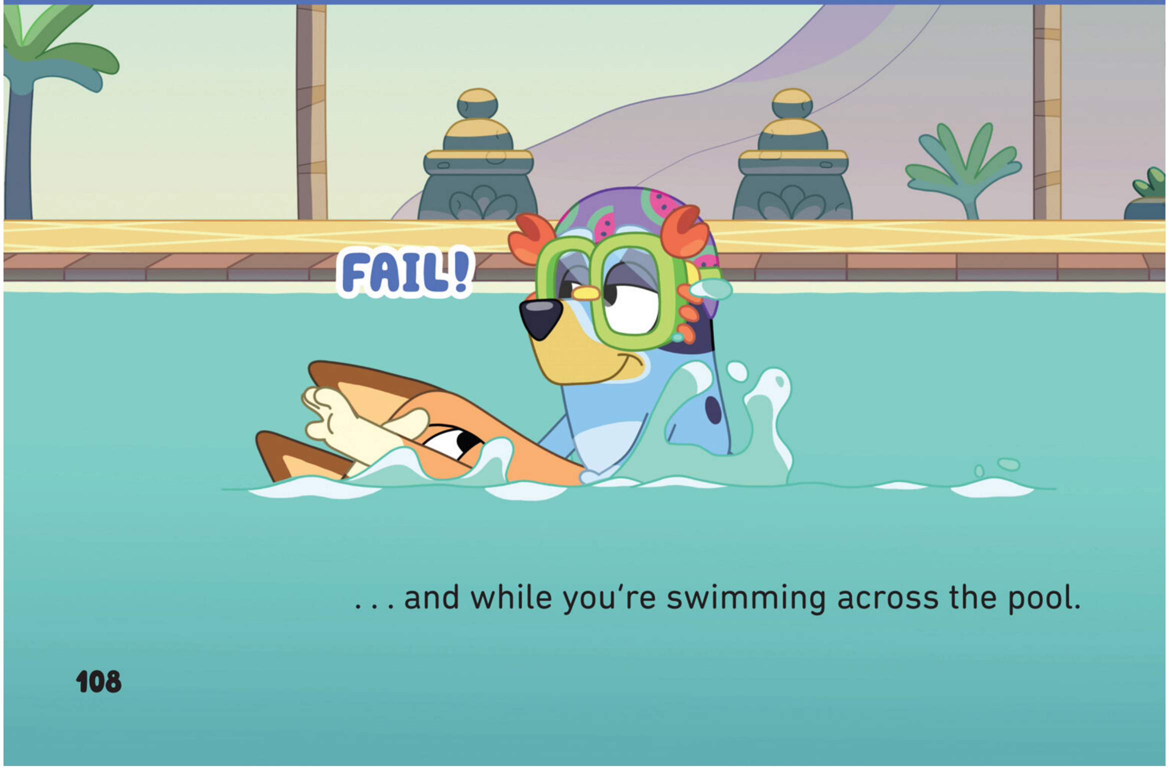
'We're going to pass Big Fish without dobbing.'



But Big Fish is pretty hard.

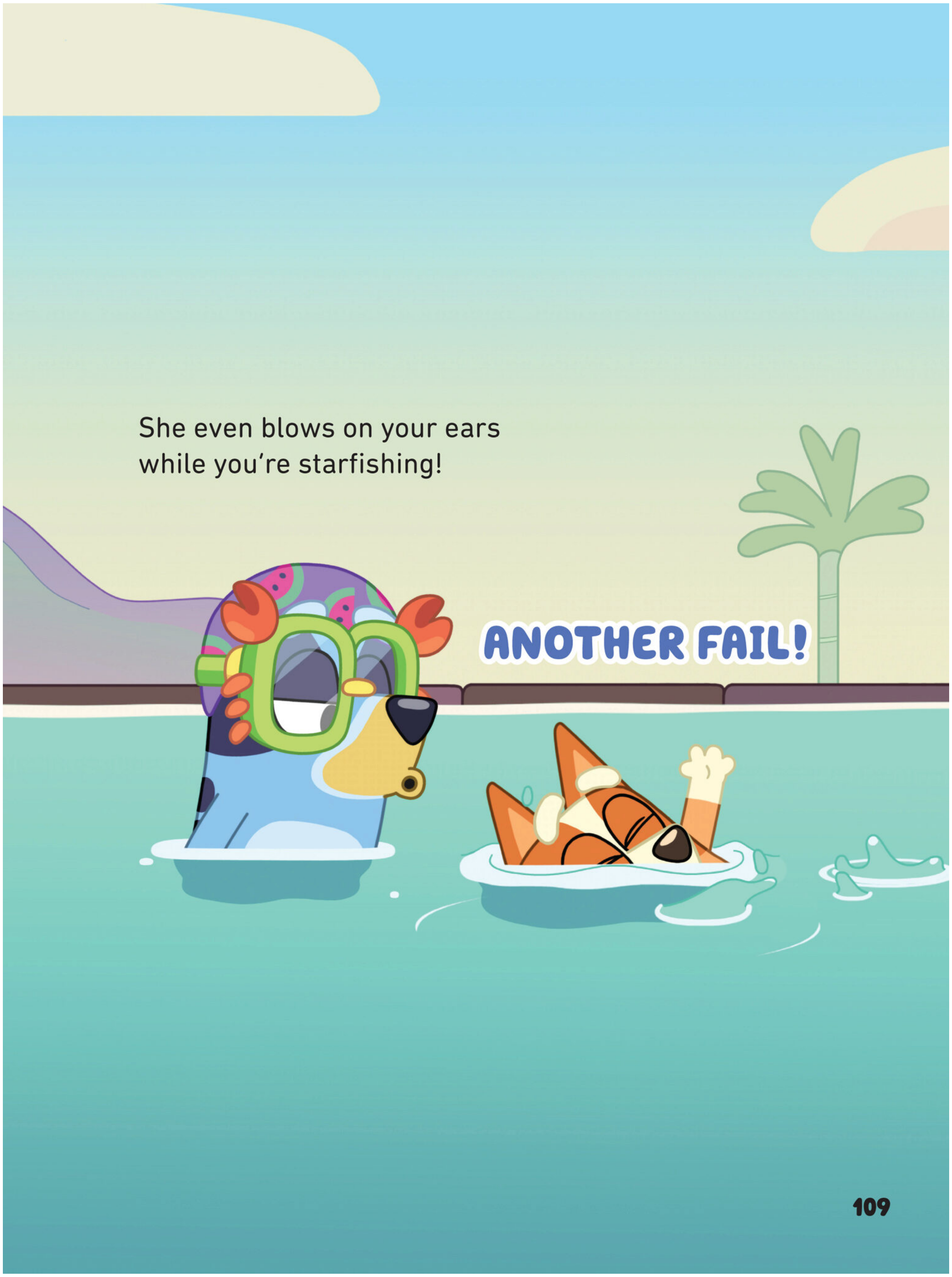


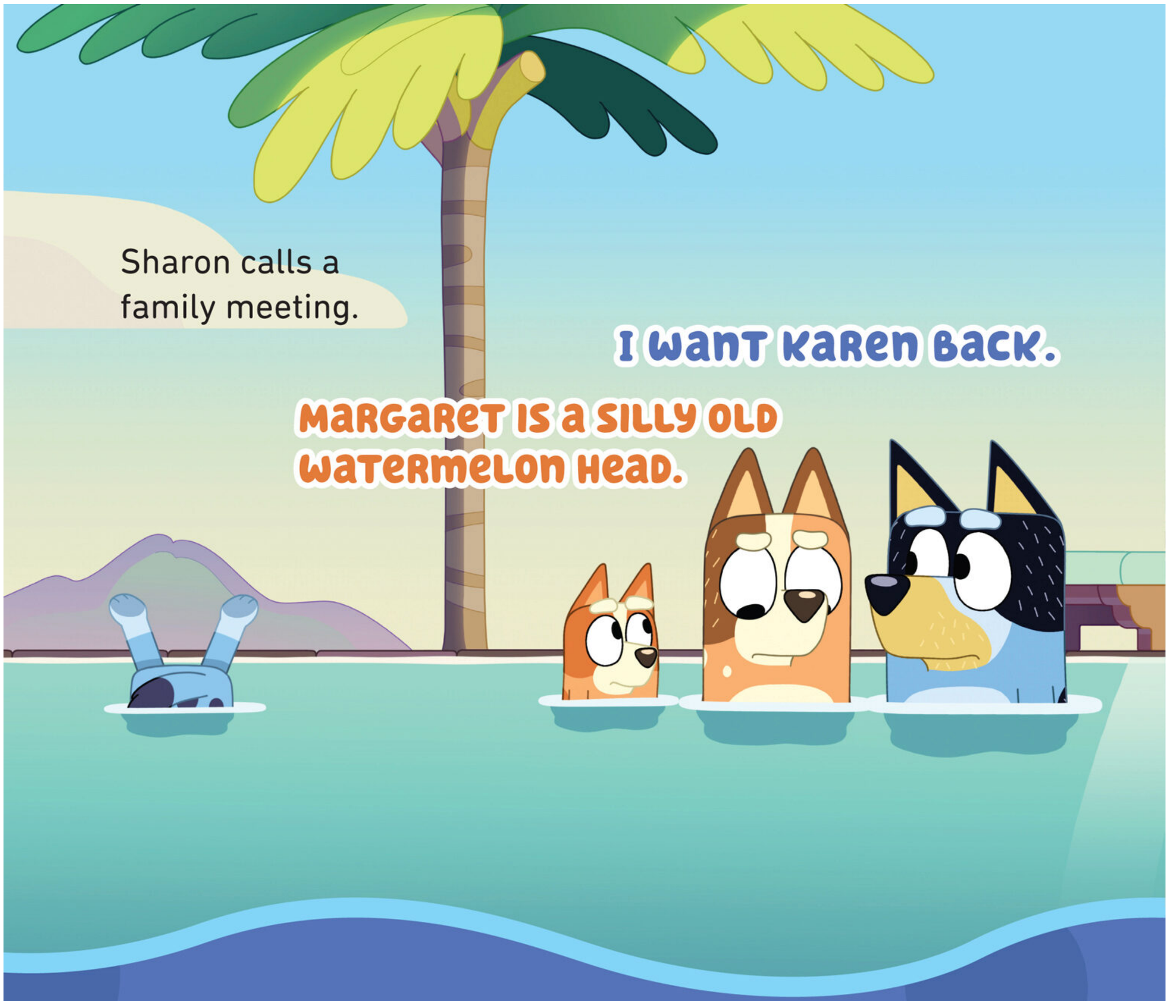
Margaret sits on you during backstroke . . .



. . . and while you're swimming across the pool.

She even blows on your ears
while you're starfishing!


ANOTHER FAIL!

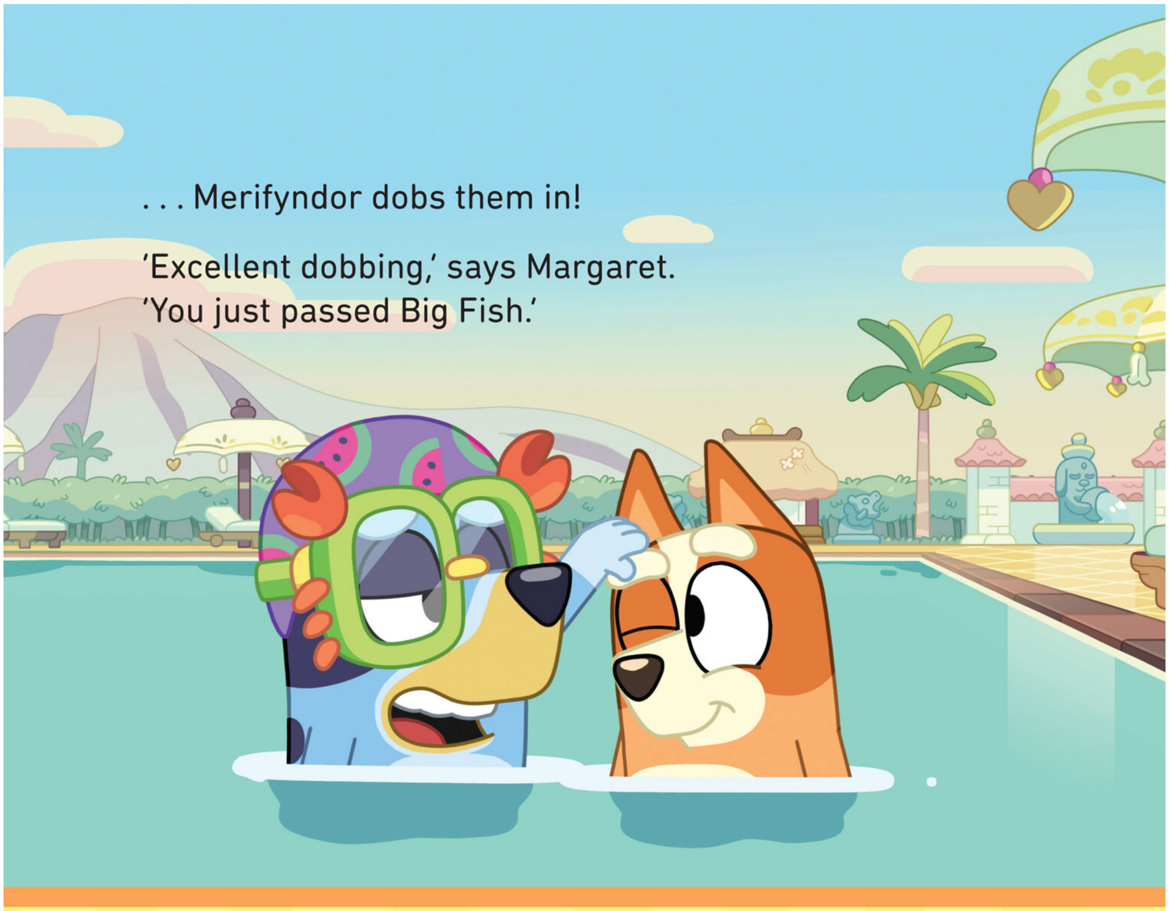

I want Karen back.
Margaret is a silly old watermelon head.

Sharon calls a family meeting.

'What if we just refuse to do what she says?' Sharon suggests.

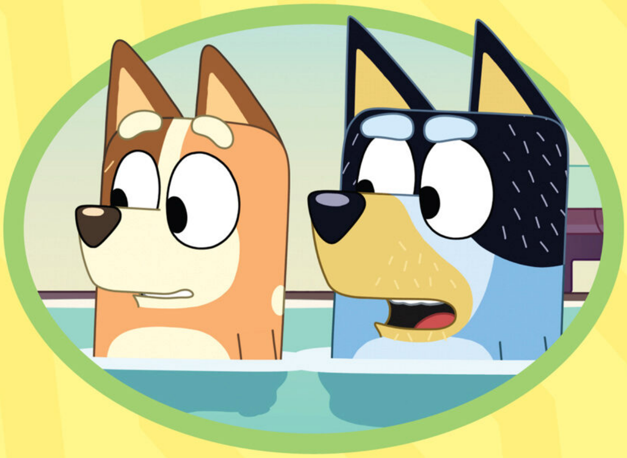
'Yeah!' Bevan agrees. 'Let's stick together.'

It's a good plan, but before they can try it . . .



. . . Merifyndor dobs them in!

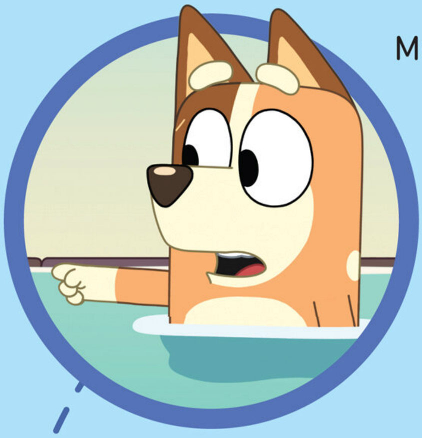
'Excellent dobbing,' says Margaret.
'You just passed Big Fish.'



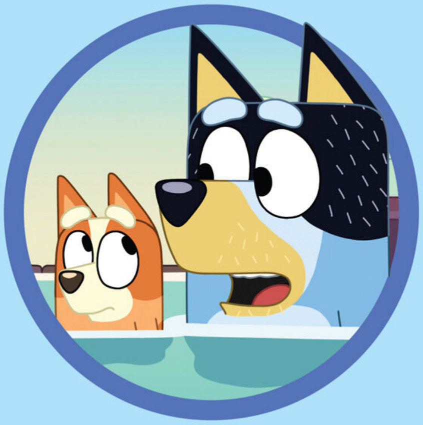
'Merifyndor!'
Bevan shouts.

'Did you dob on us?!'

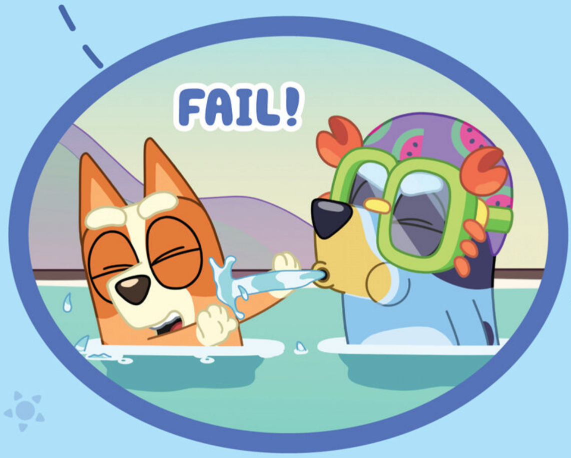
Now everyone starts to dob, and no one gets better at swimming.

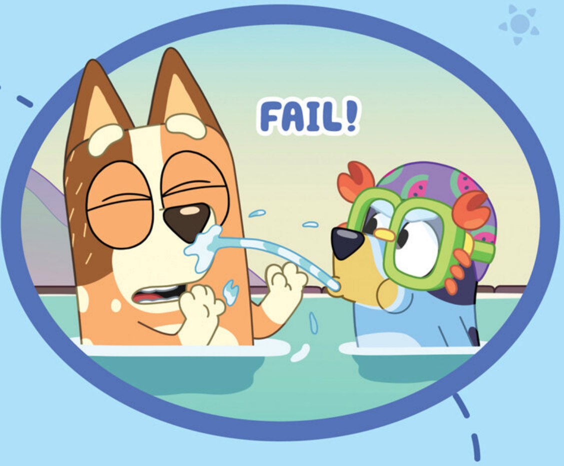


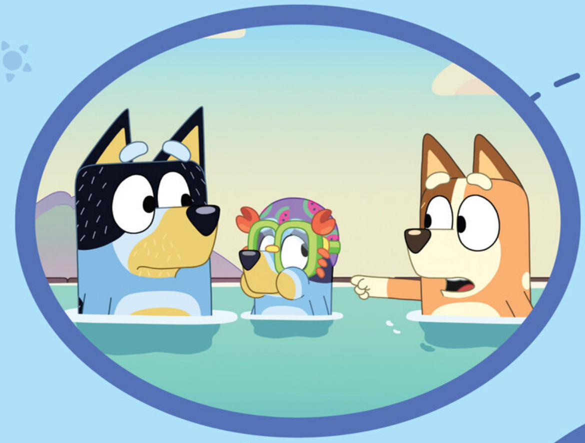
Merifyndor called you a **SILLY OLD WATERMELON HEAD!**



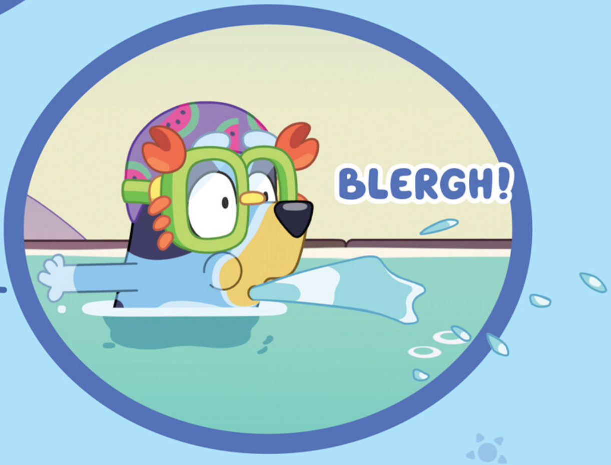
But Sharon **PEEKED** in Marco Polo!





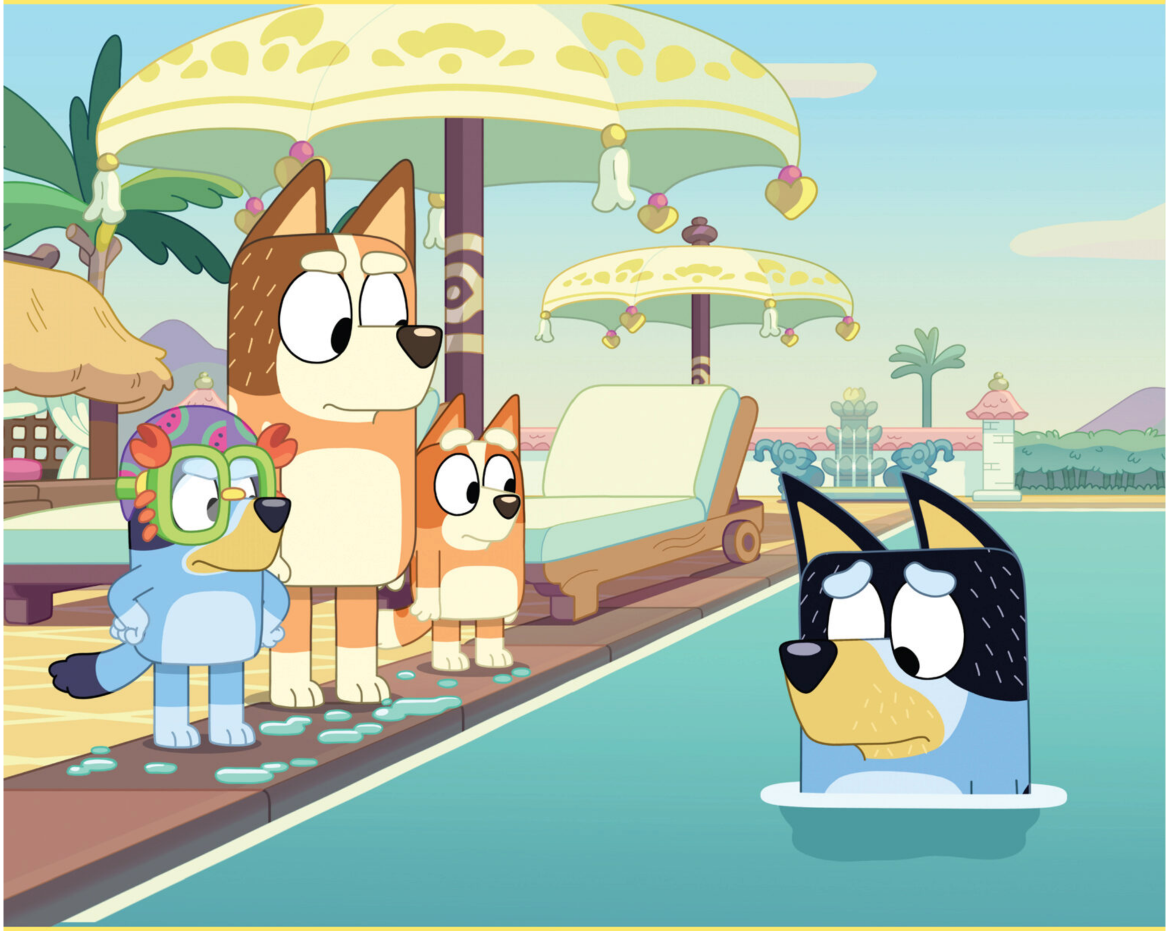


Well, Bevan, um . . .
Bevan peed in the pool!

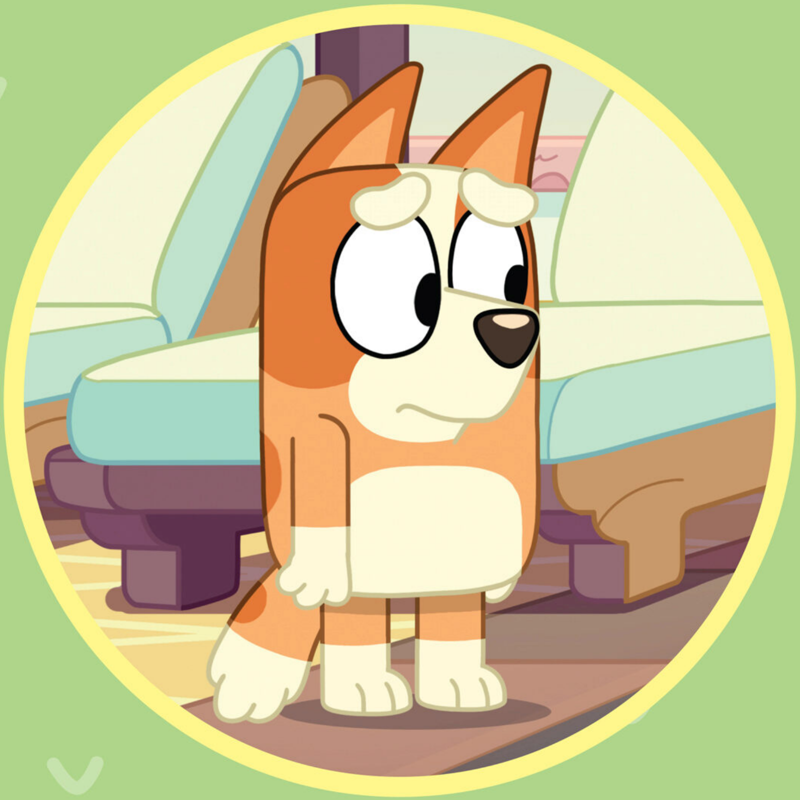


Sharon, Margaret and Merifyndor race to get out of the water.

'You two pass Big Fish,' Margaret tells Sharon and Merifyndor. 'Bevan, you fail, ya big grub!'

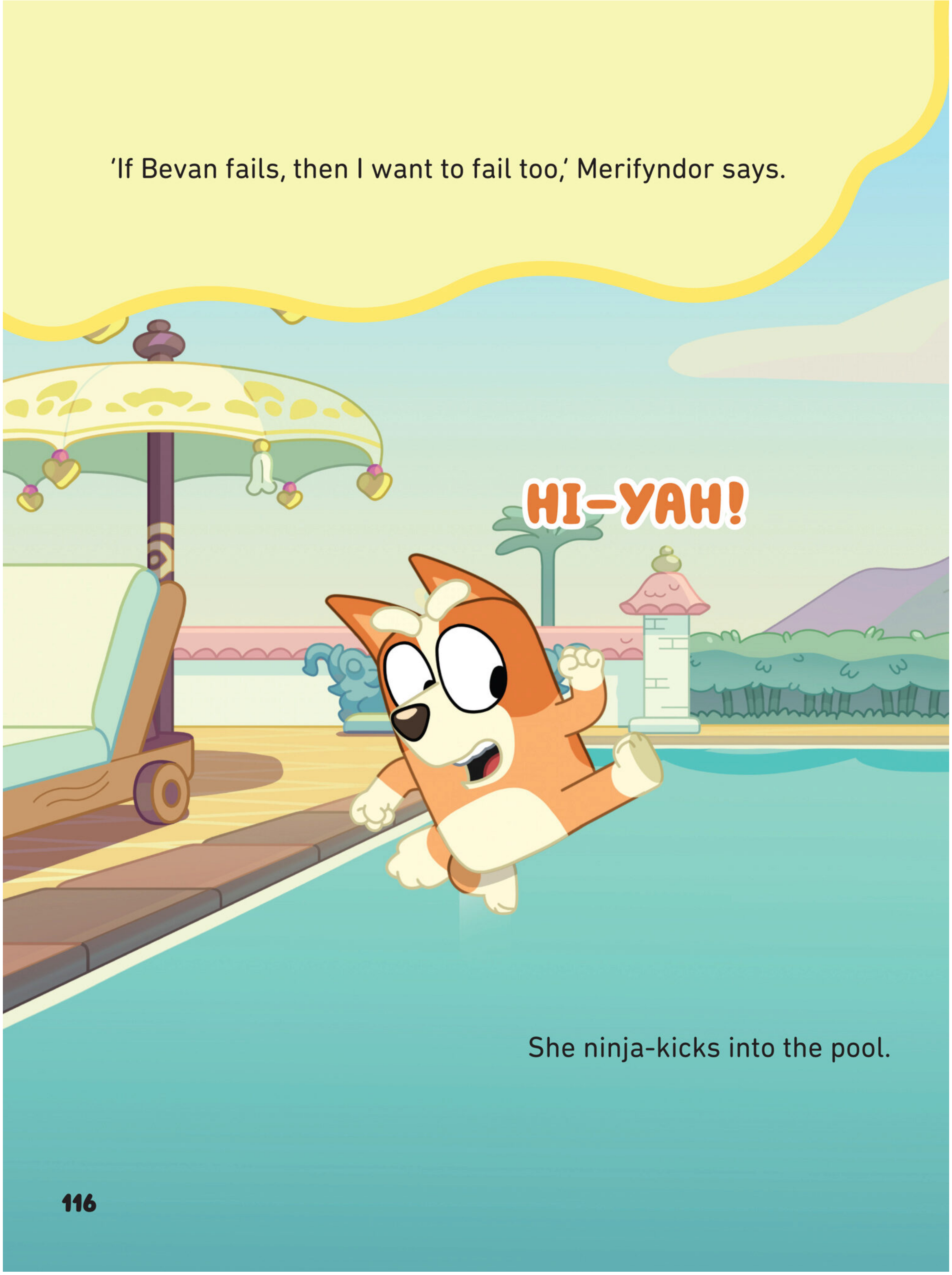


Merifyndor has passed the class,
but something isn't right.



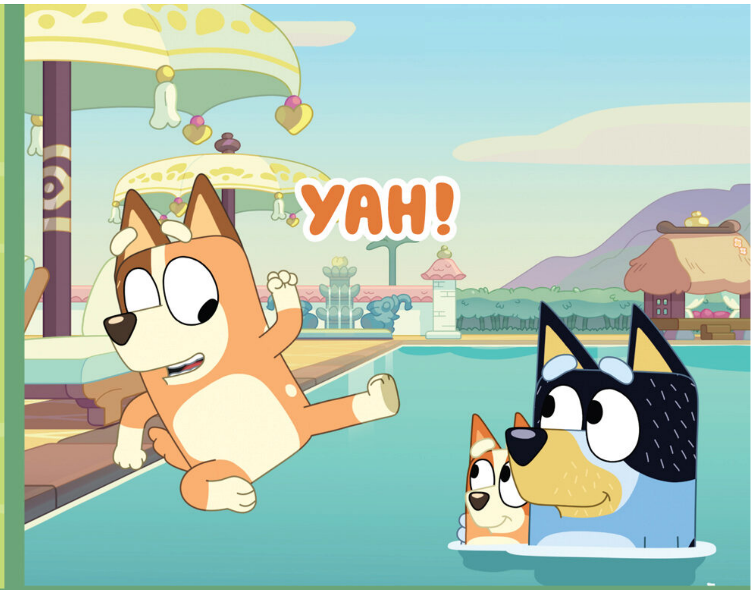
Dobbing on her family doesn't feel very good.

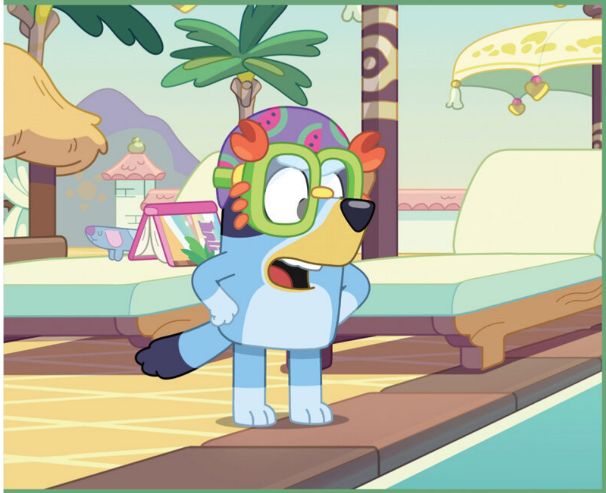
‘If Bevan fails, then I want to fail too,’ Merifyndor says.



She ninja-kicks into the pool.

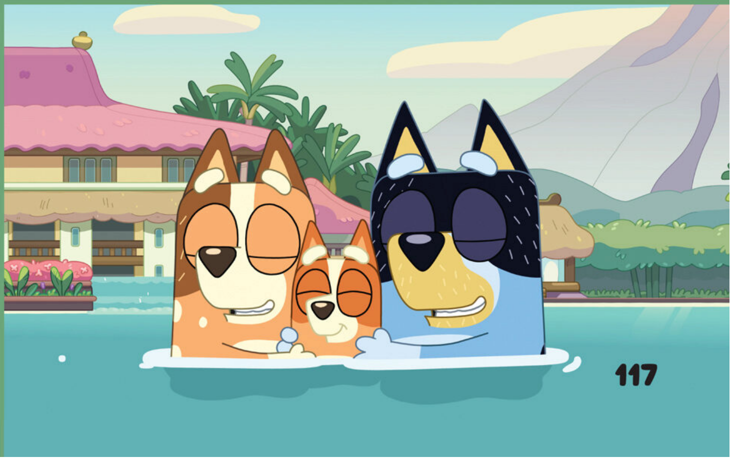
'I'm with
Merifyndor.'





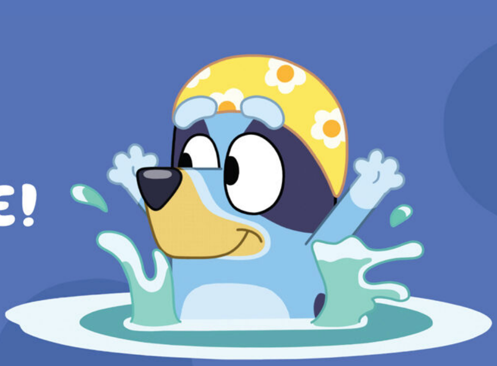
'Well, fine,'
says Margaret.
'You all fail.'

GOOD ONE, SIS!

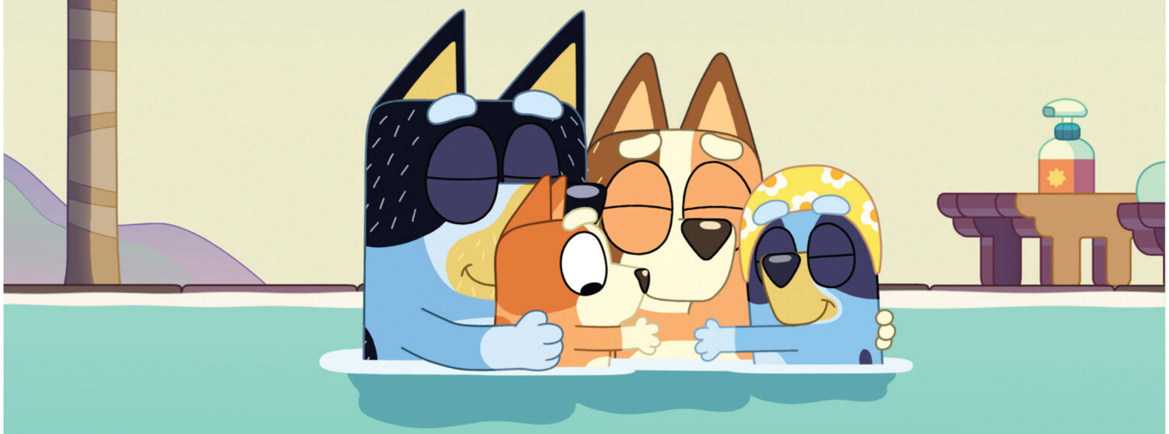


But then . . .

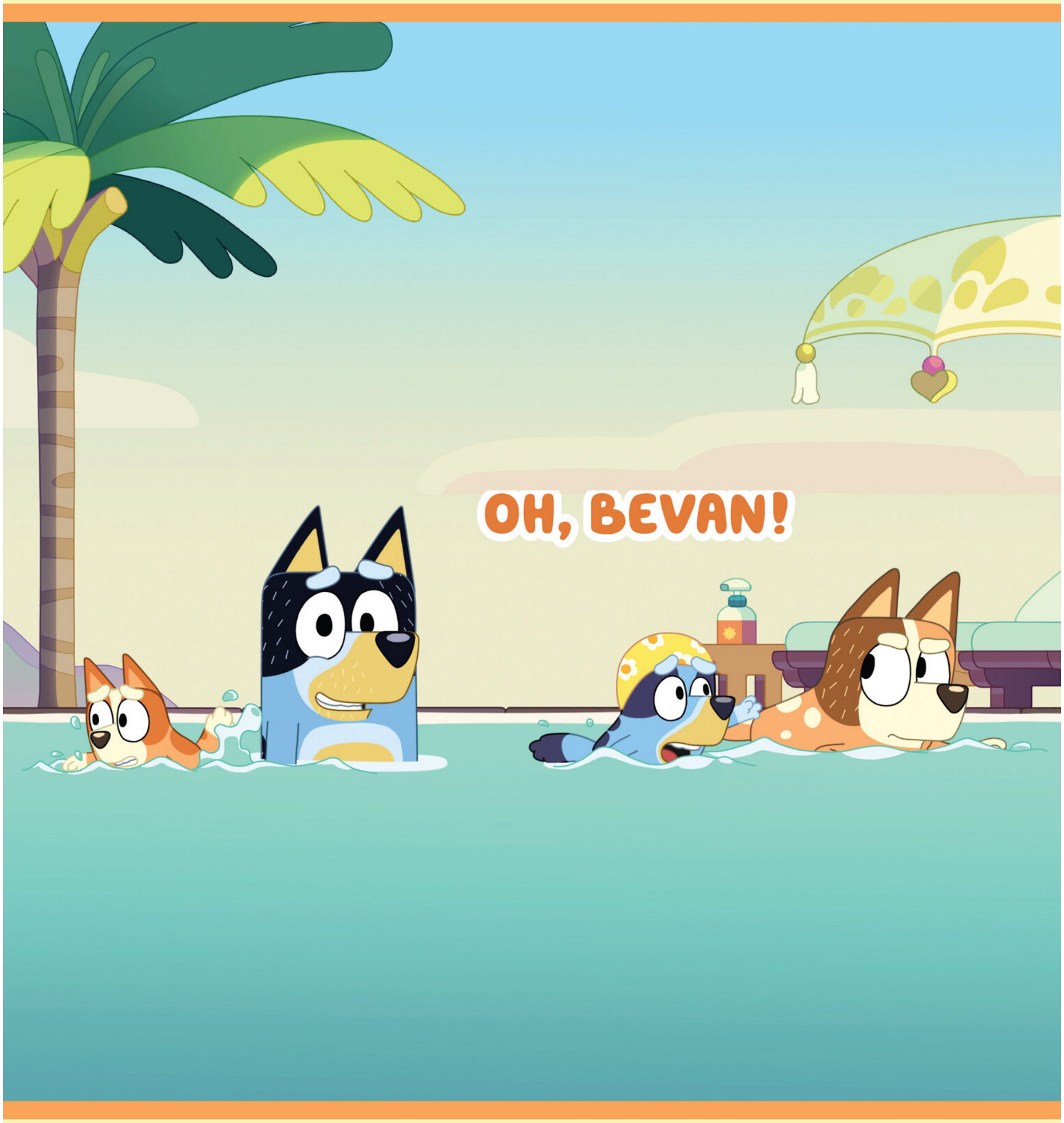
SURPRISE!

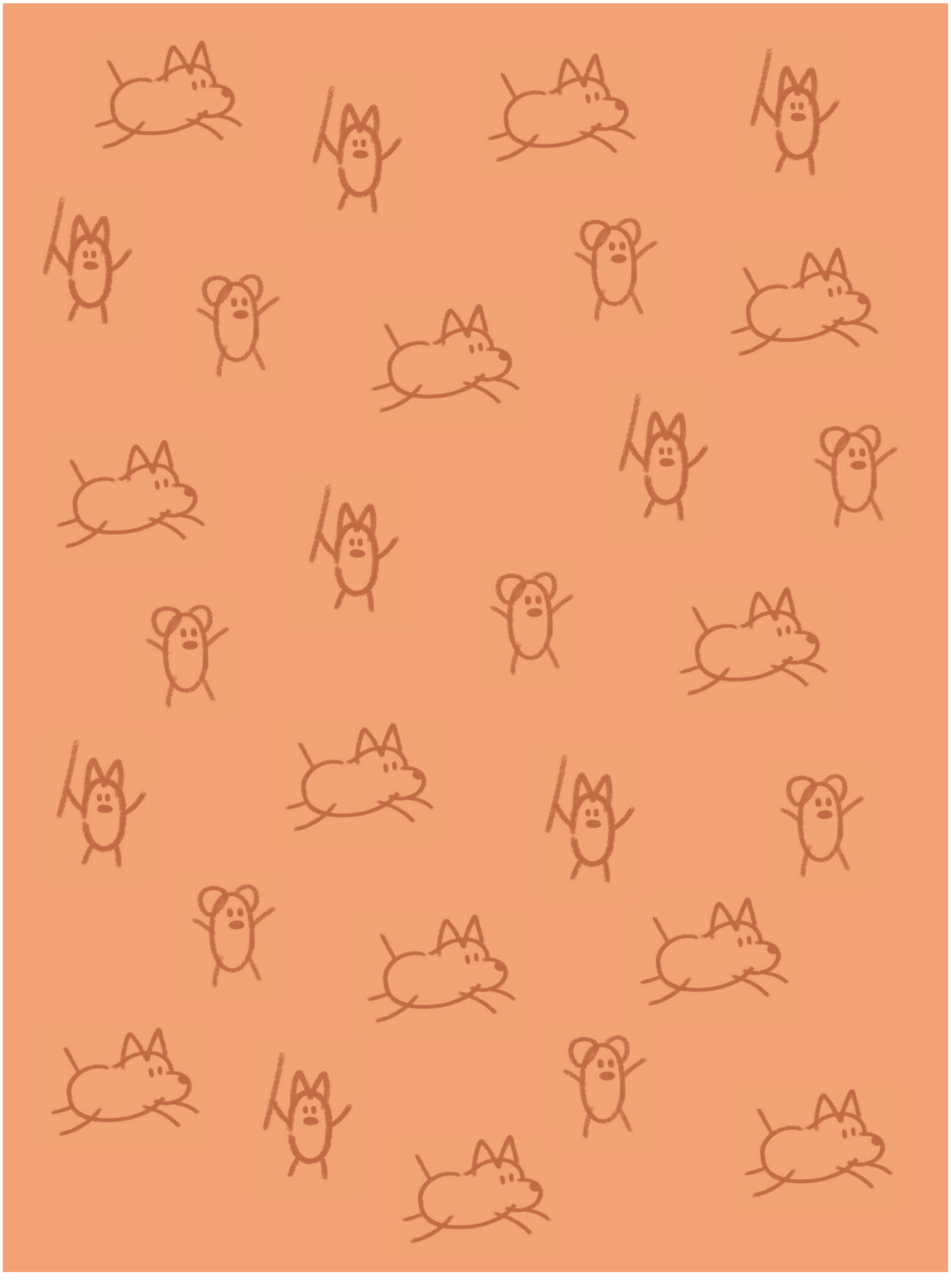


'Welcome back to Little Fish,' says Karen. 'I'm so proud of you all.'

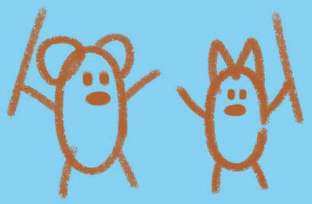


'Why is the water warmer here?'

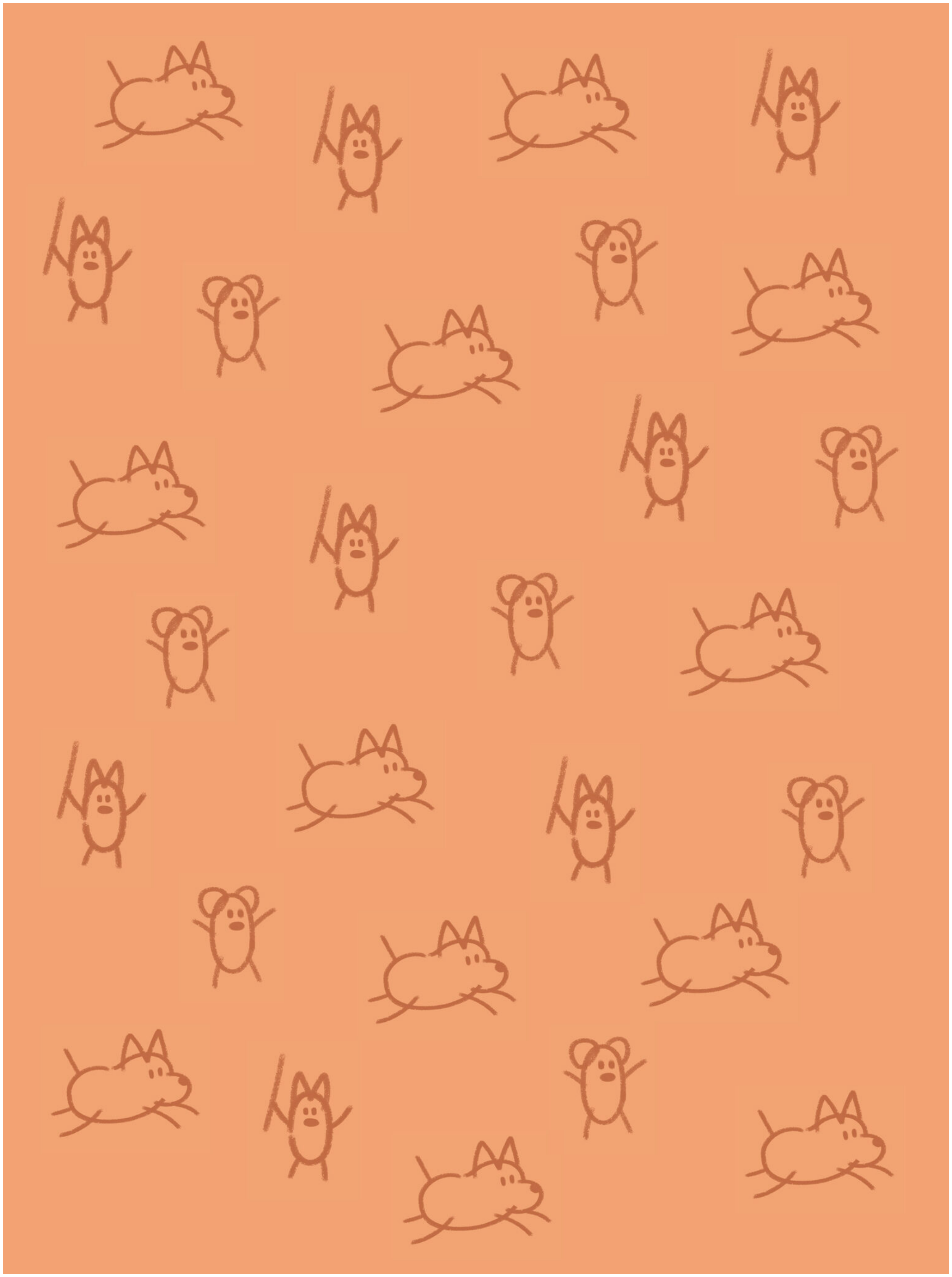

OH, BEVAN!



BLUEY



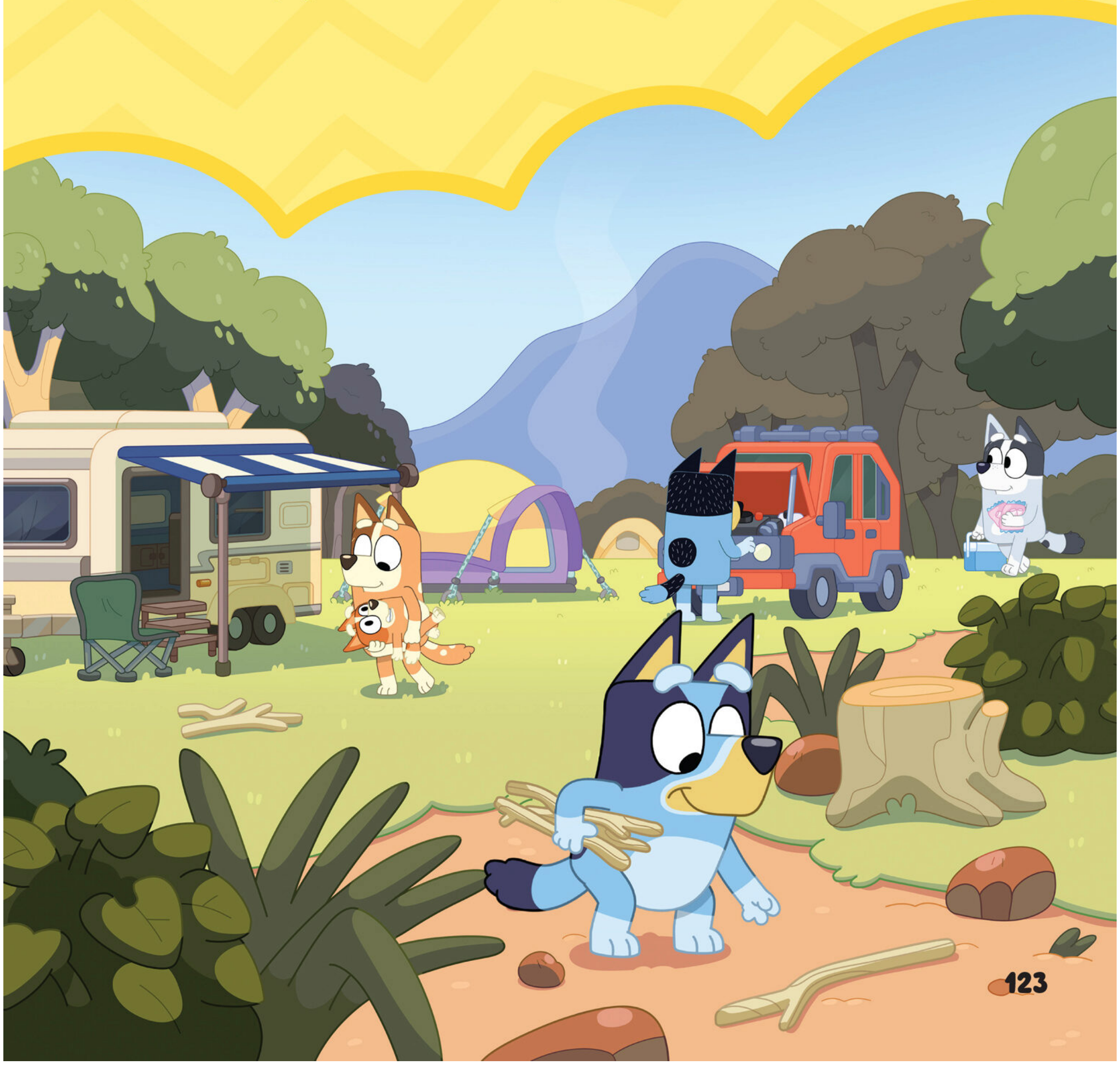
CAMPING



The Heelers are on a camping trip. Bluey wants to build a stick house with Bingo, but Mum has other plans.

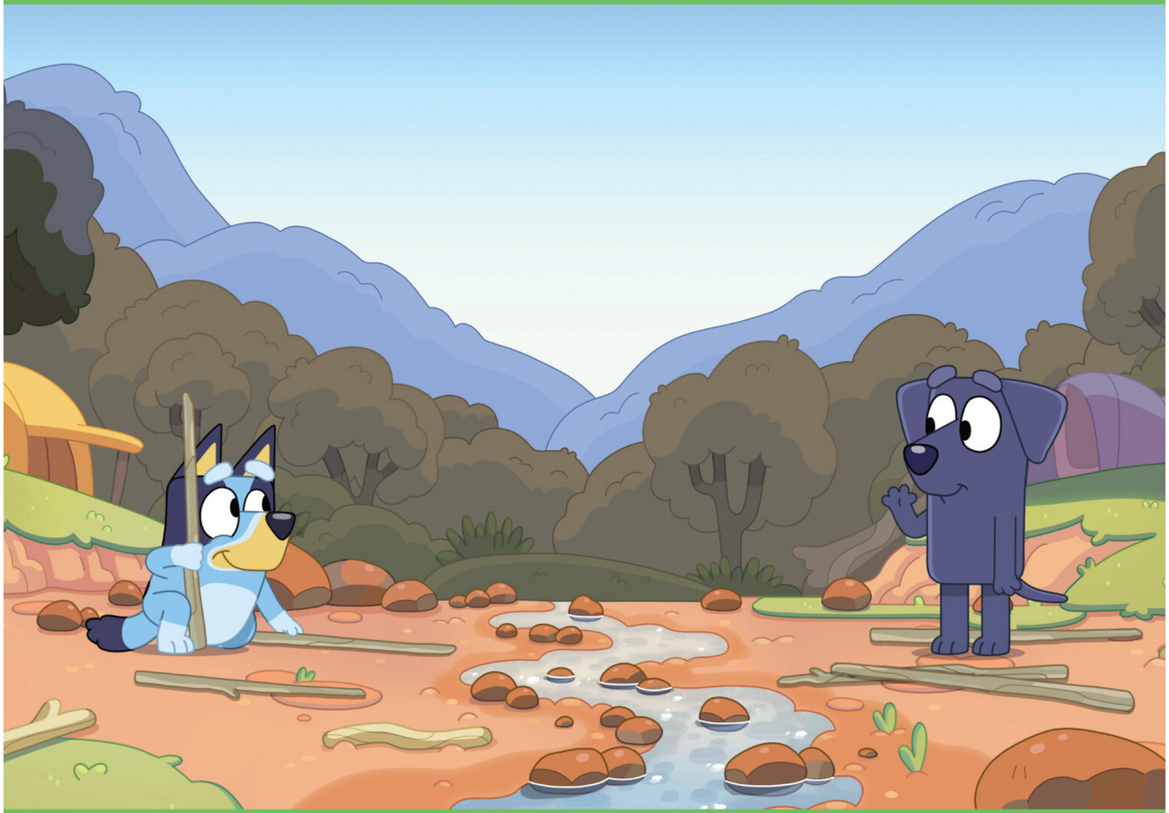
'Bingo's coming with me,' Mum says. 'She hasn't had a bath in **THREE DAYS!**'

So, off Bluey goes to the creek, alone.



As Bluey searches for sticks, she hears a voice.

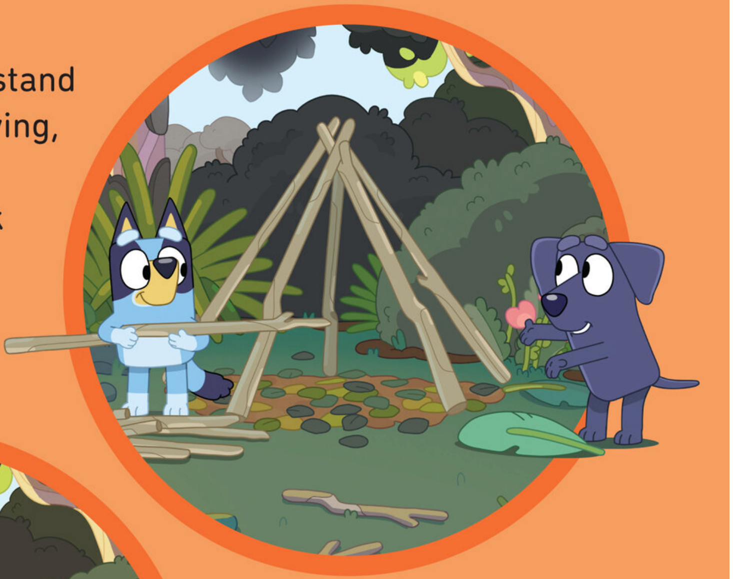
'Bonjour.'

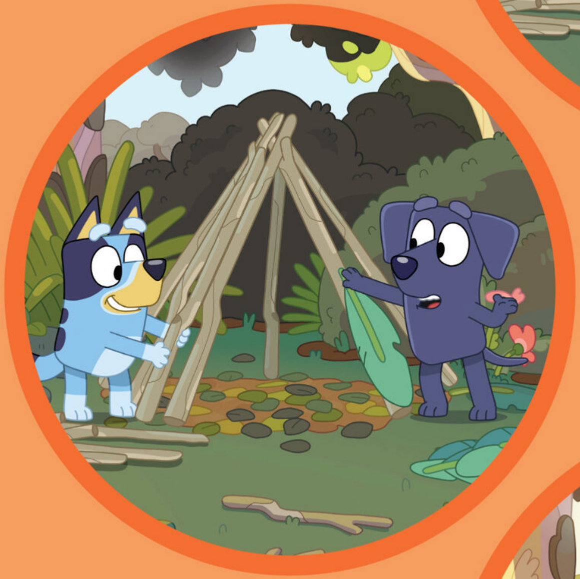


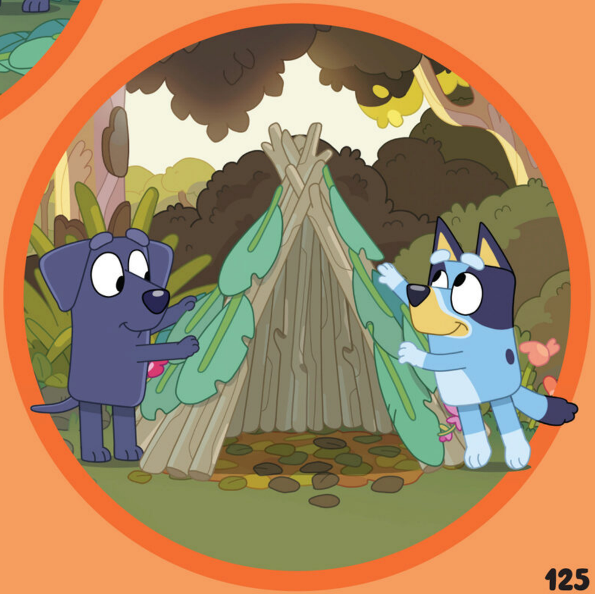
'Hi! My name's Bluey.'

'*Salut*, Bluey. *Je suis* Jean Luc.'

Bluey doesn't understand what Jean Luc is saying, but that doesn't stop them building a stick house together.

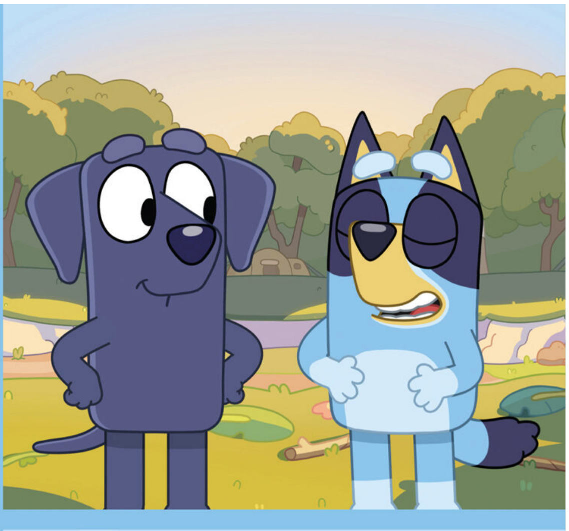


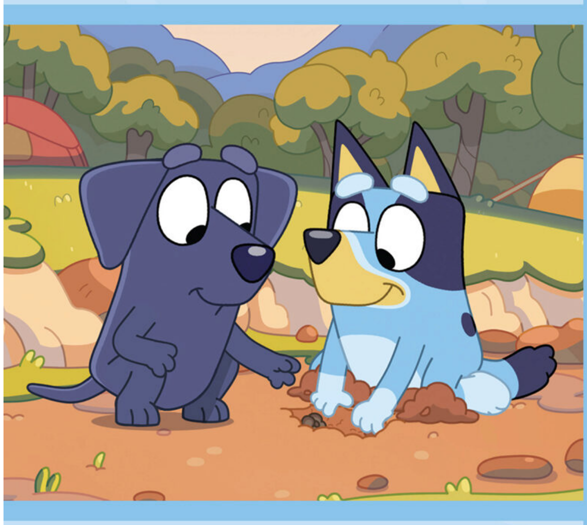




OH! C'EST TRÈS BEAU.

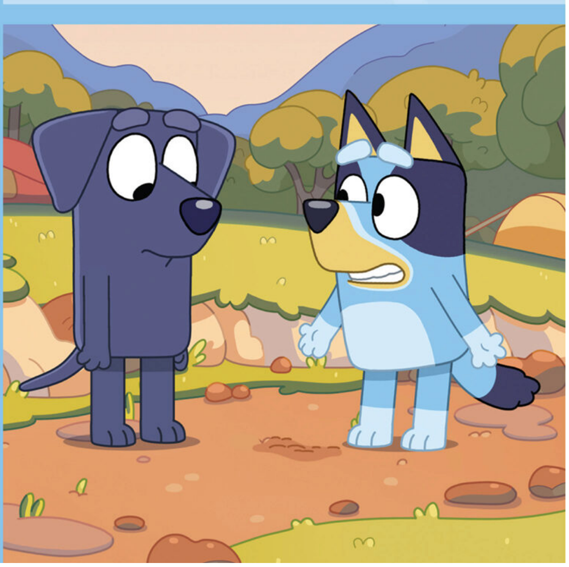
'Now we need some
food to eat,' says Bluey.

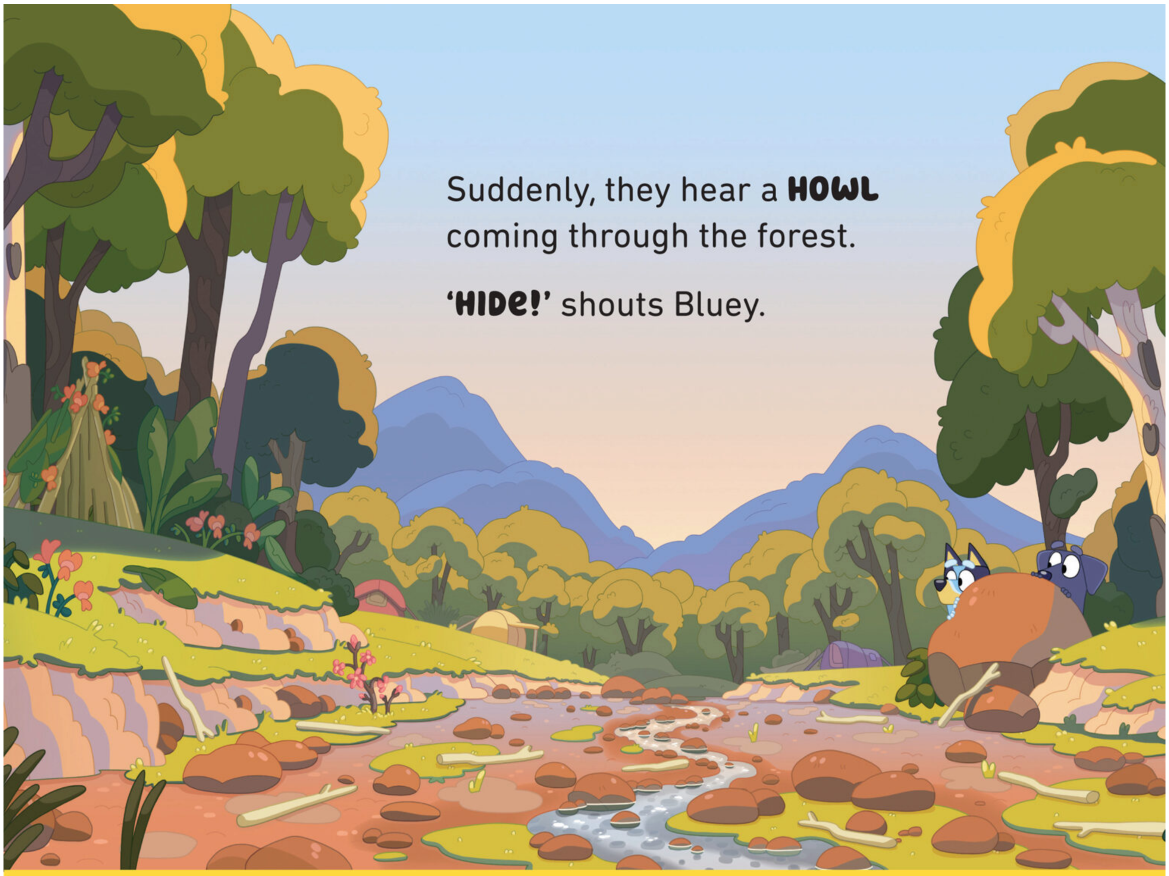




'We can plant this seed,
like farmers! This will
grow into a big tree
with fruit on it.'

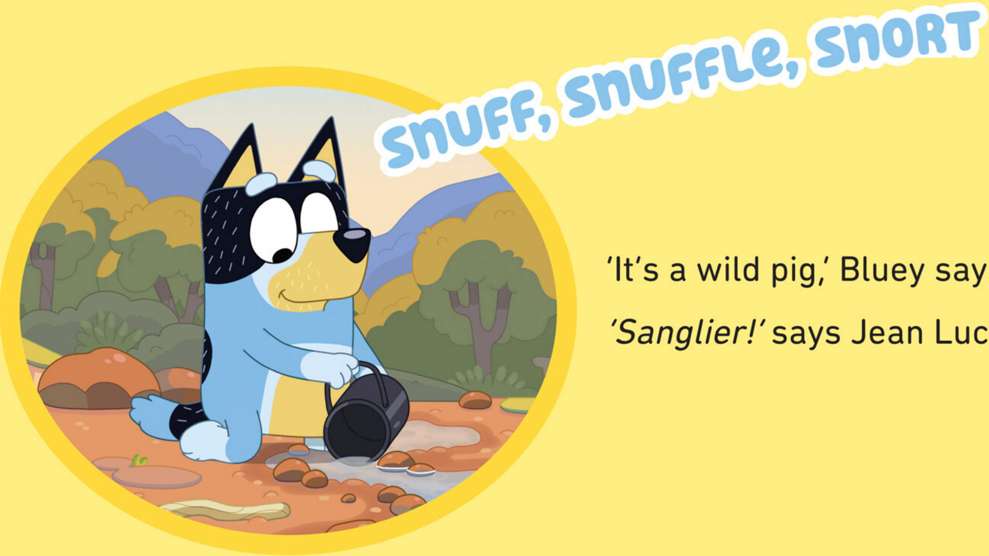
'But it might take a while,'
she adds. 'And we need
something to eat *now*.'





Suddenly, they hear a **HOWL** coming through the forest.

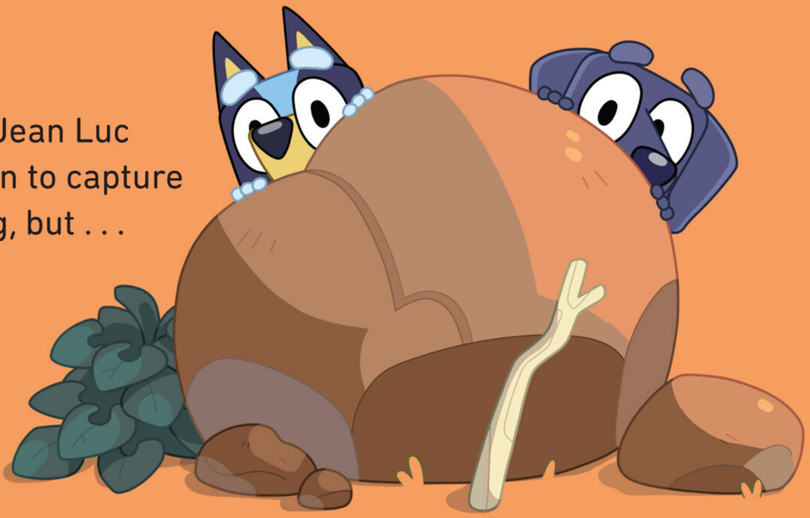
'HIDE!' shouts Bluey.

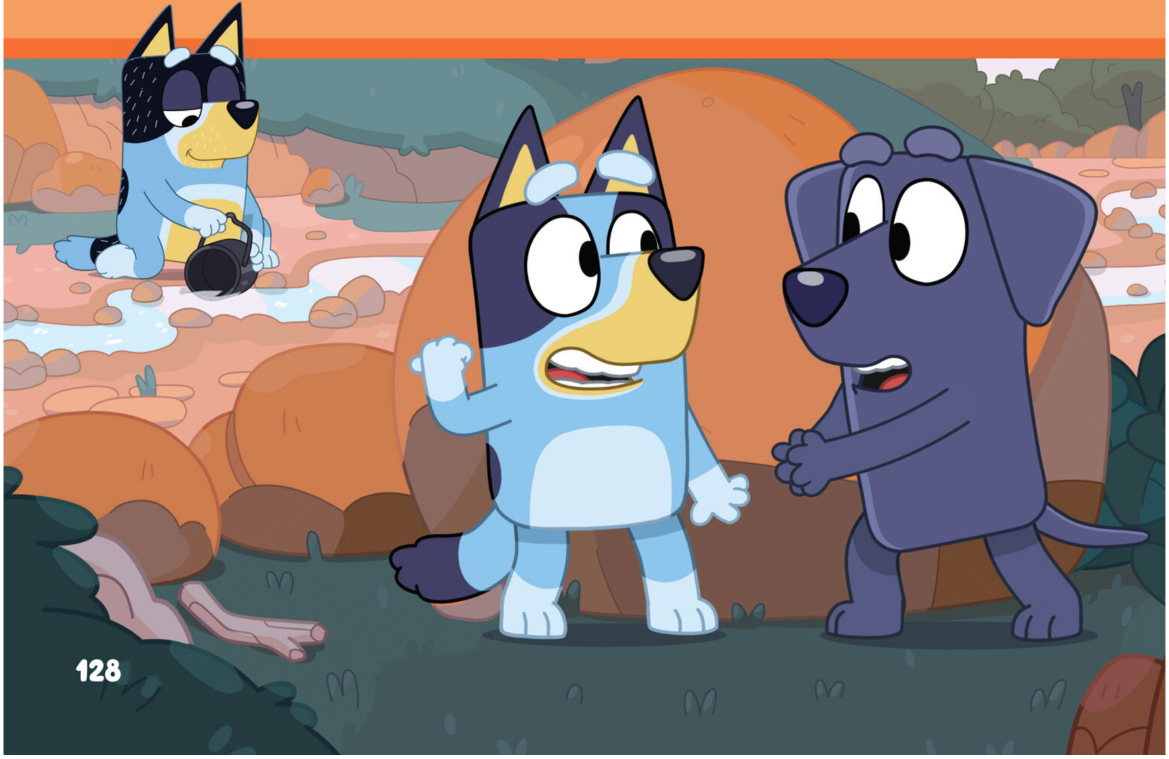

SNUFF, SNUFFLE, SNORT

'It's a wild pig,' Bluey says.

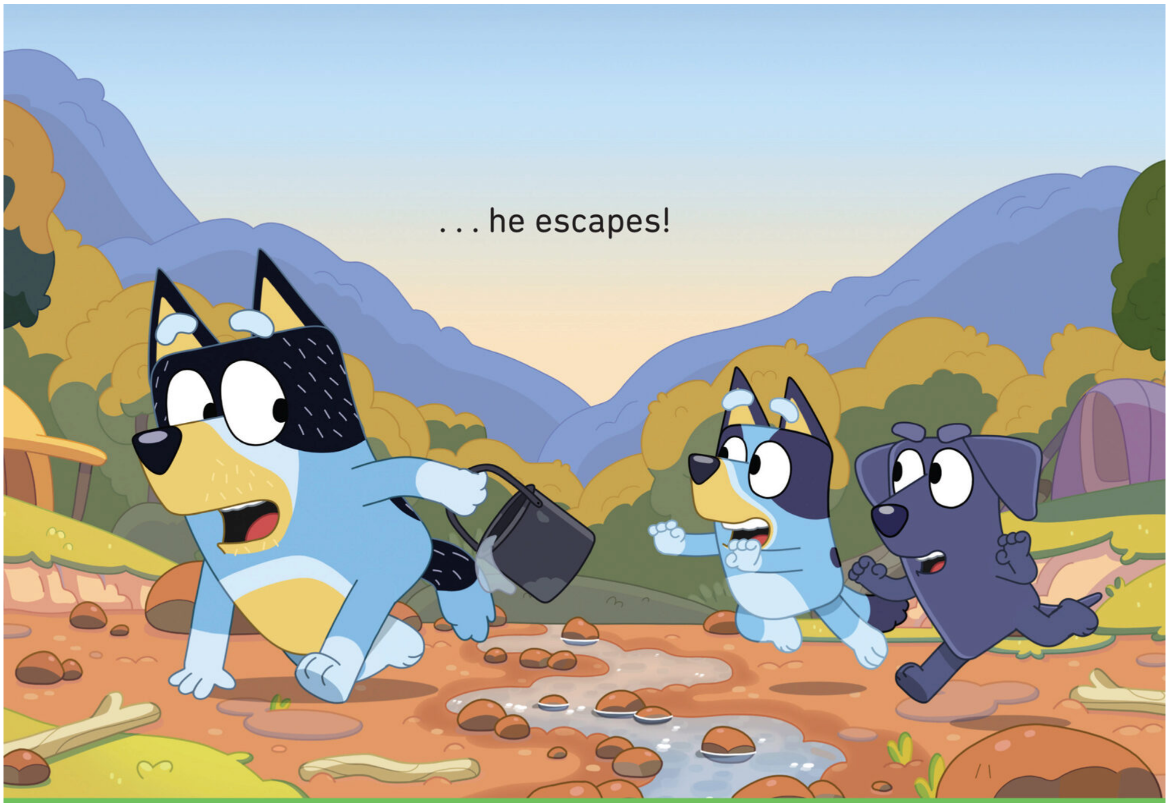
'Sanglier!' says Jean Luc.

Bluey and Jean Luc
make a plan to capture
the wild pig, but . . .

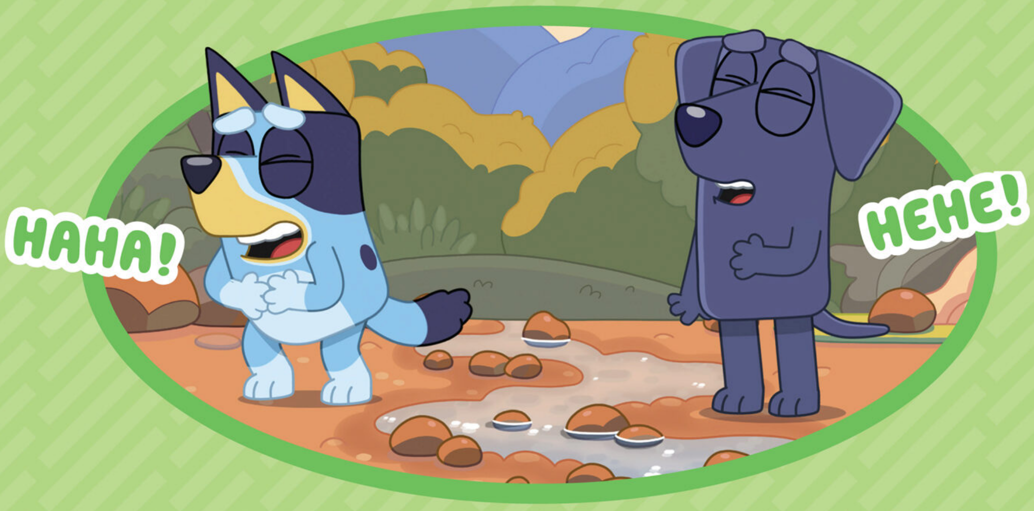


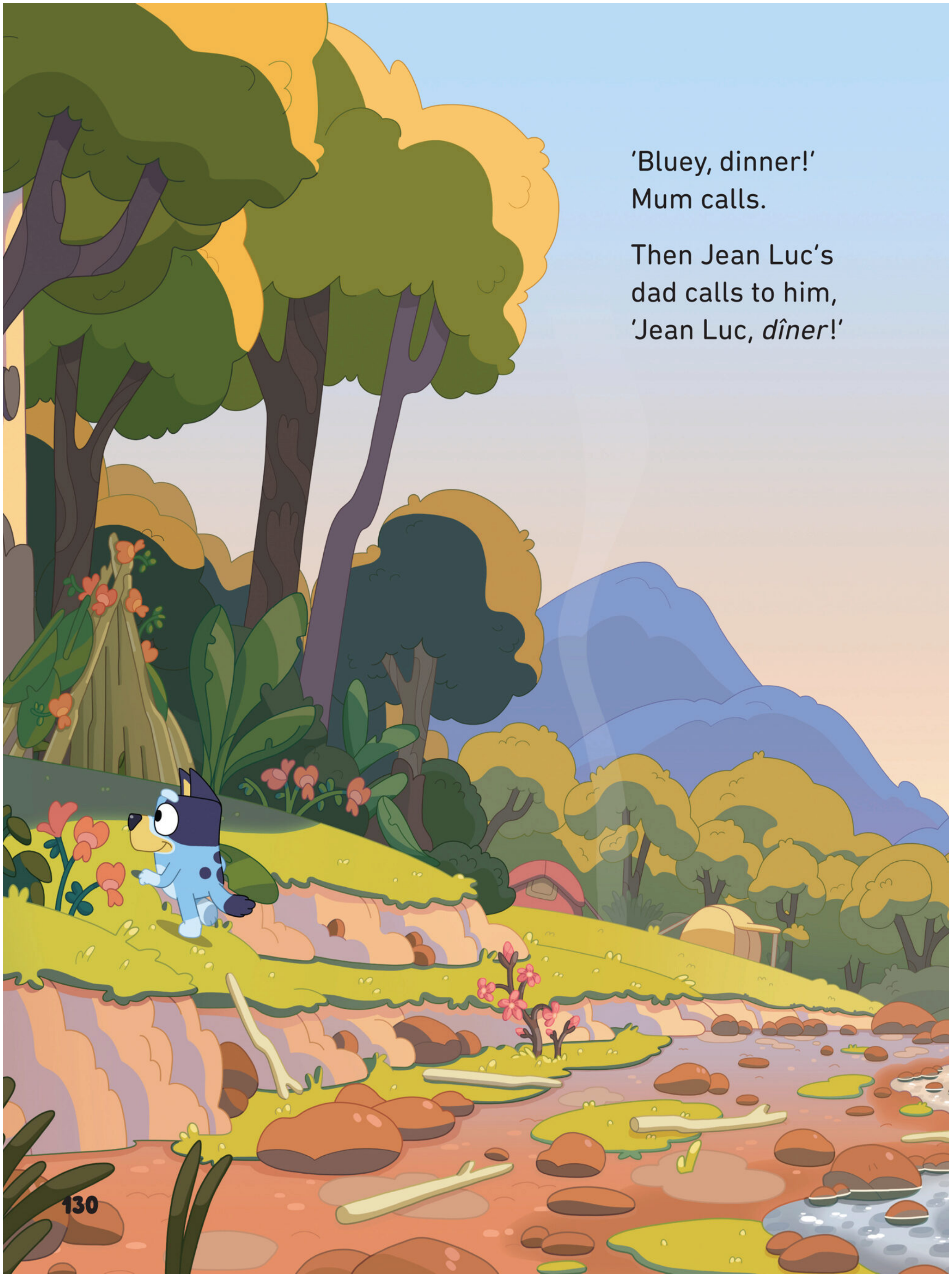


. . . he escapes!



Never mind.



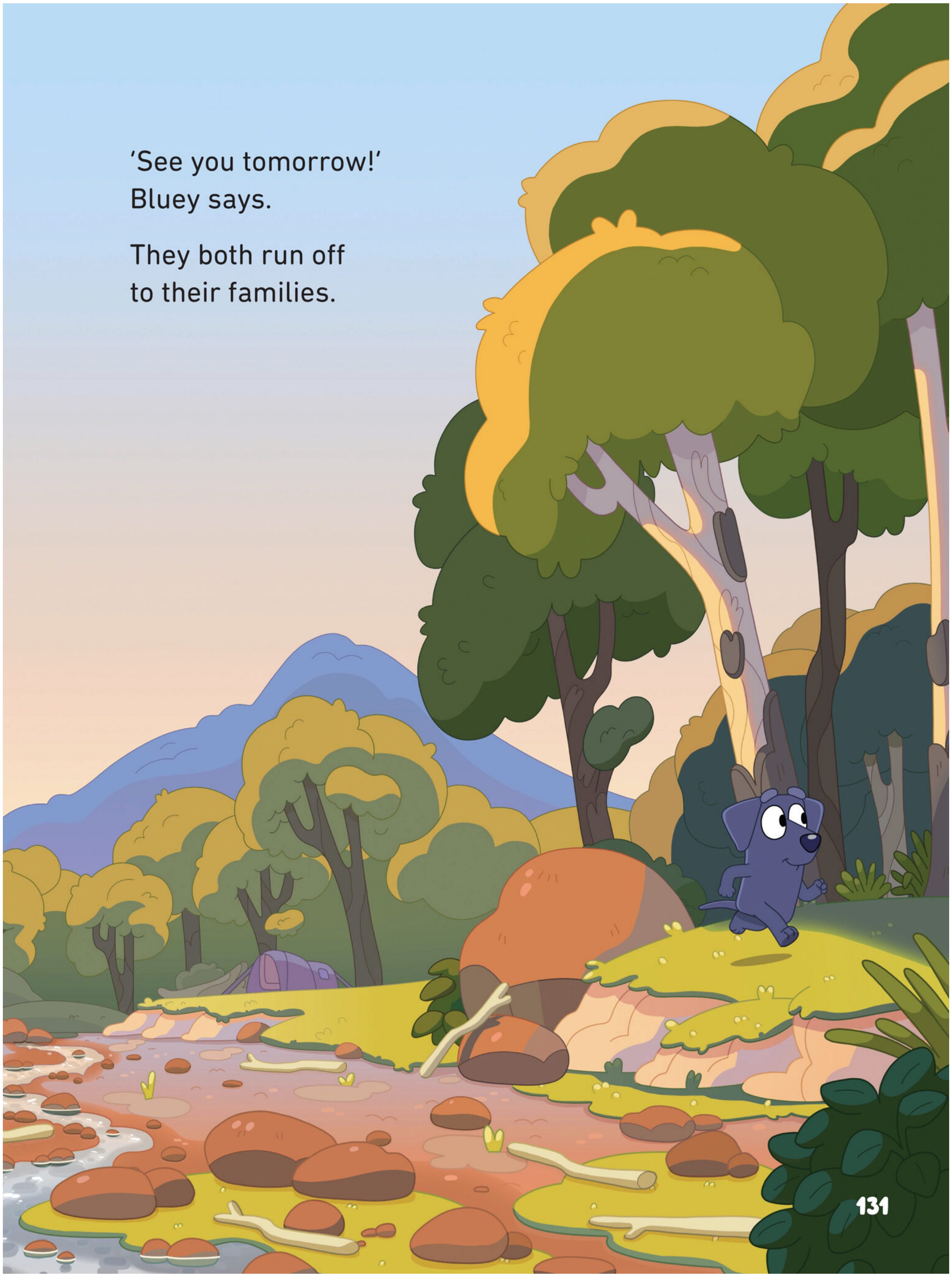


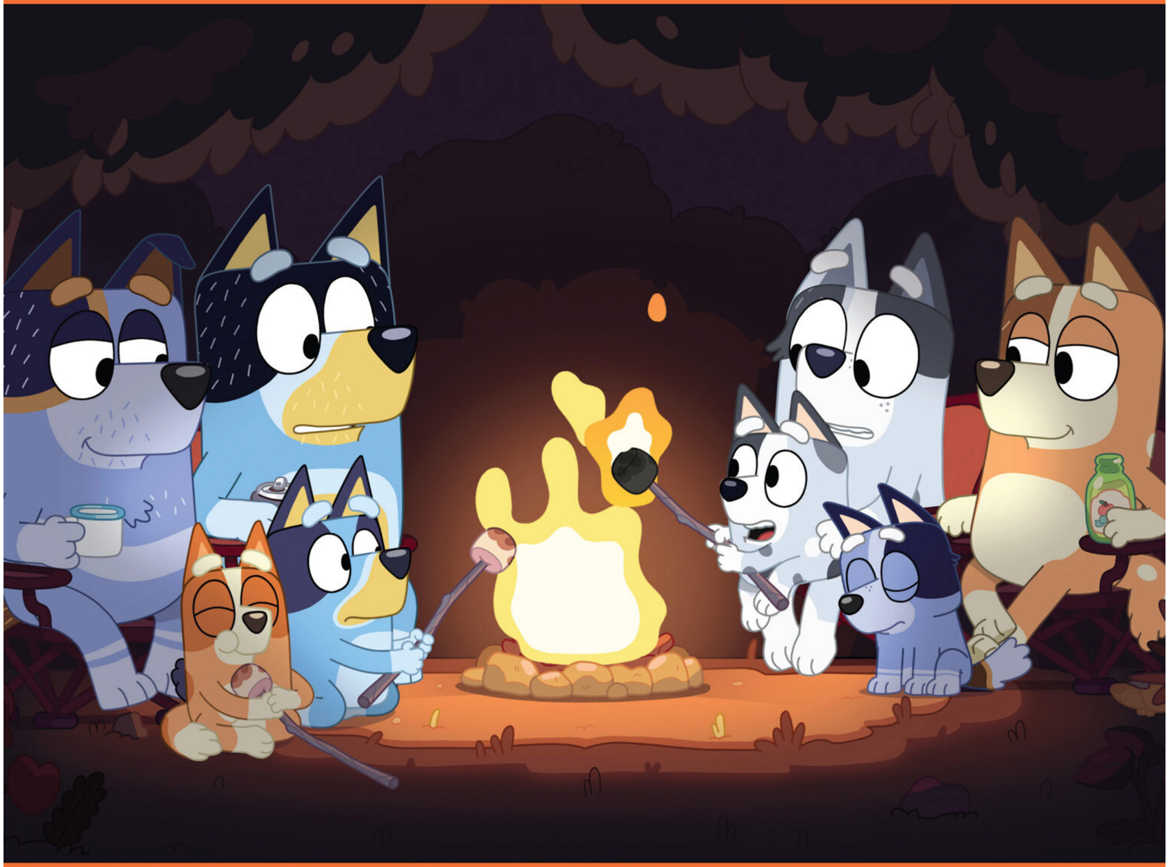
'Bluey, dinner!'
Mum calls.

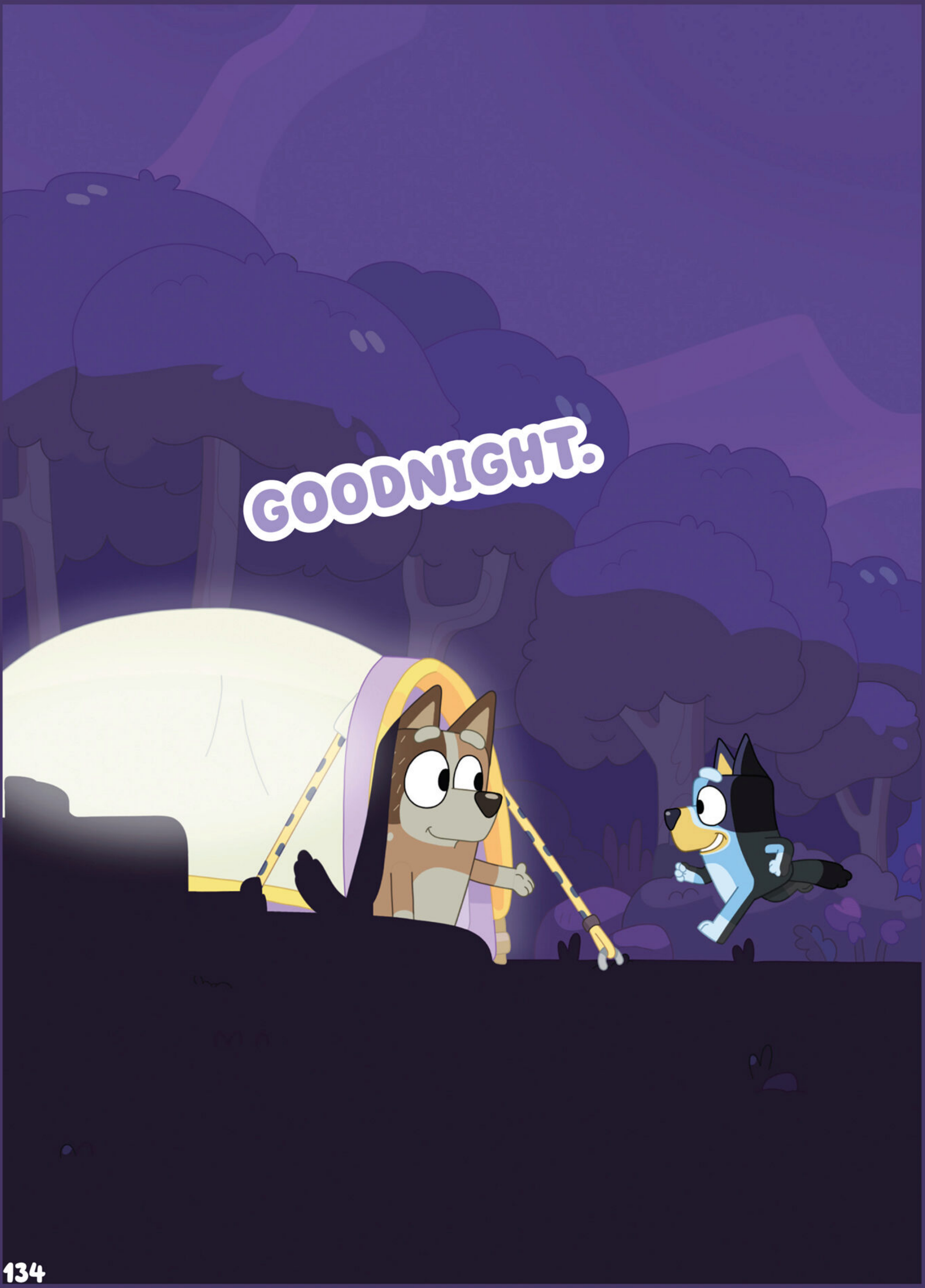
Then Jean Luc's
dad calls to him,
'Jean Luc, *dîner*!'

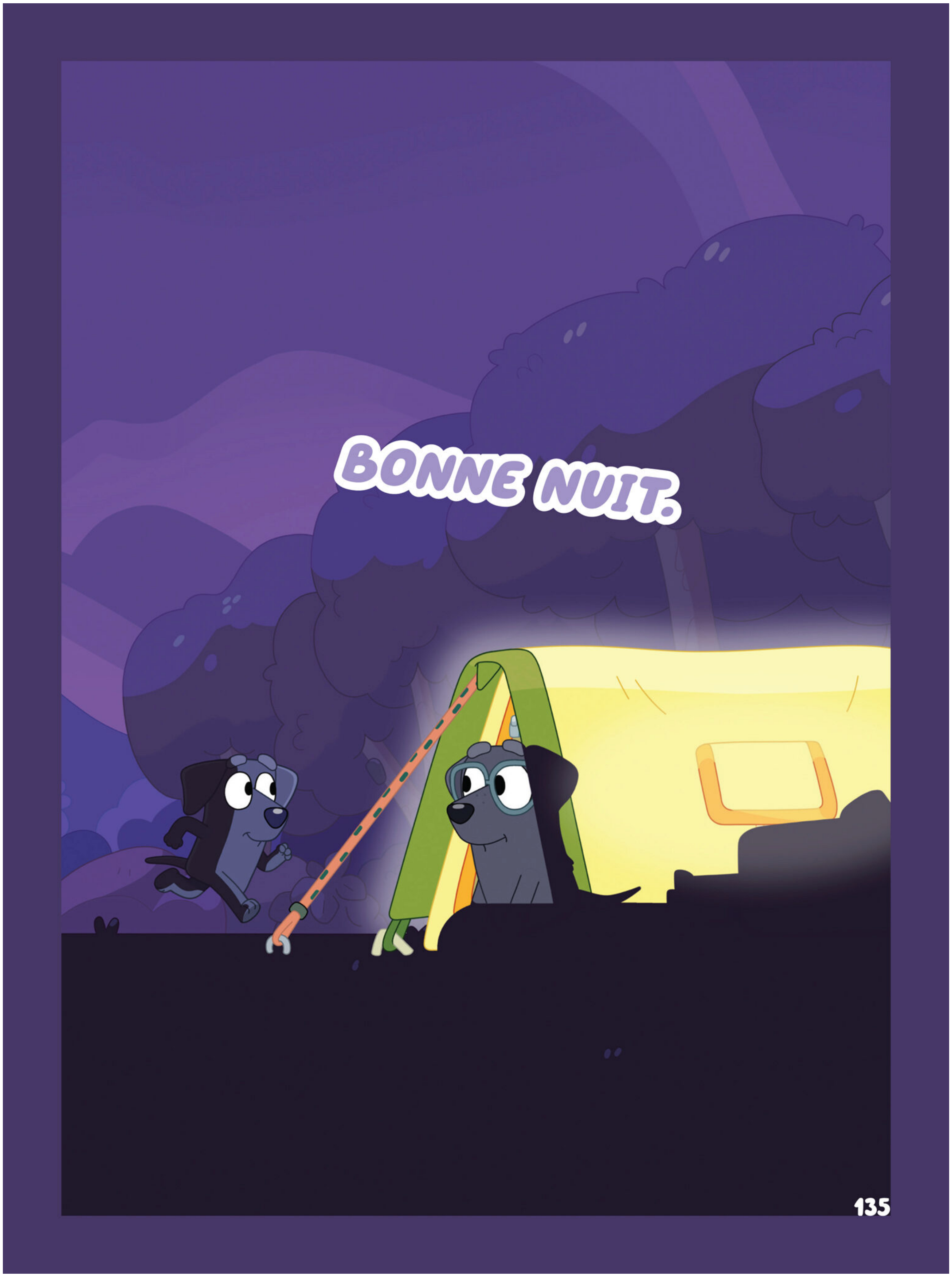
'See you tomorrow!'
Bluey says.

They both run off
to their families.



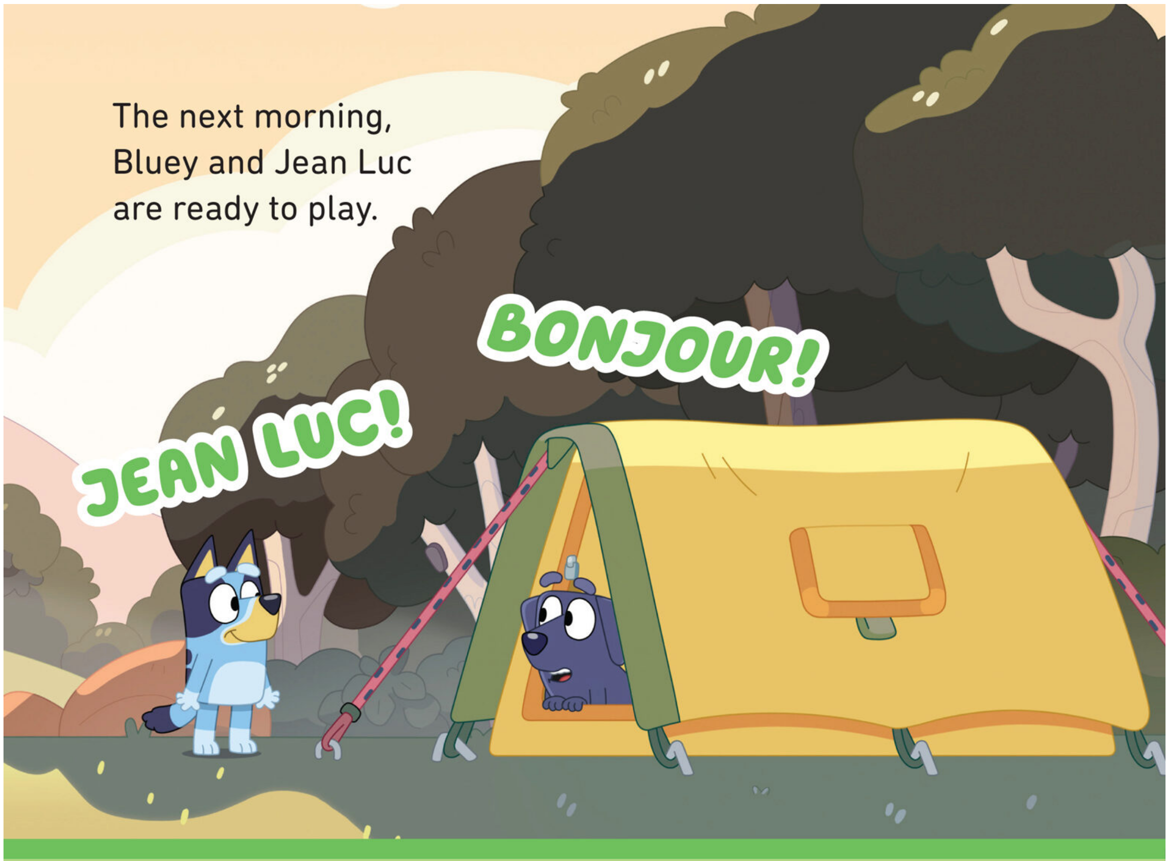



GOODNIGHT.

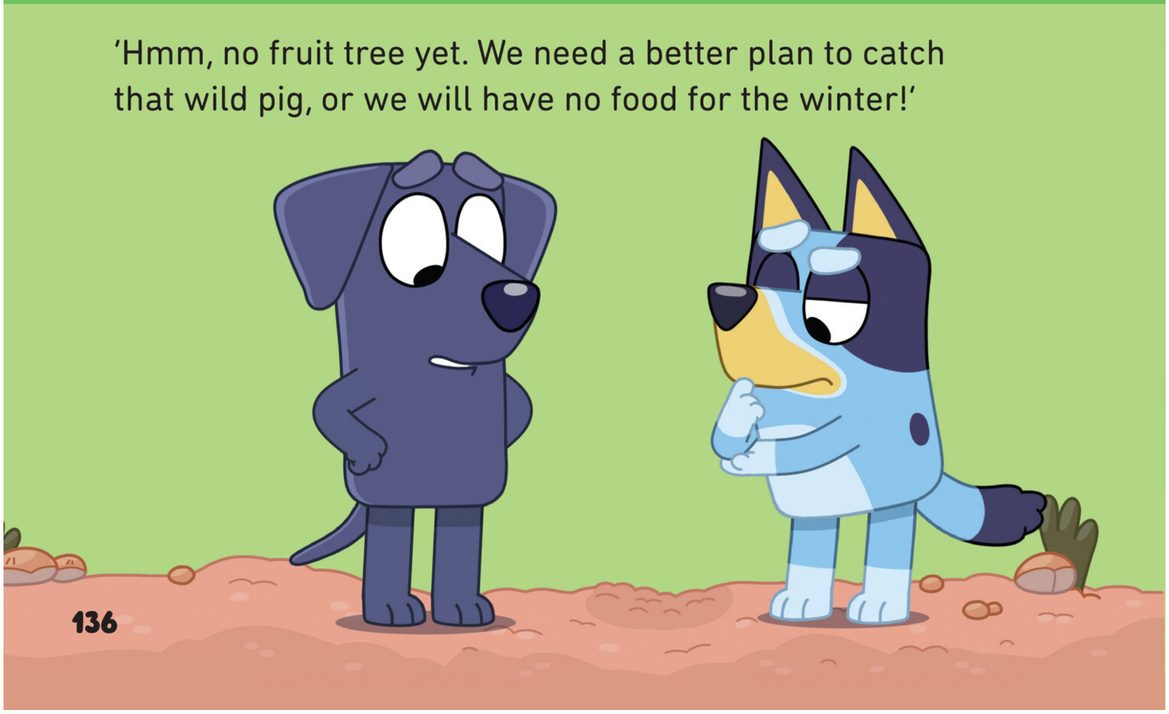


BONNE NUIT.

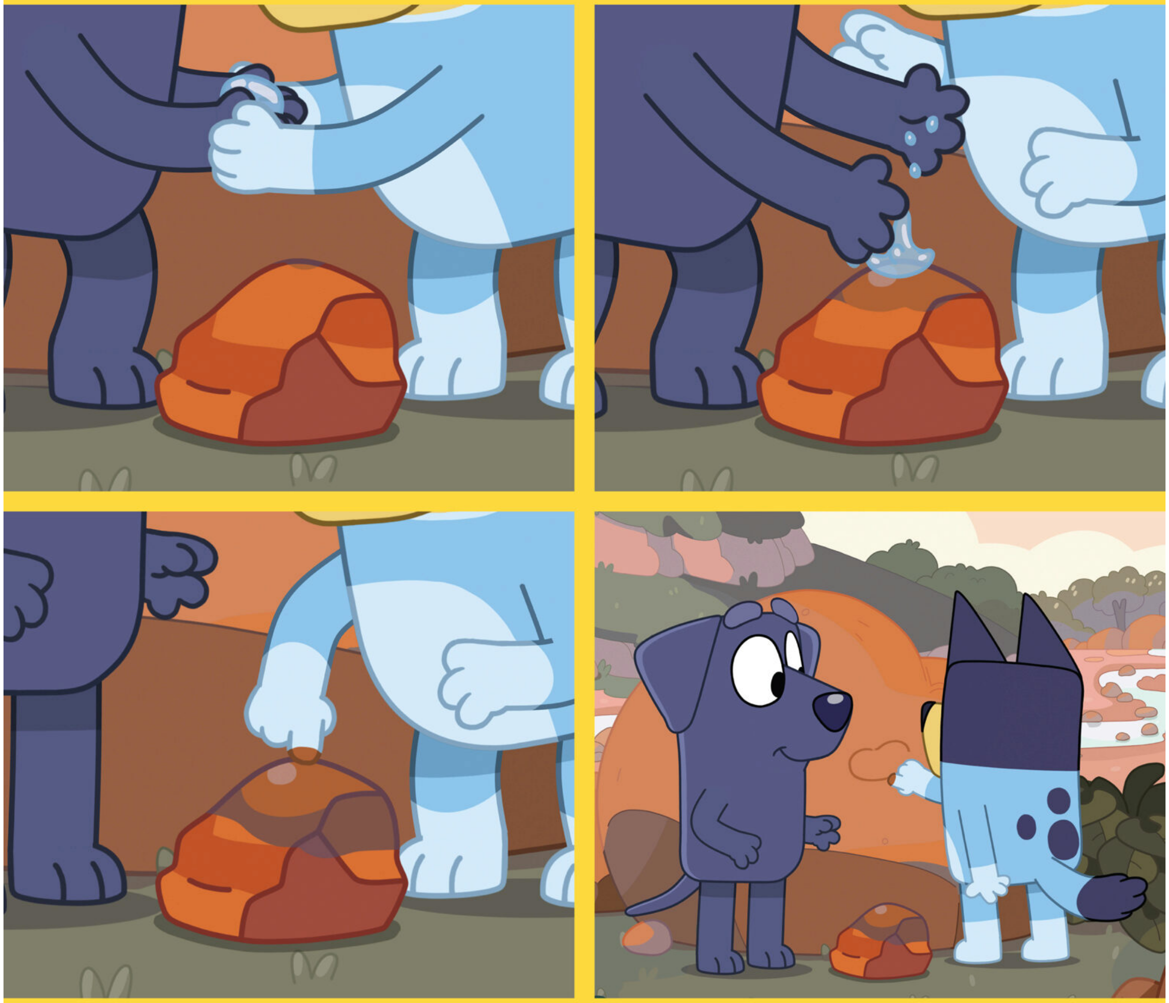
The next morning, Bluey and Jean Luc are ready to play.

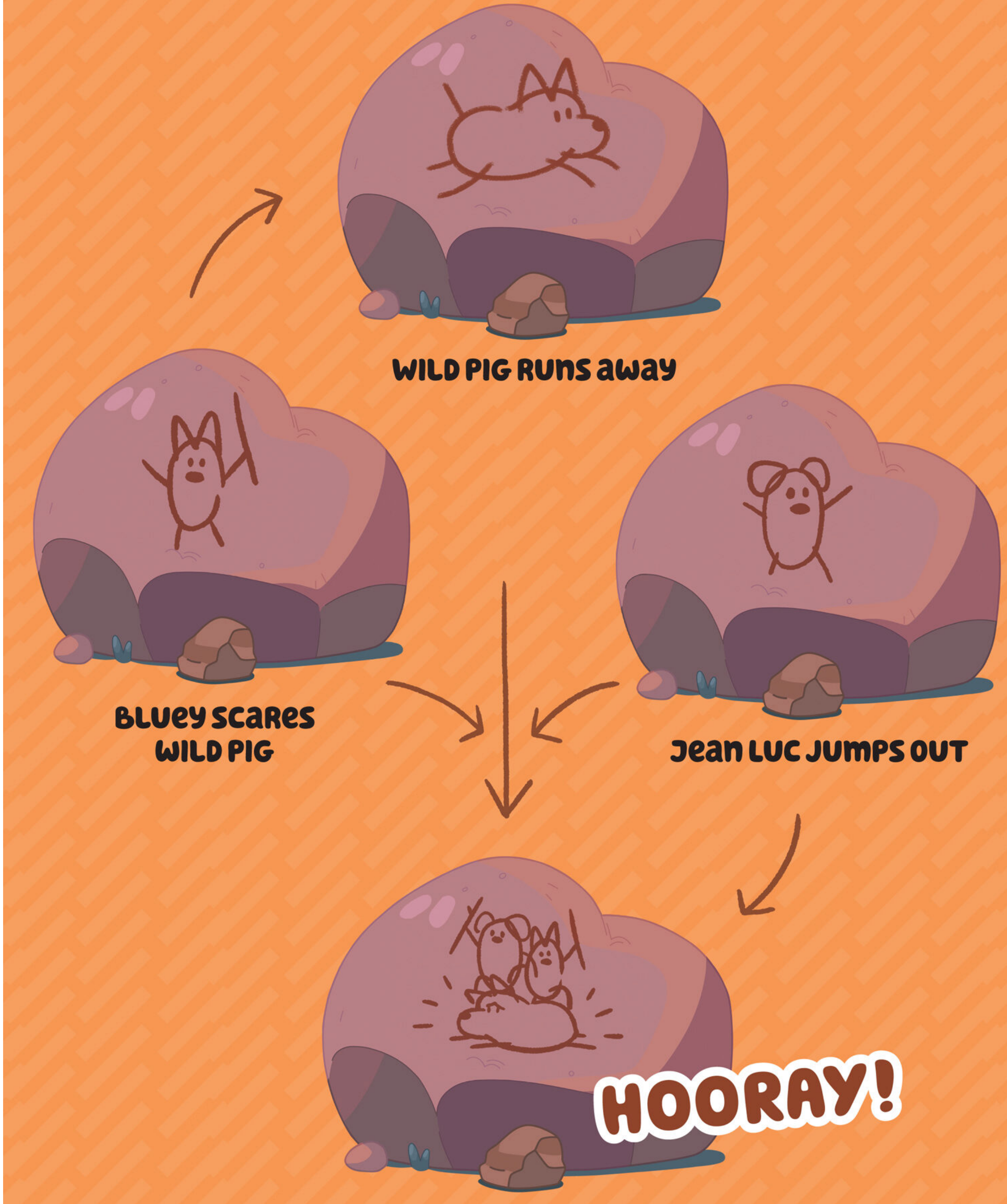

JEAN LUC!
BONJOUR!

'Hmm, no fruit tree yet. We need a better plan to catch that wild pig, or we will have no food for the winter!'

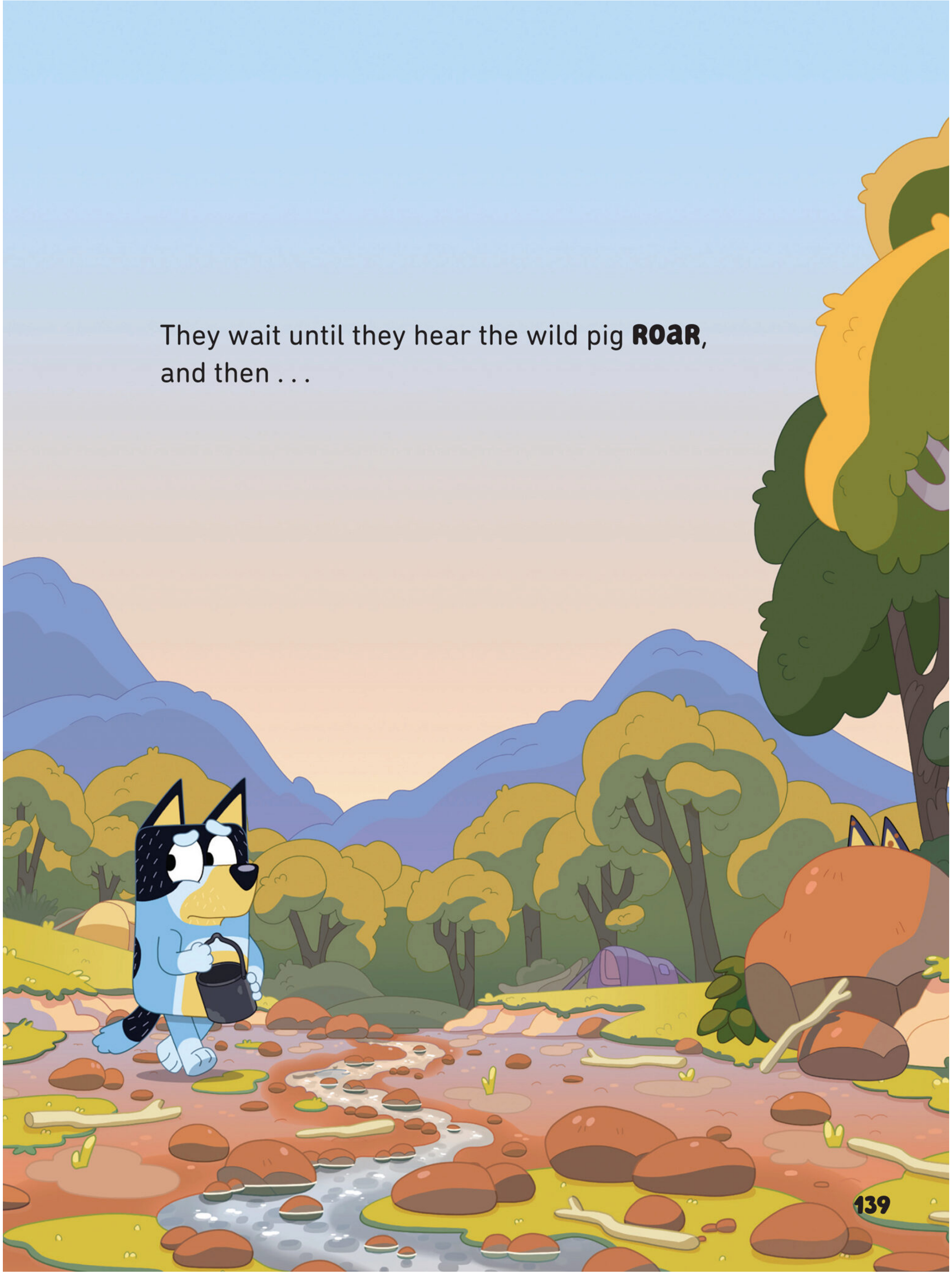


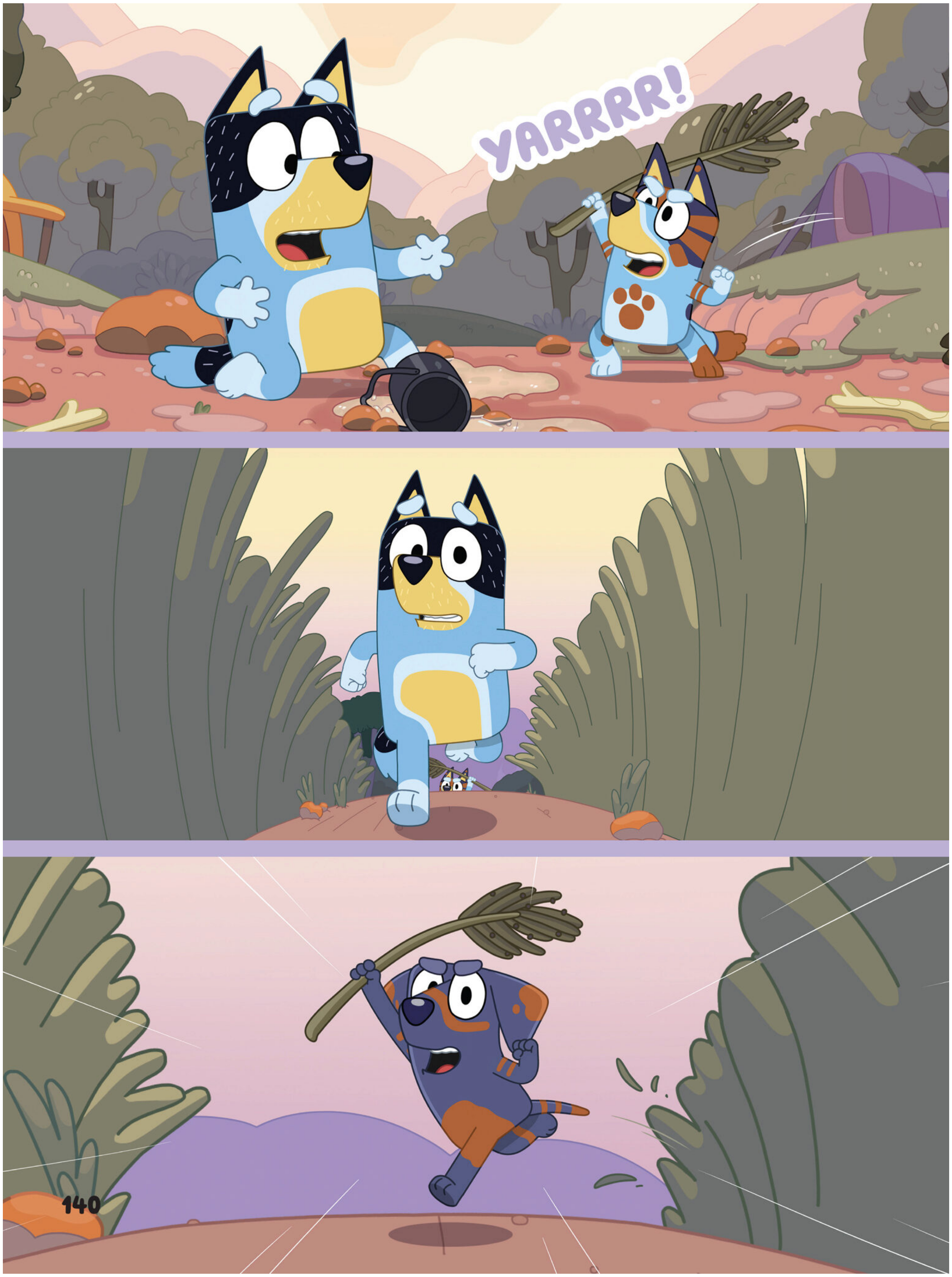
'I've got an idea,' Bluey tells Jean Luc.
'My dad taught me how to do this.'

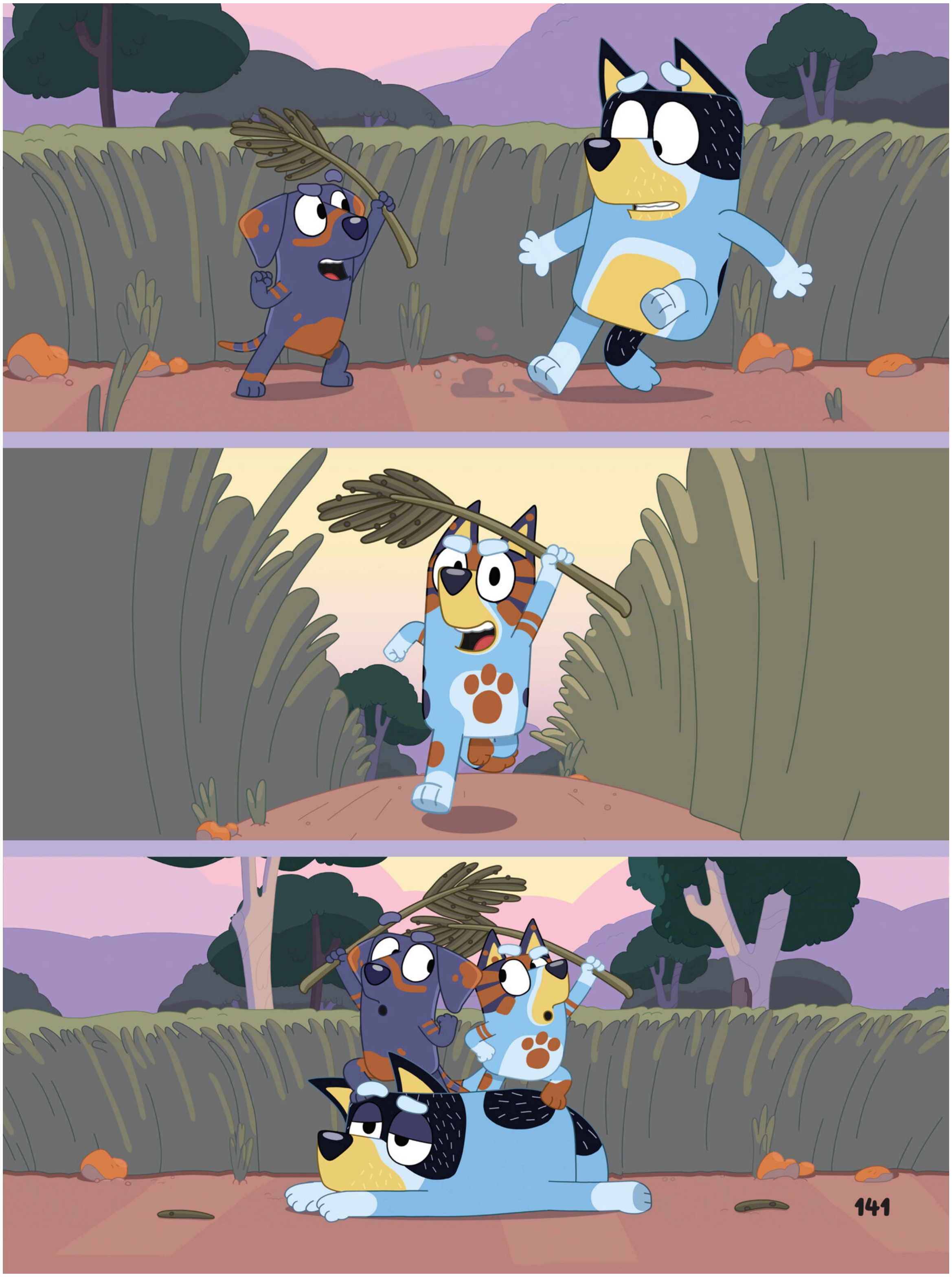



WILD PIG RUNS AWAY
BLUEY SCARES WILD PIG
JEAN LUC JUMPS OUT
HOORAY!

They wait until they hear the wild pig **ROAR**, and then . . .

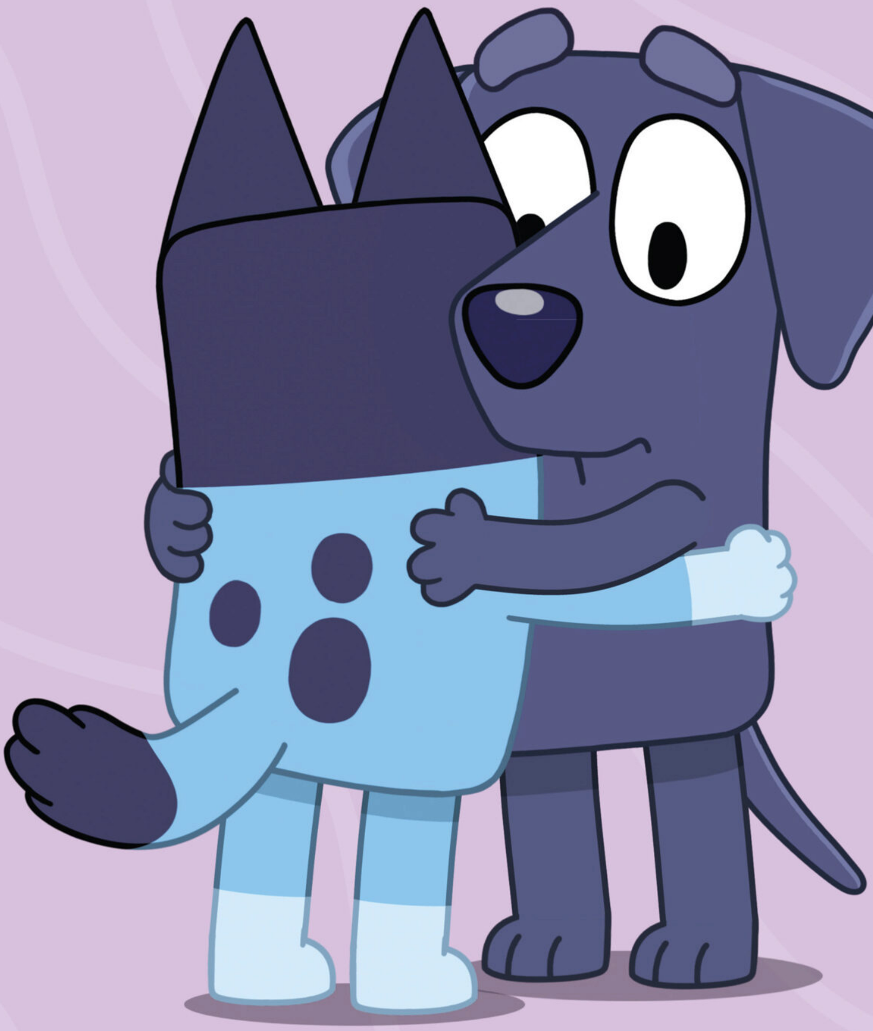


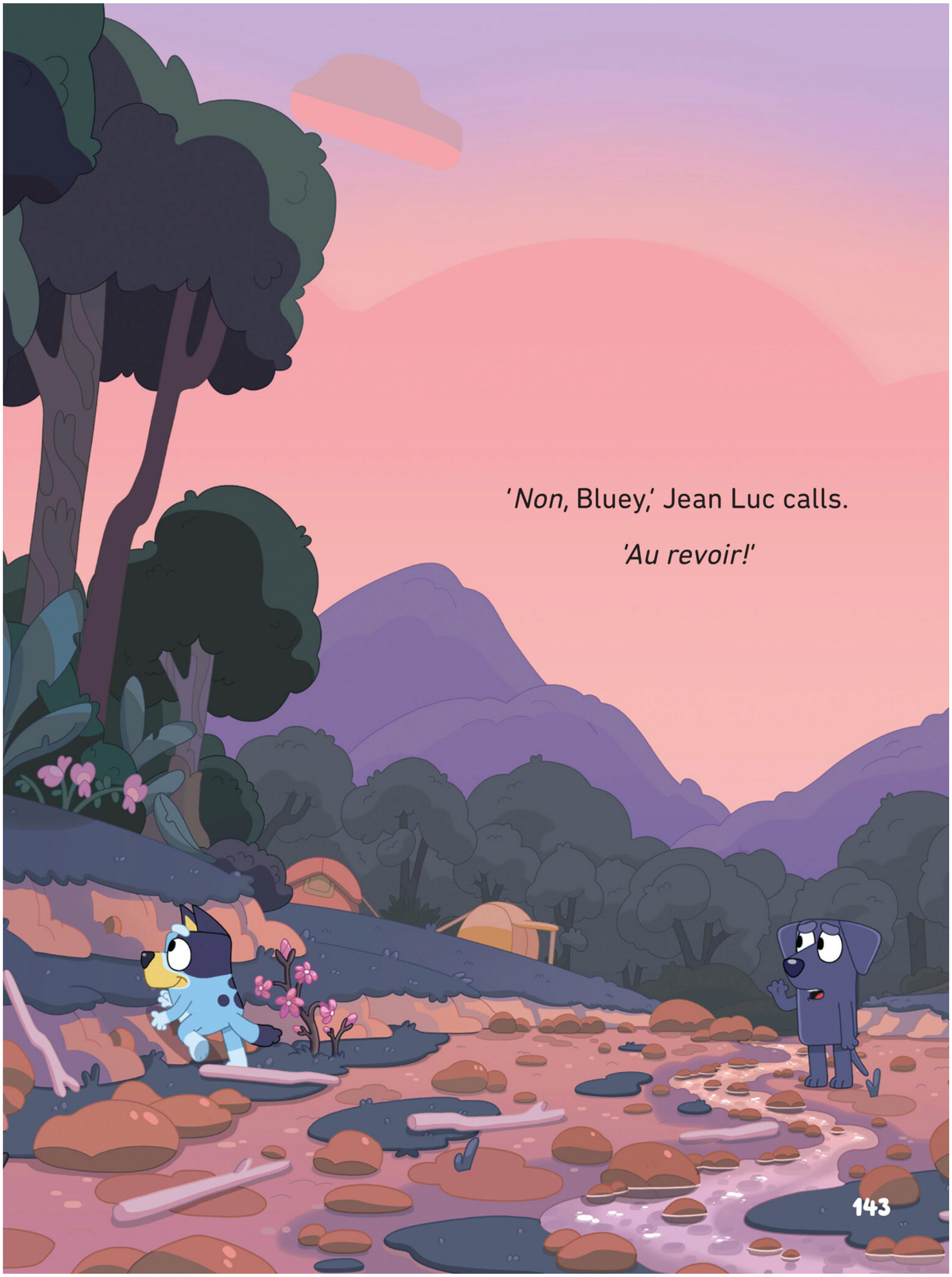

YARRRR!



It's time to head back to camp for the night.

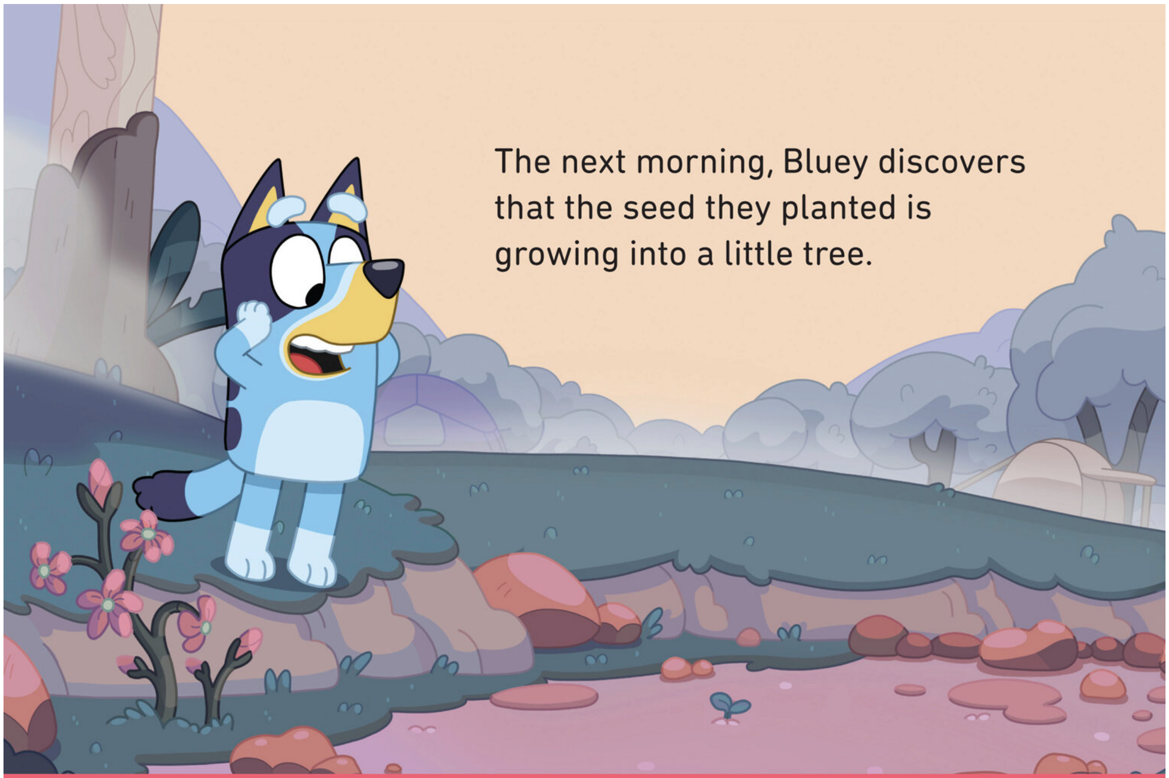
'Goodbye, Jean Luc,' says Bluey happily. 'See you tomorrow.'



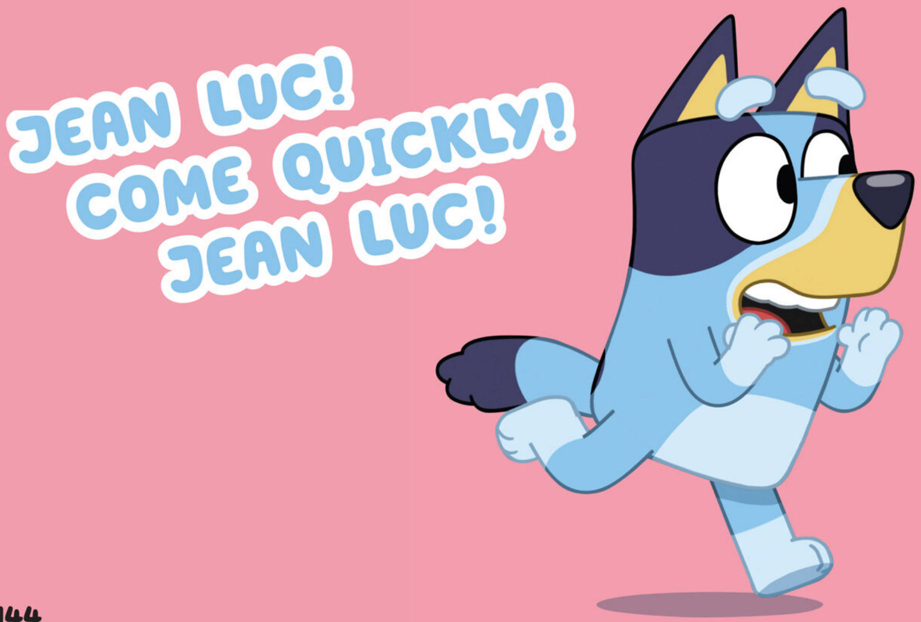


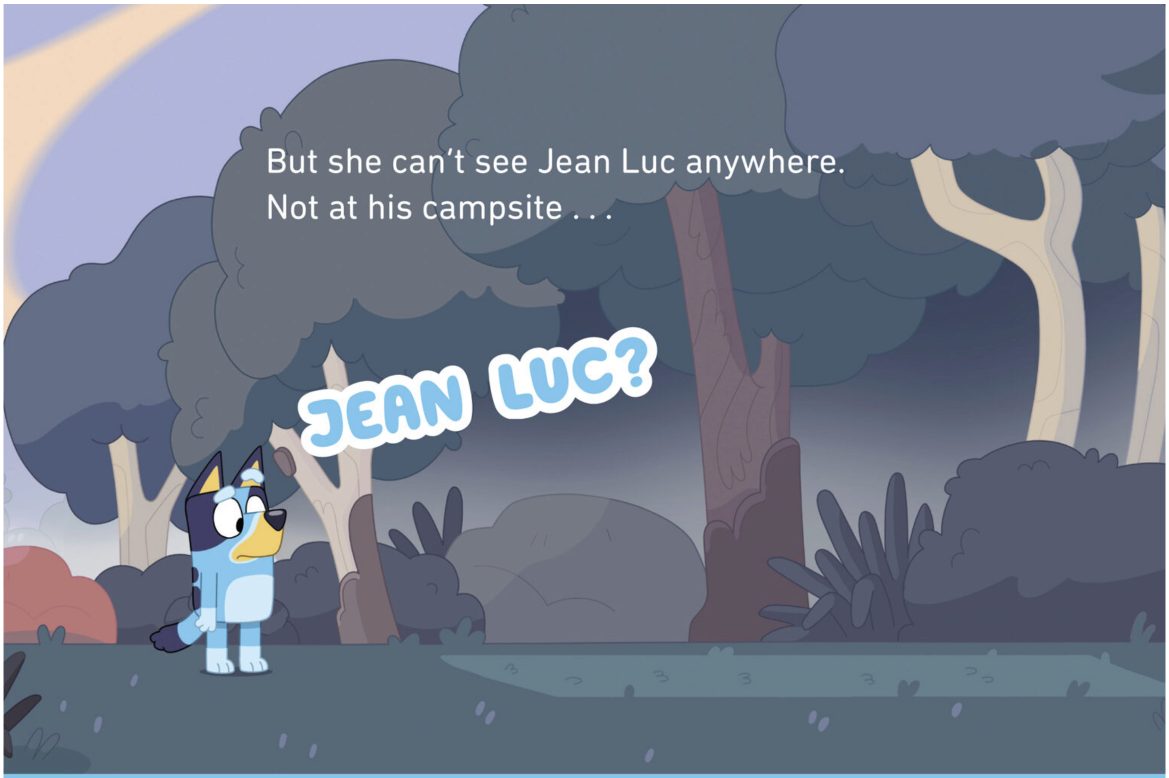
'*Non*, Bluey,' Jean Luc calls.

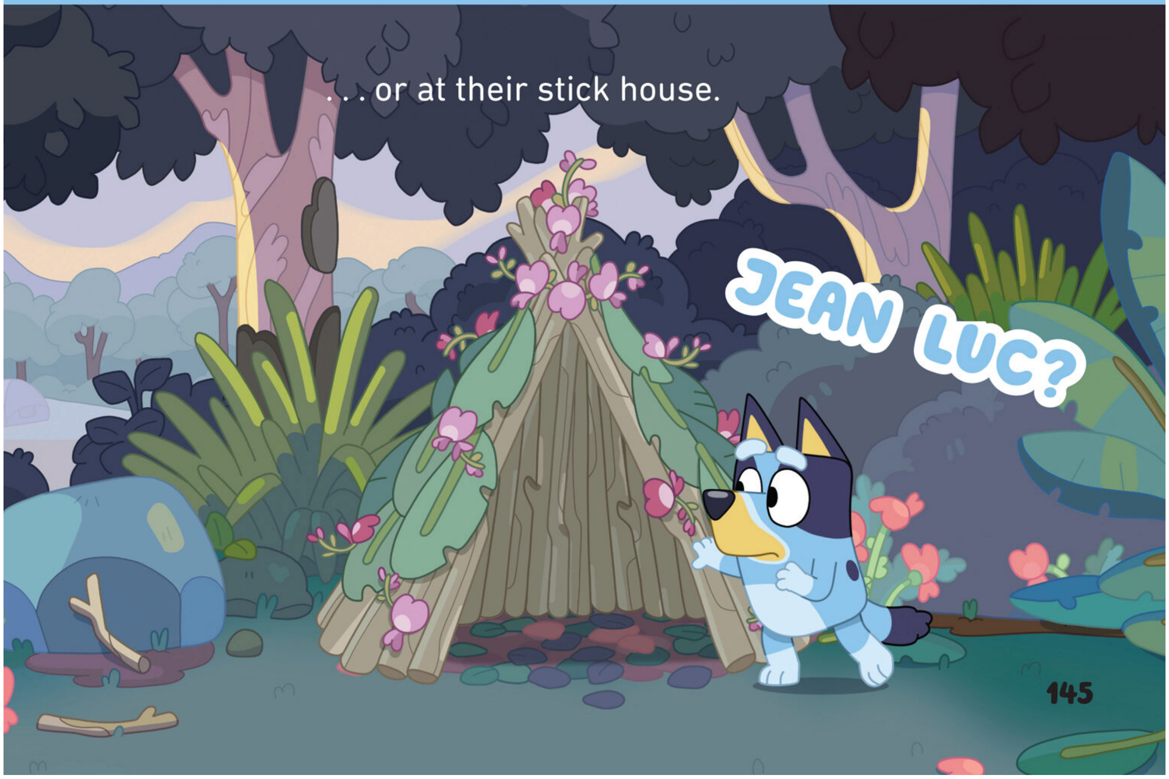
'Au revoir!'



The next morning, Bluey discovers that the seed they planted is growing into a little tree.

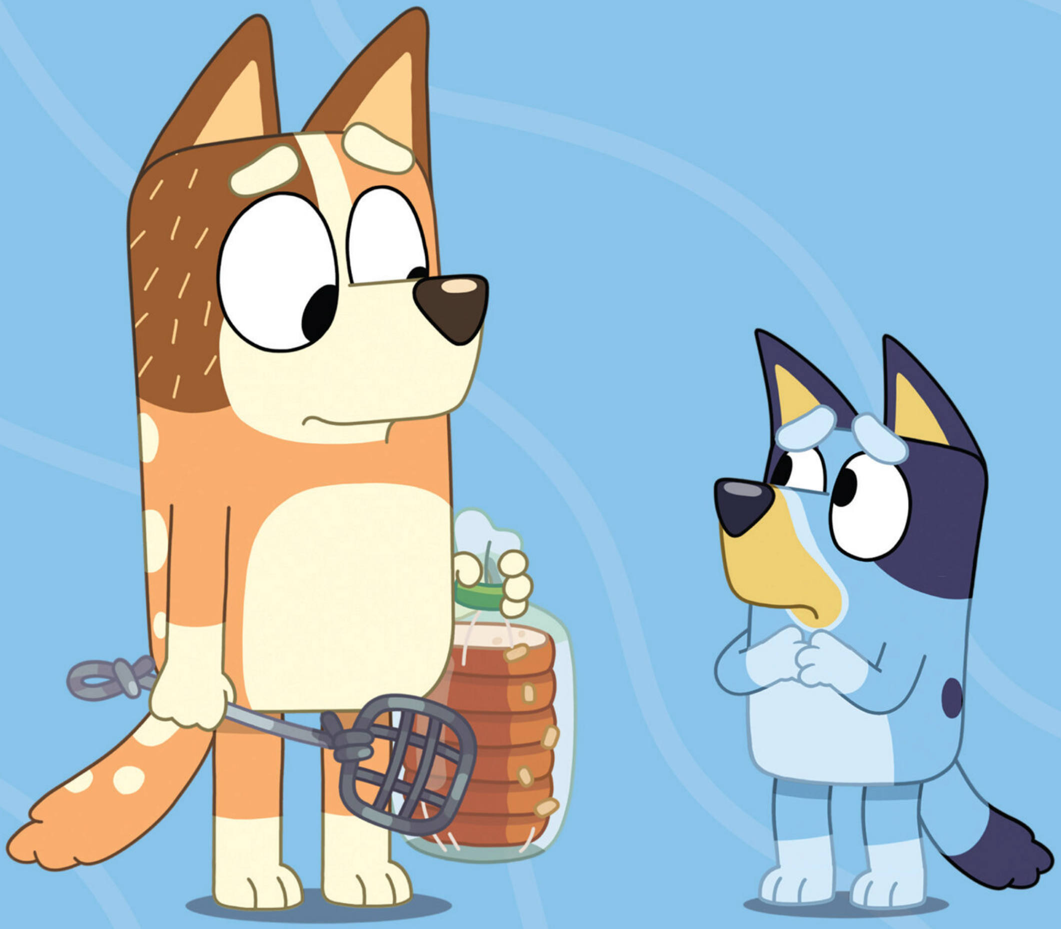

JEAN LUC!
COME QUICKLY!
JEAN LUC!

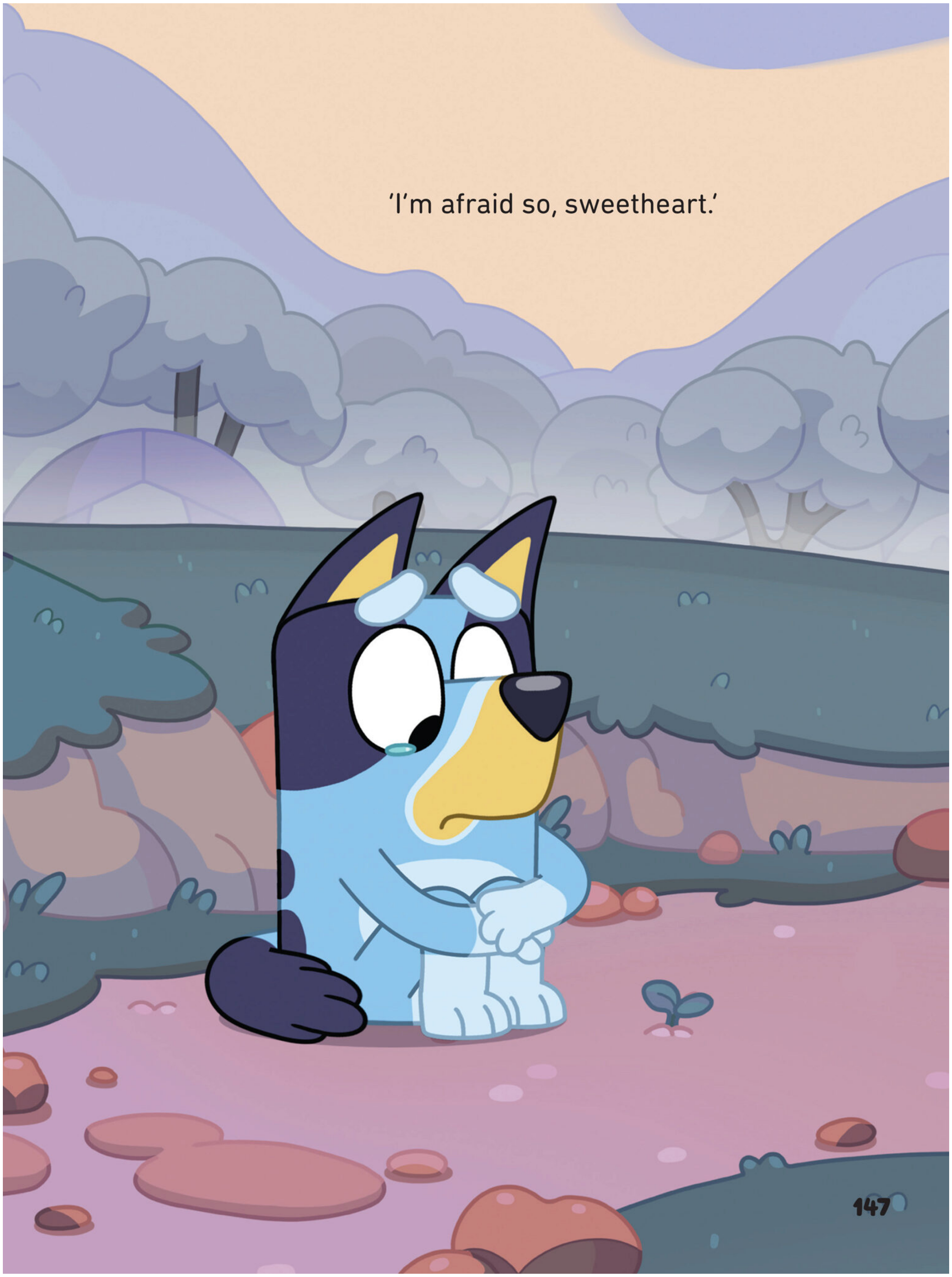

But she can't see Jean Luc anywhere.
Not at his campsite . . .


. . . or at their stick house.

Bluey runs back to Mum, who tells her that Jean Luc must have left. His holiday is over.

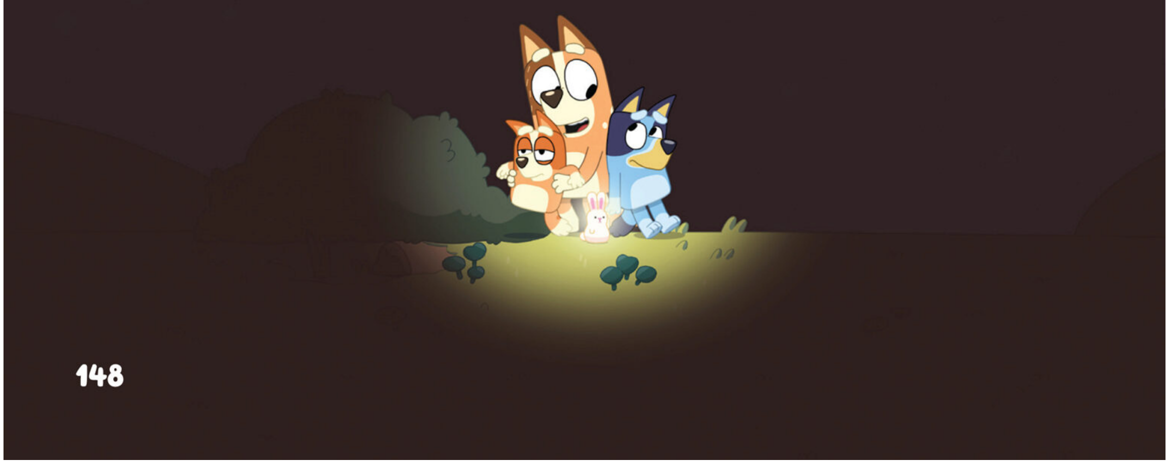
'What?!' says Bluey. 'You mean they're gone?'



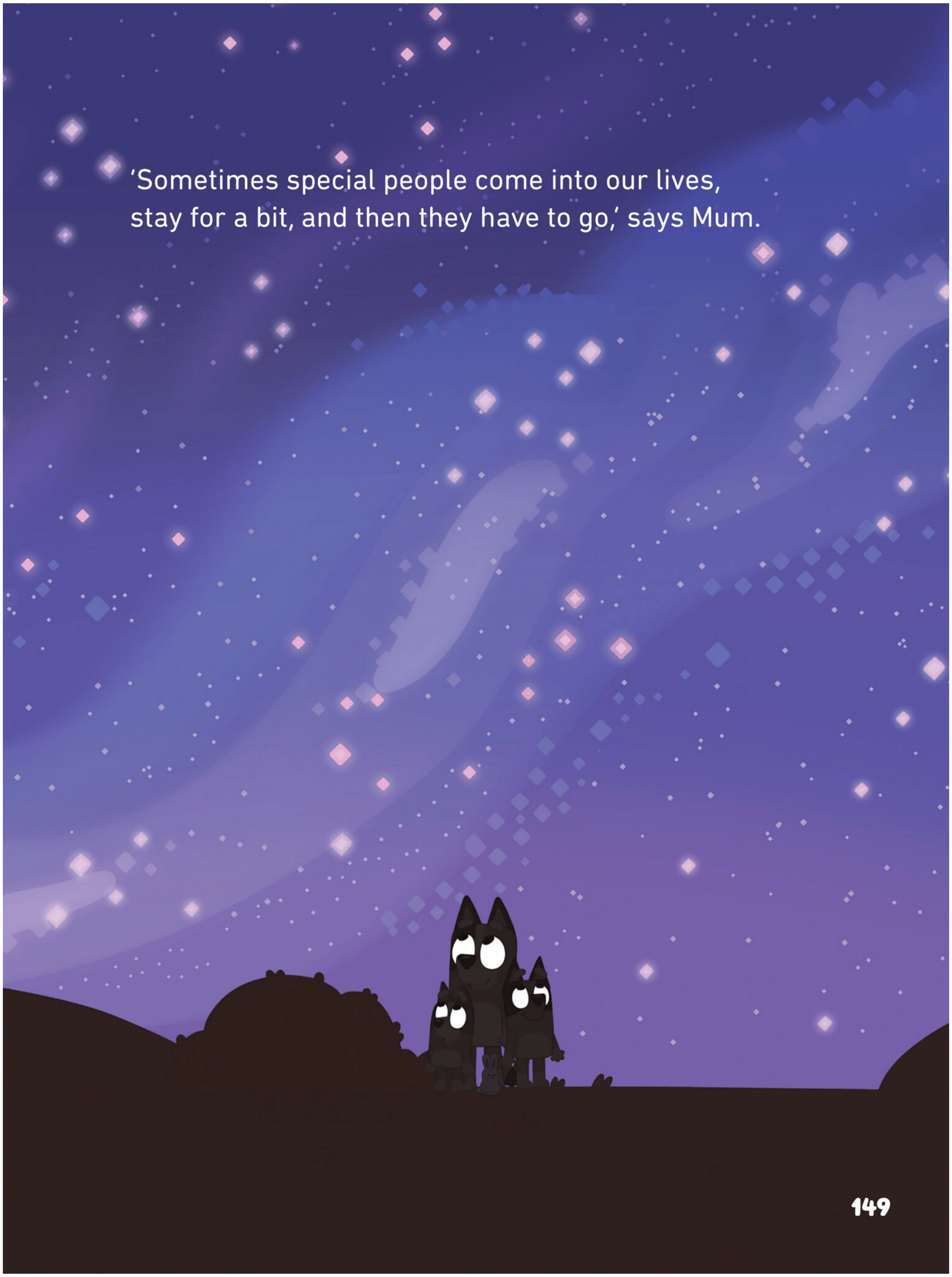


'I'm afraid so, sweetheart.'

That night, while Bingo has a bush wee, Bluey asks Mum why Jean Luc had to leave.



‘Sometimes special people come into our lives, stay for a bit, and then they have to go,’ says Mum.

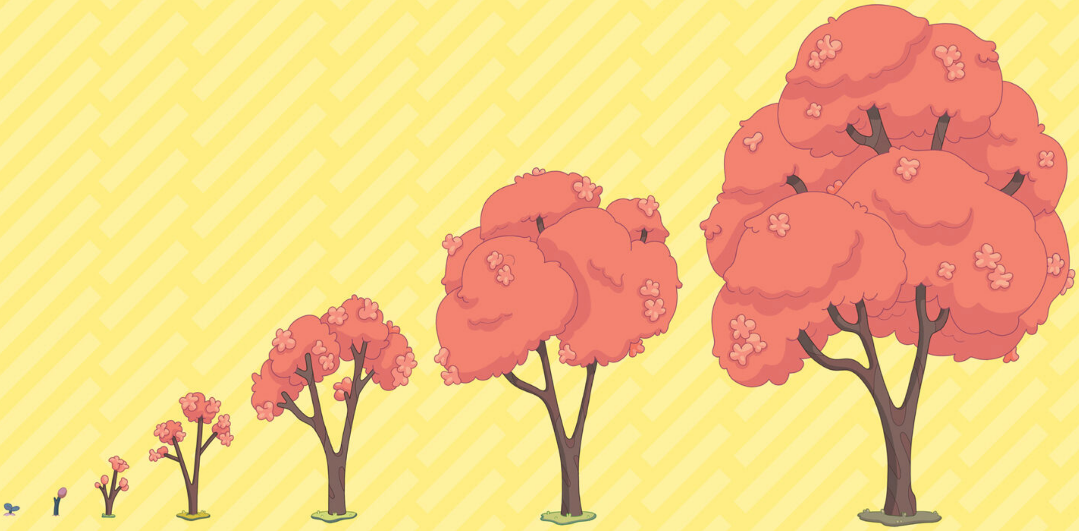


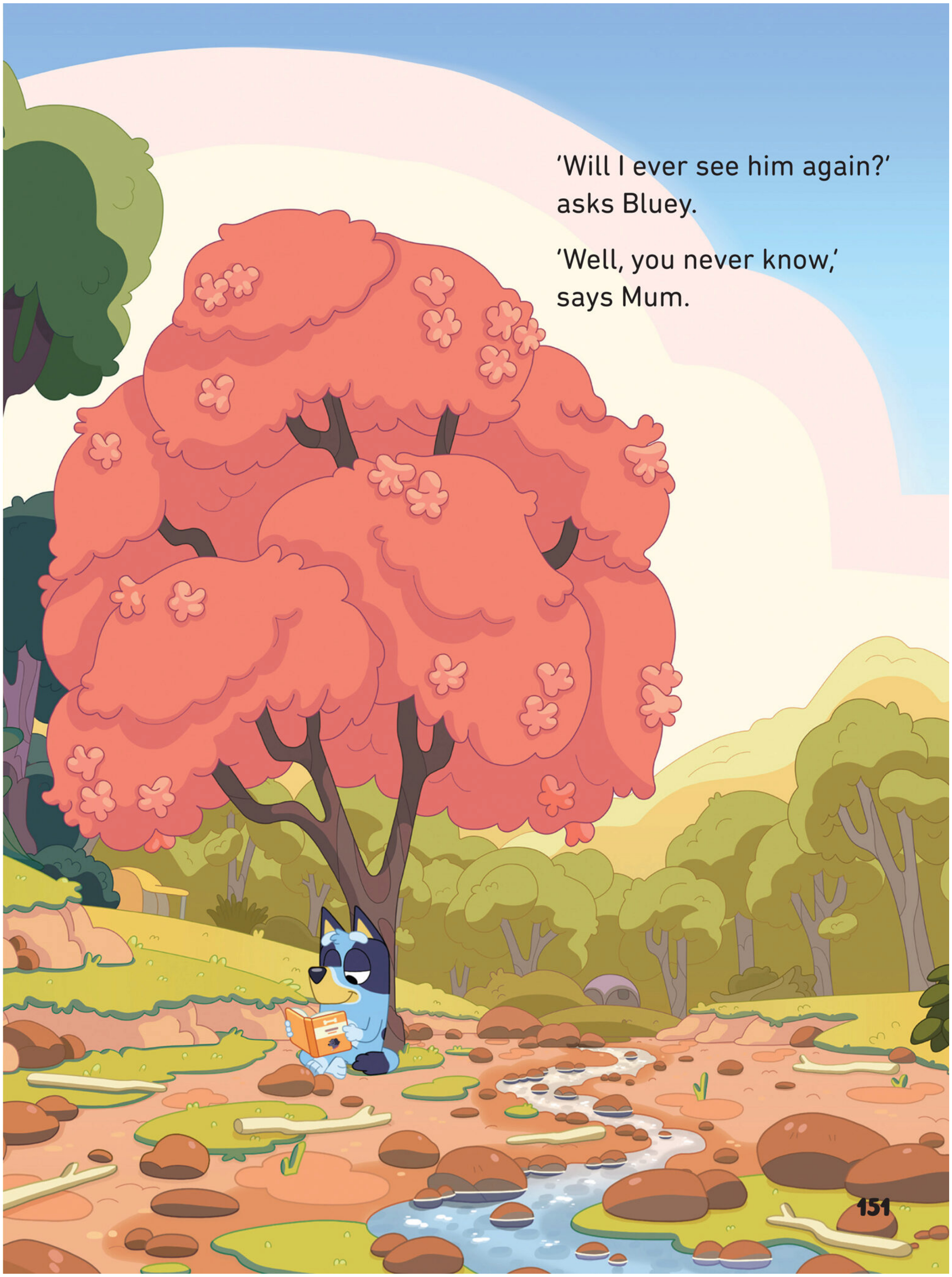
'But that's sad,' says Bluey.

'It is,' says Mum. 'But the bit where they were here was happy, wasn't it?'

'Yeah. We caught a wild pig together!' Bluey says.

'Maybe that makes it all worth it,' says Mum.

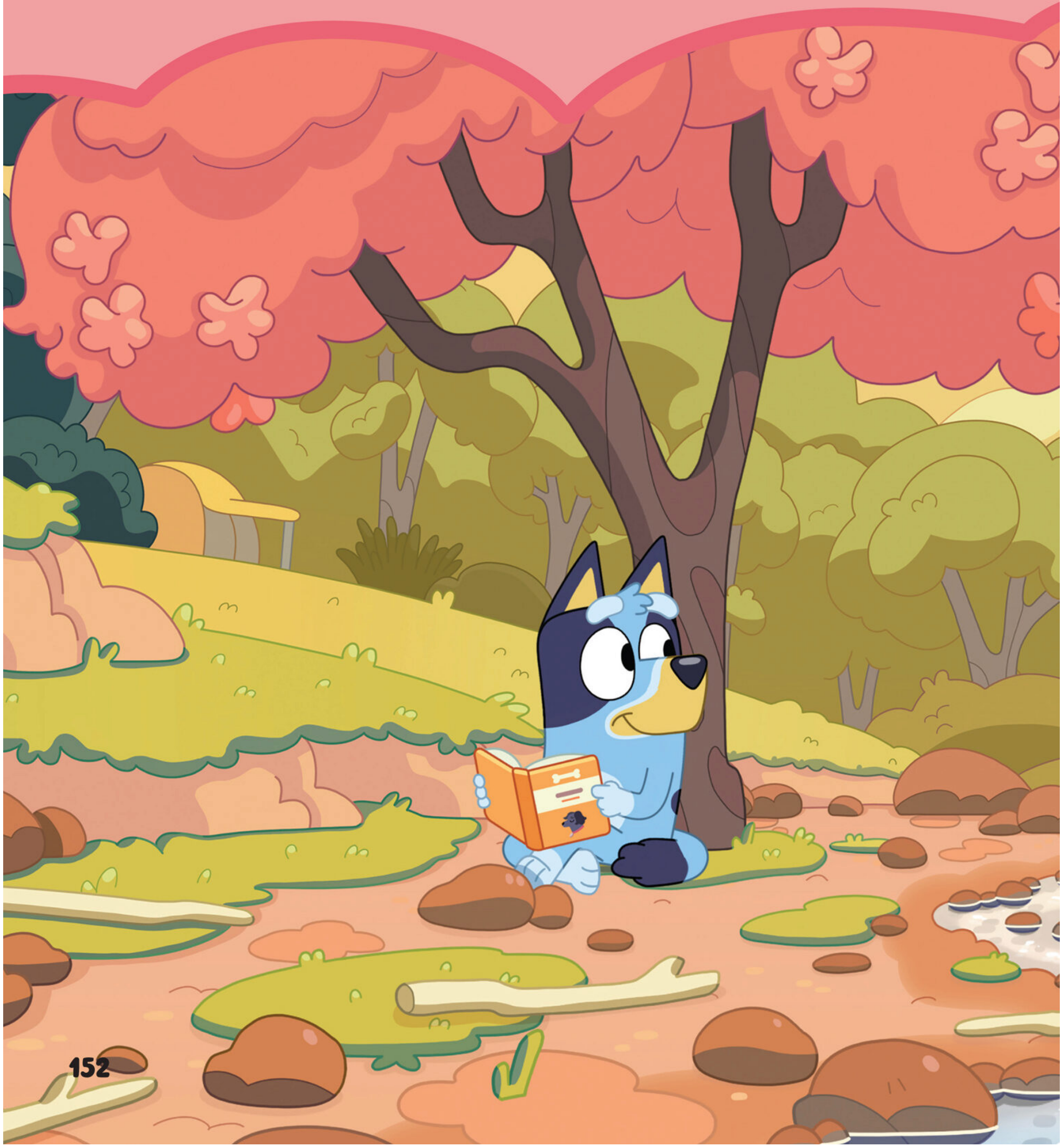


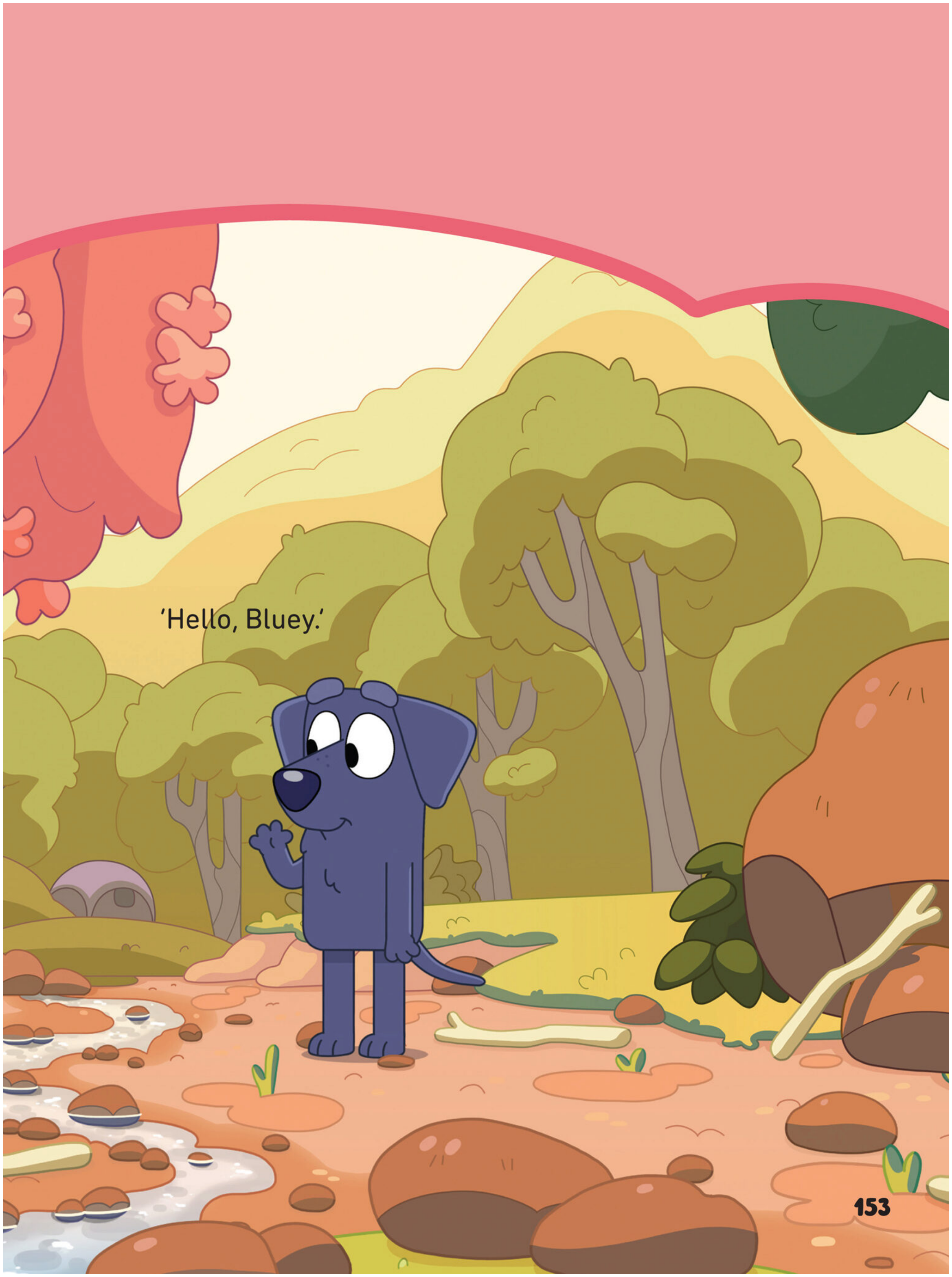


'Will I ever see him again?' asks Bluey.

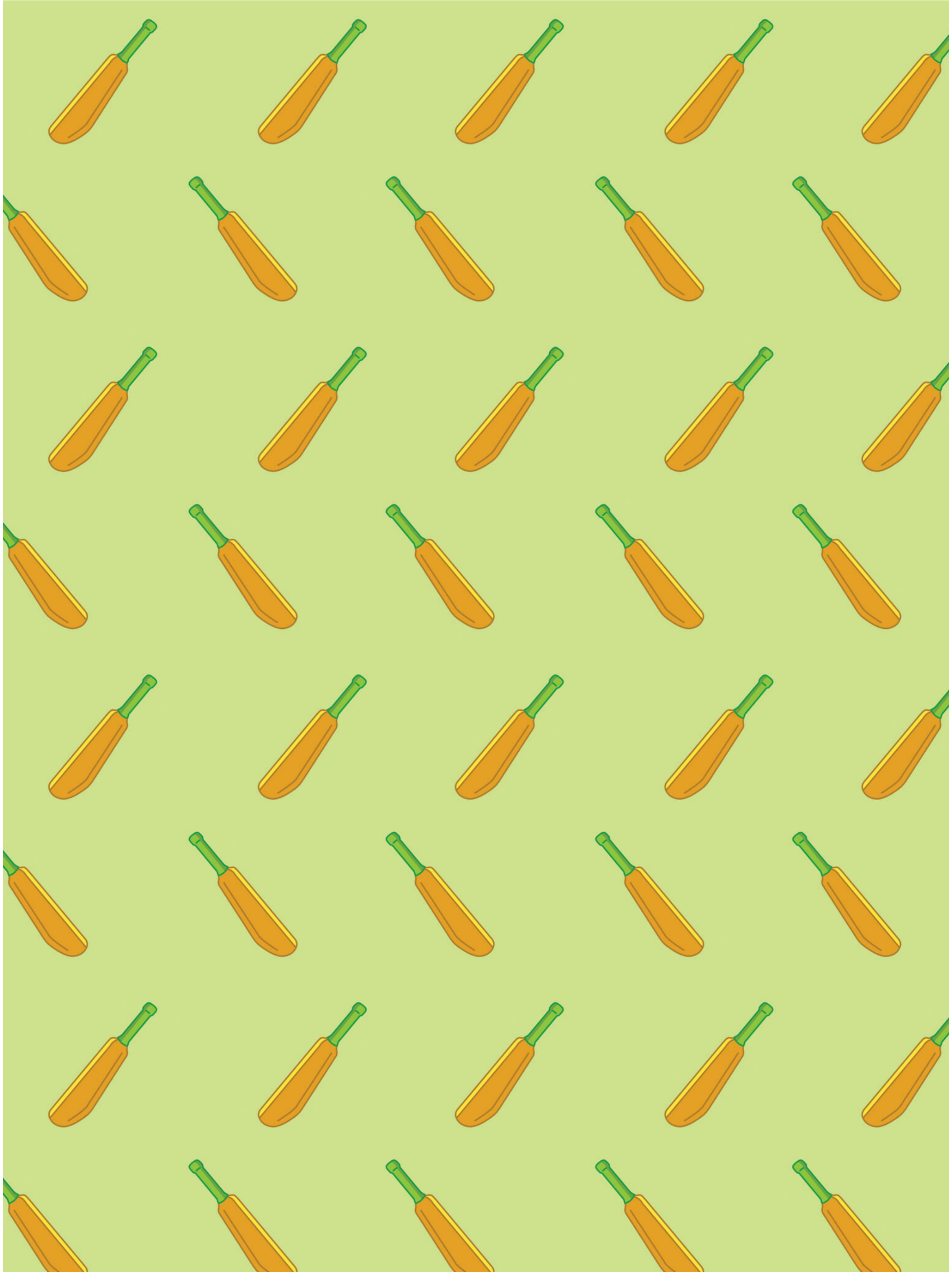
'Well, you never know,' says Mum.

'The world's a magical place.'

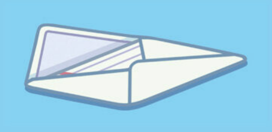




'Hello, Bluey.'

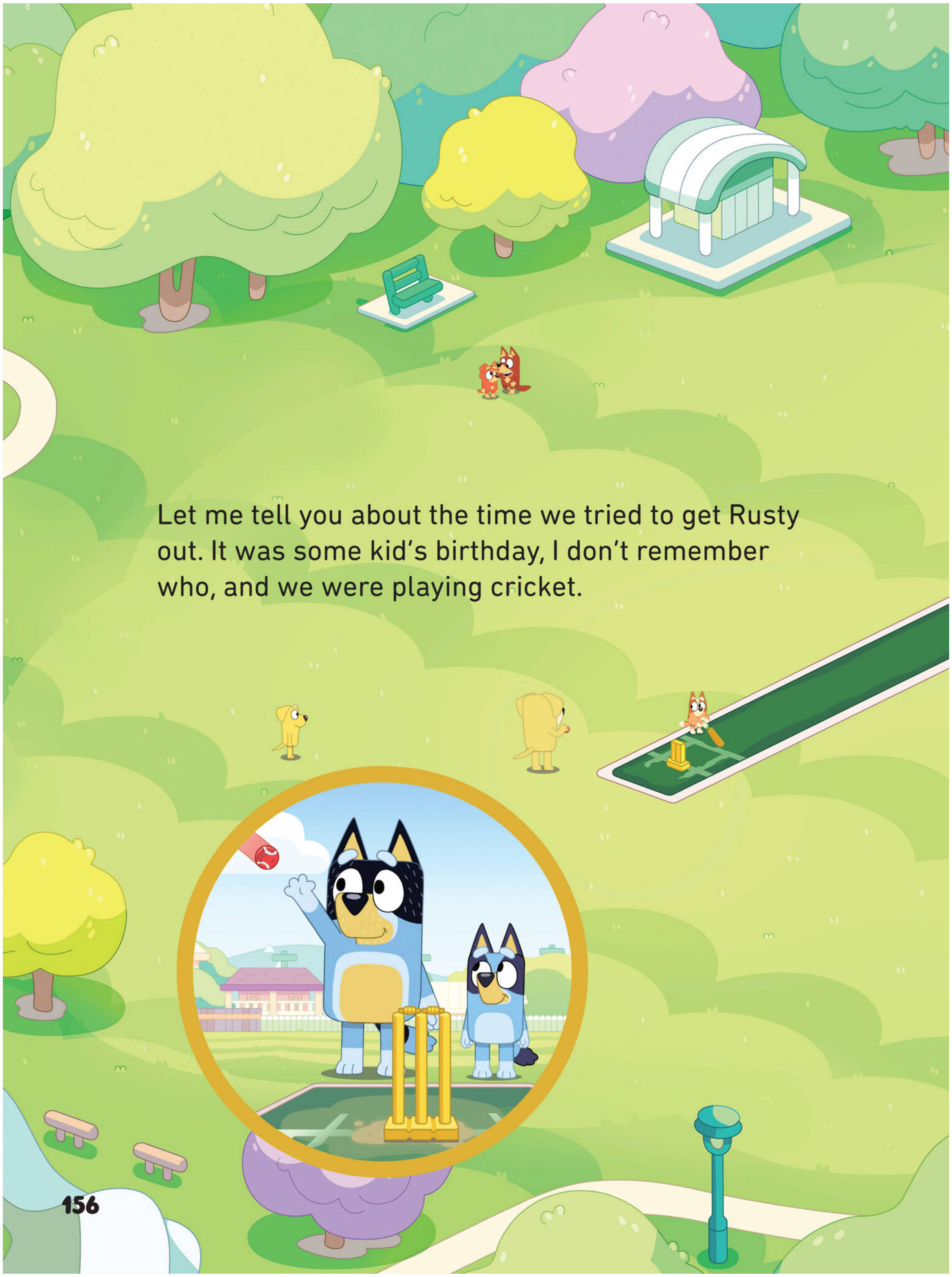


BLUEY

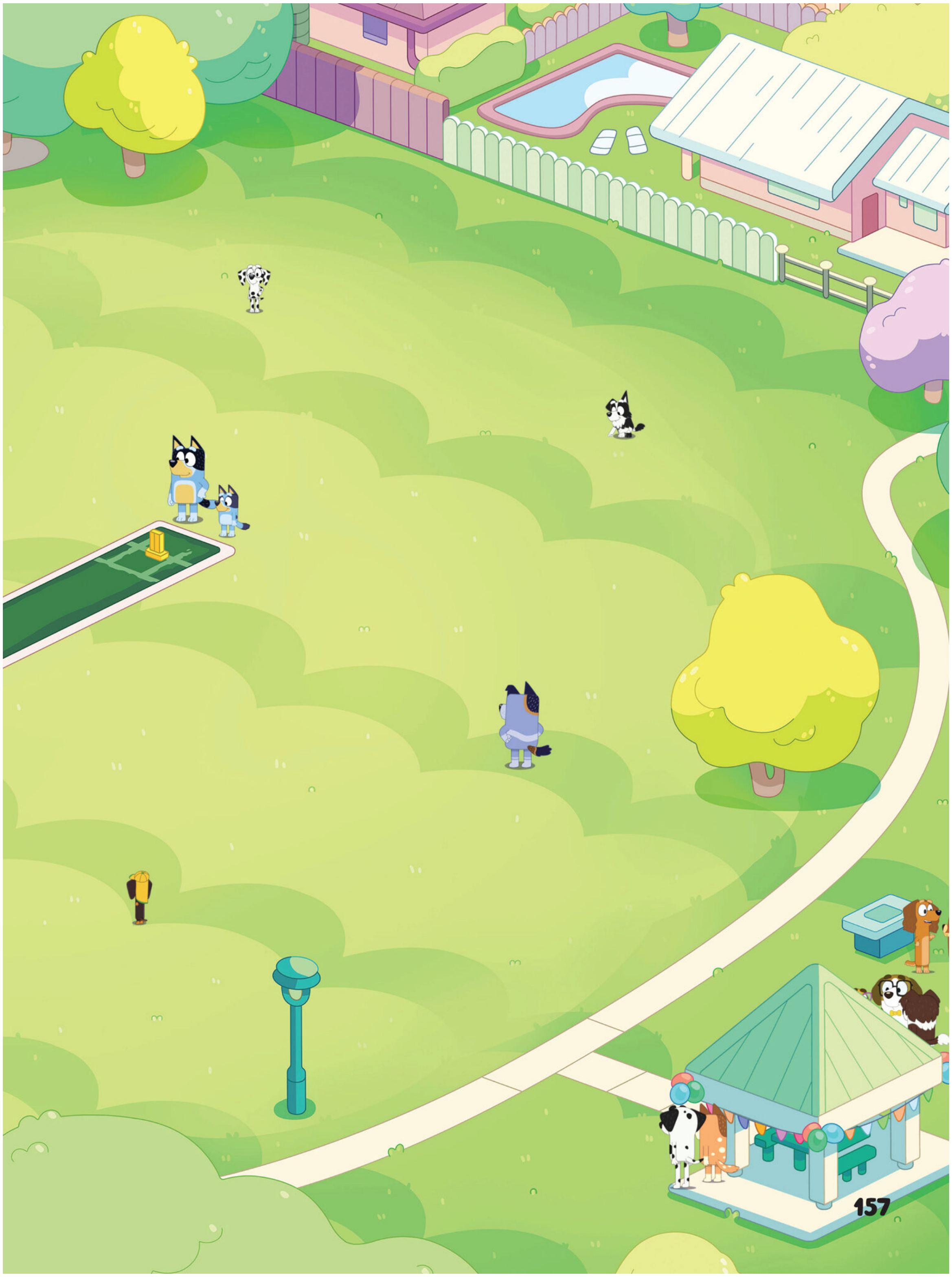


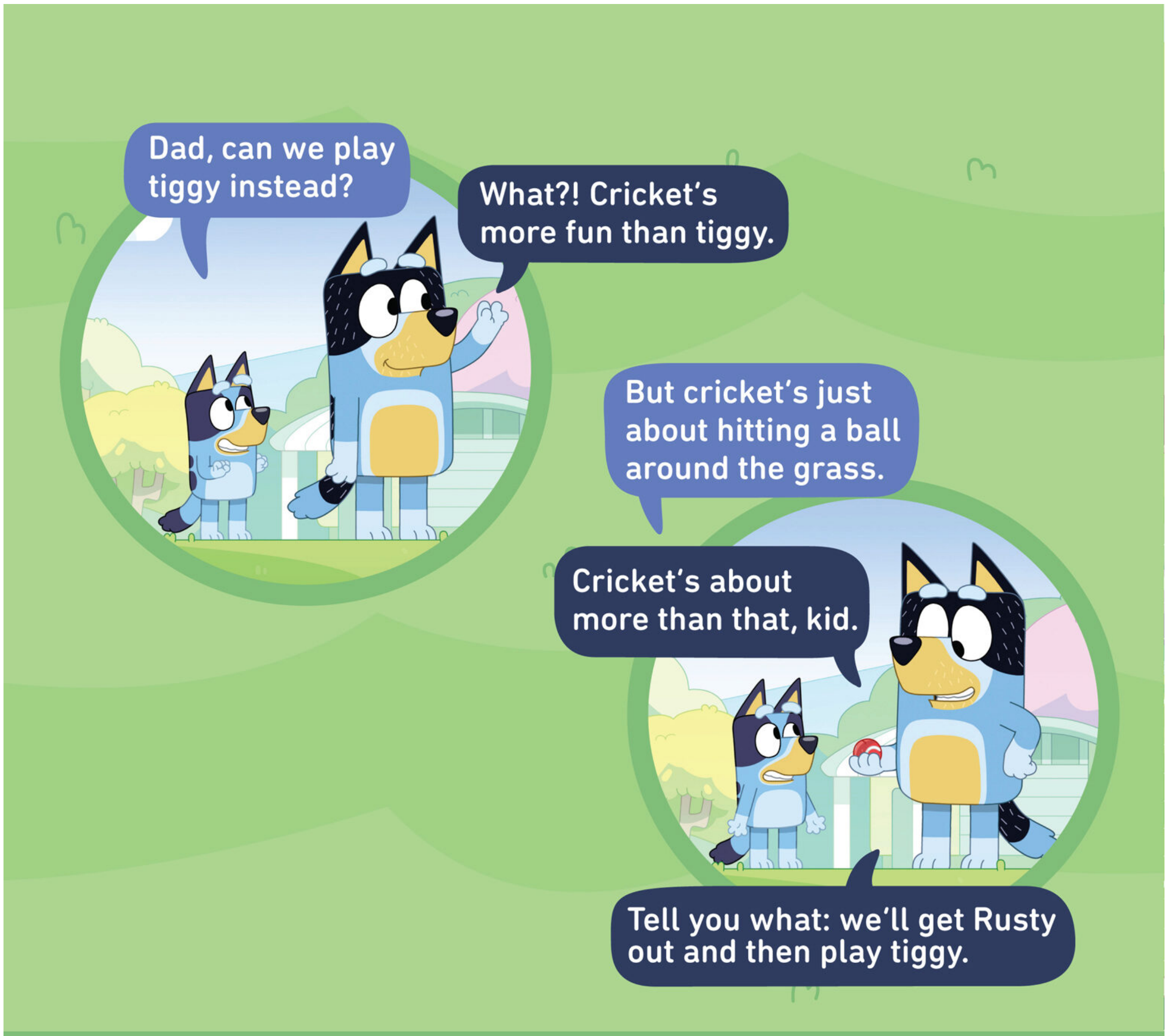
CRICKET

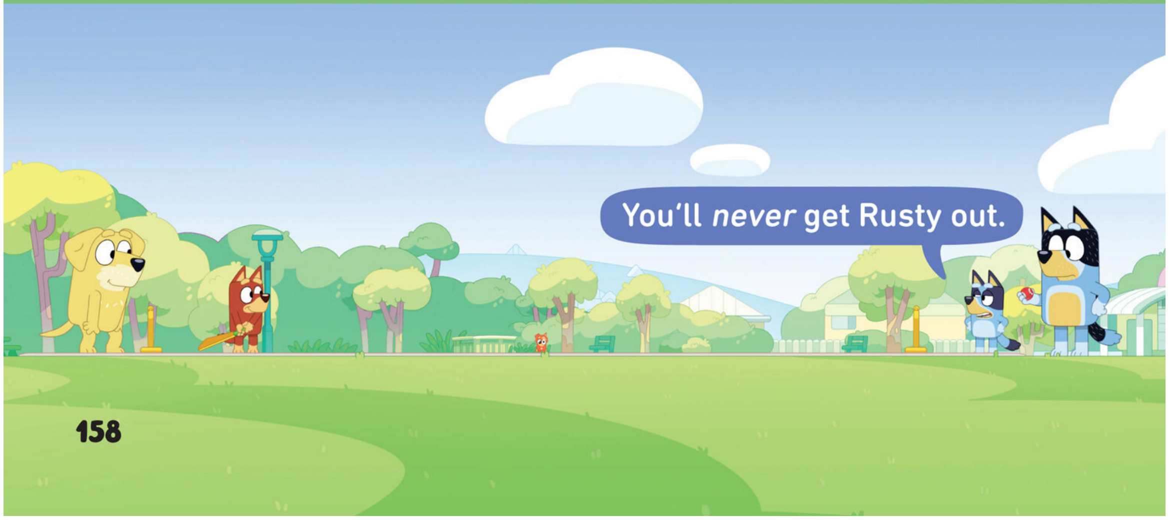
Told by Bandit

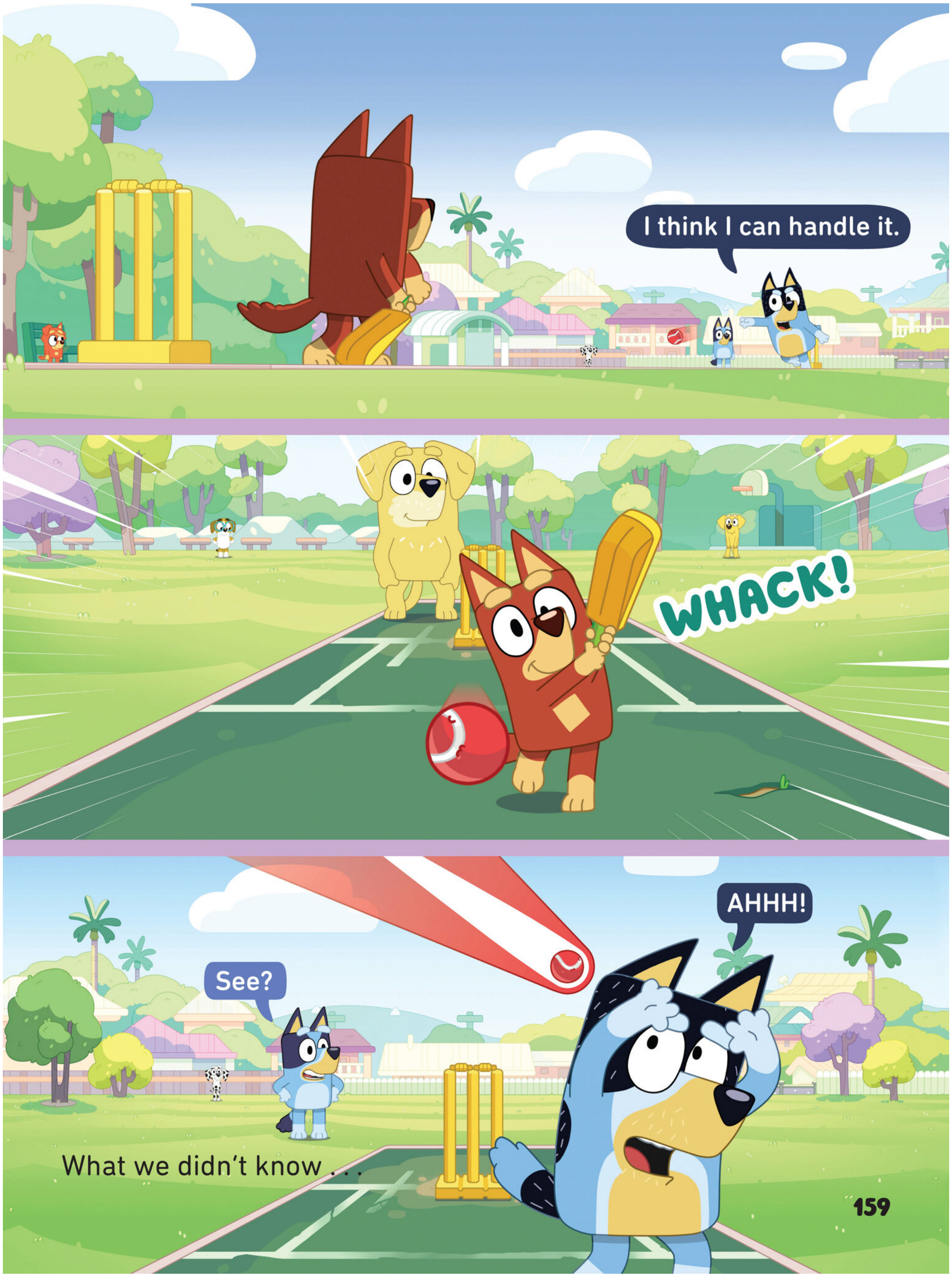


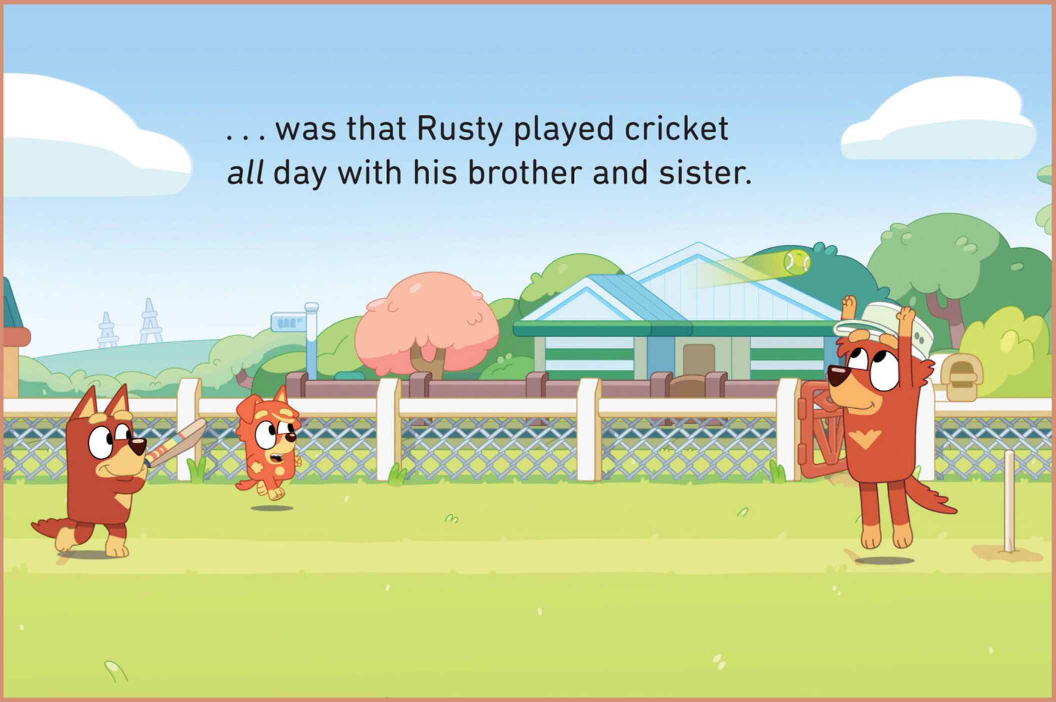
Let me tell you about the time we tried to get Rusty out. It was some kid's birthday, I don't remember who, and we were playing cricket.



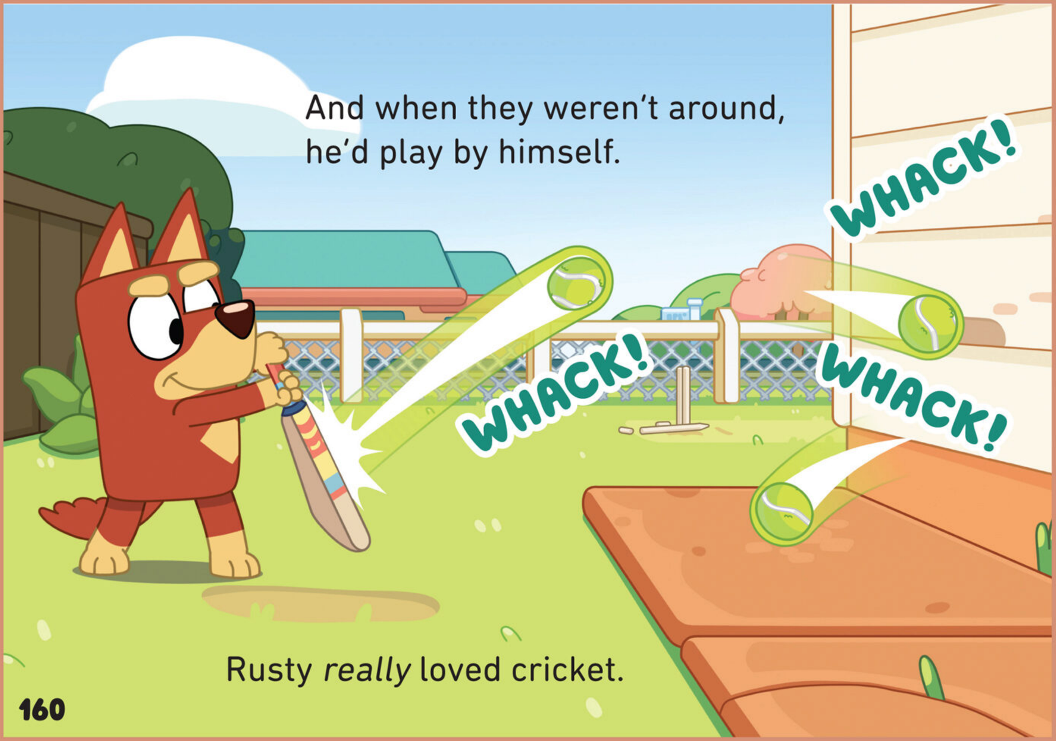

Dad, can we play tiggy instead?
What?! Cricket's more fun than tiggy.
But cricket's just about hitting a ball around the grass.
Cricket's about more than that, kid.
Tell you what: we'll get Rusty out and then play tiggy.


You'll *never* get Rusty out.


I think I can handle it.
WHACK!
AHHH!
See?
What we didn't know . . .

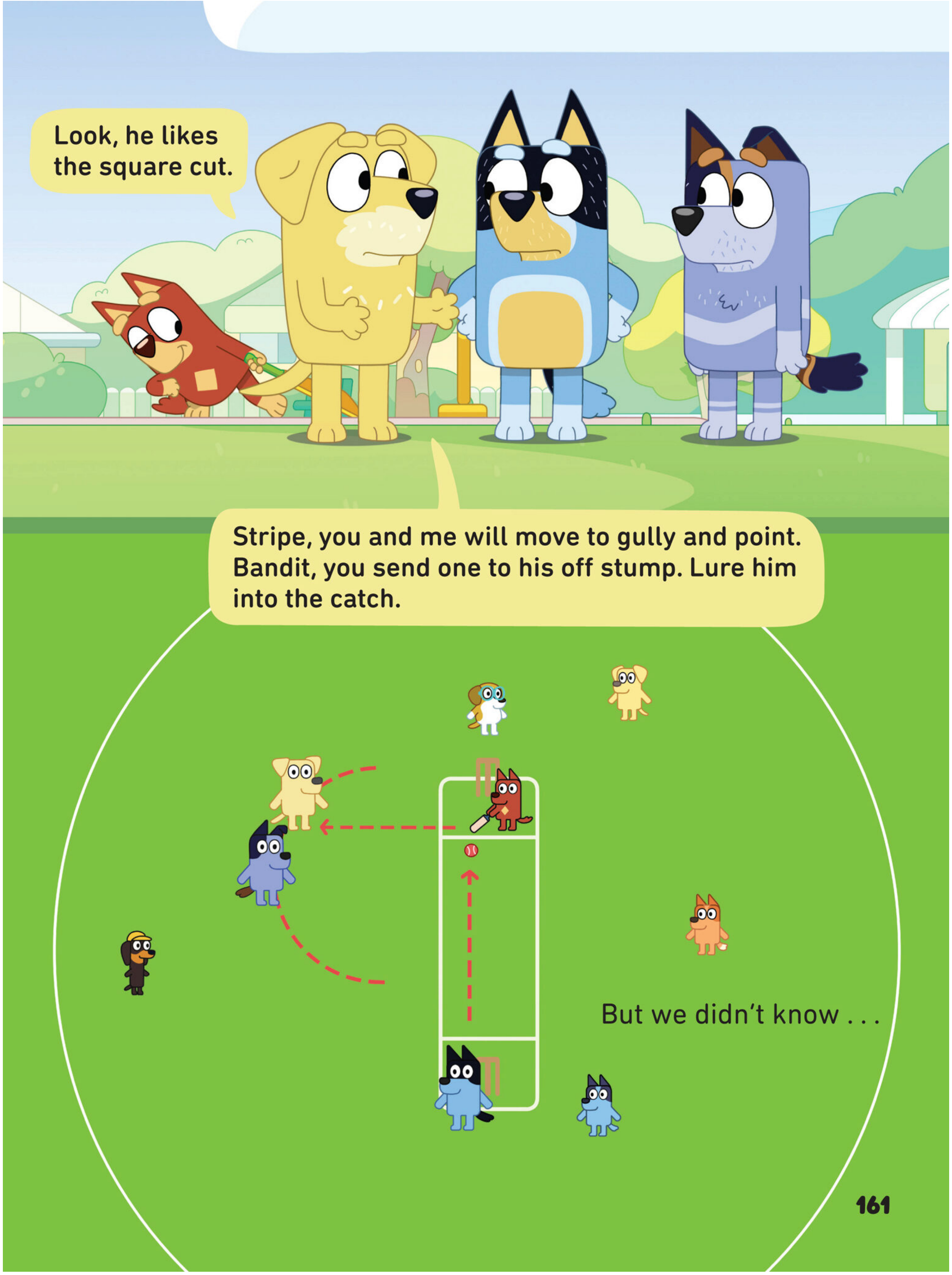


. . . was that Rusty played cricket
all day with his brother and sister.

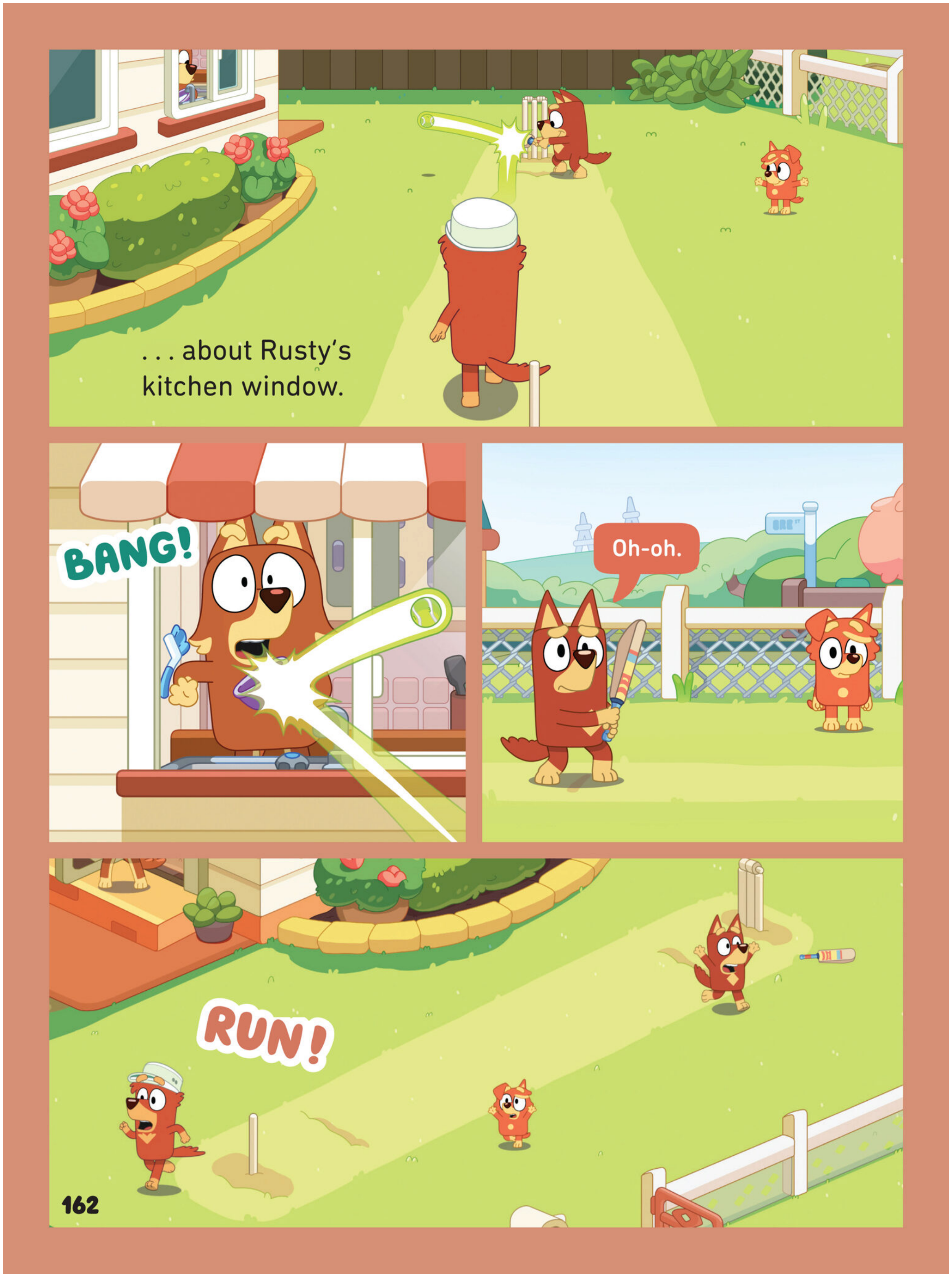

WHACK!
WHACK!
WHACK!

And when they weren't around,
he'd play by himself.

Rusty *really* loved cricket.

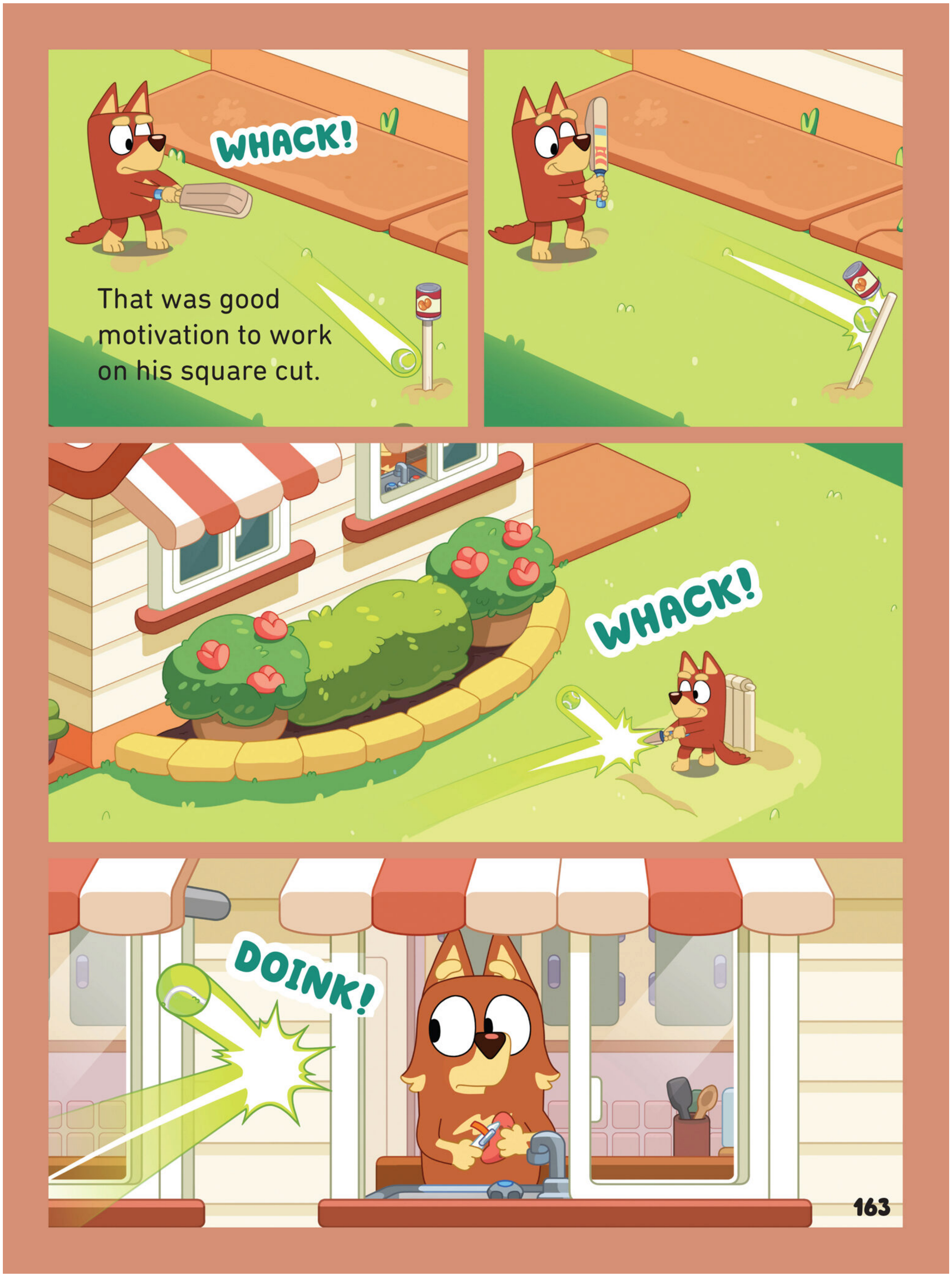

Look, he likes the square cut.
Stripe, you and me will move to gully and point. Bandit, you send one to his off stump. Lure him into the catch.

But we didn't know . . .



. . . about Rusty's kitchen window.

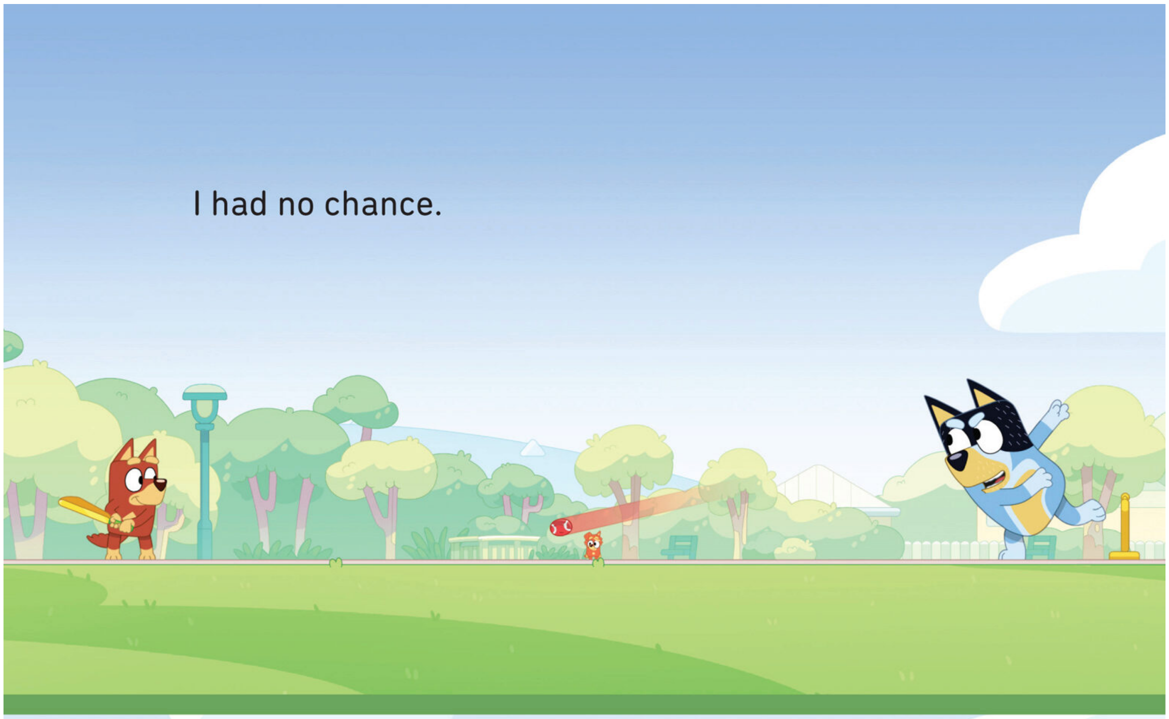
BANG!
Oh-oh.
RUN!

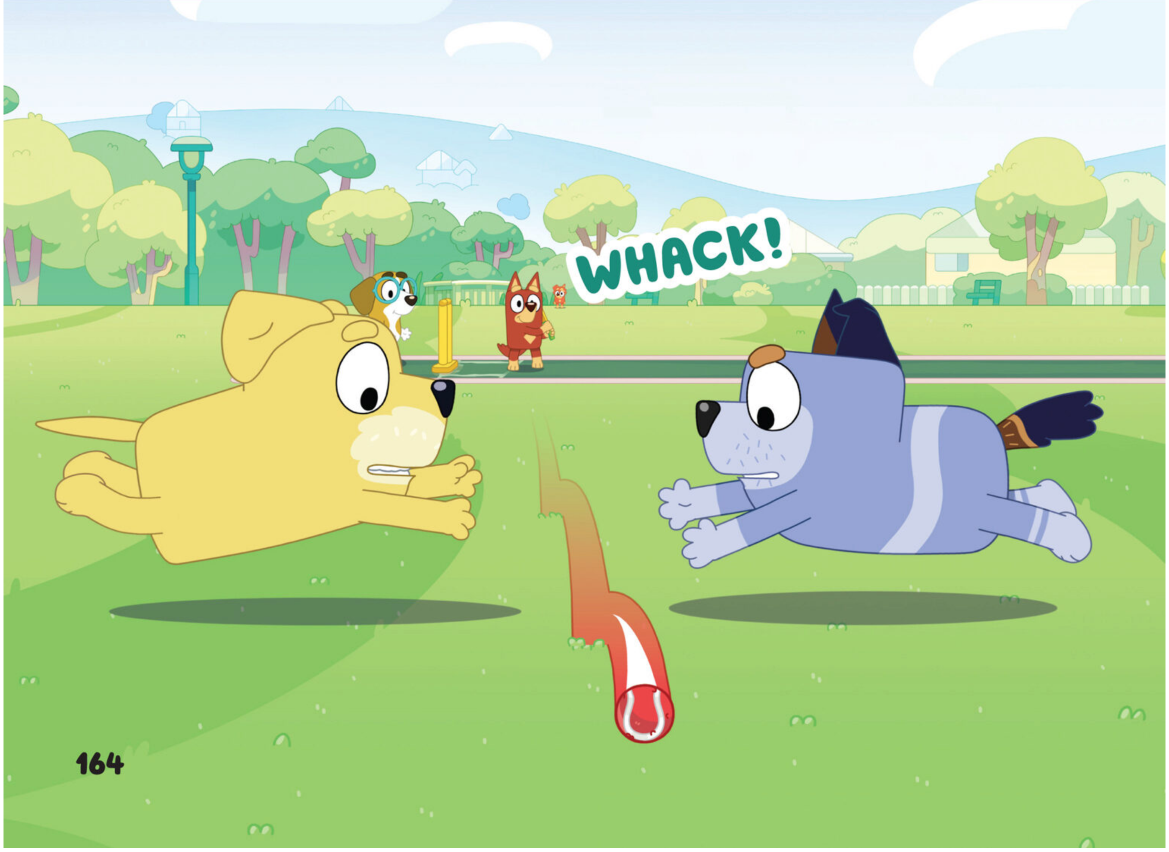


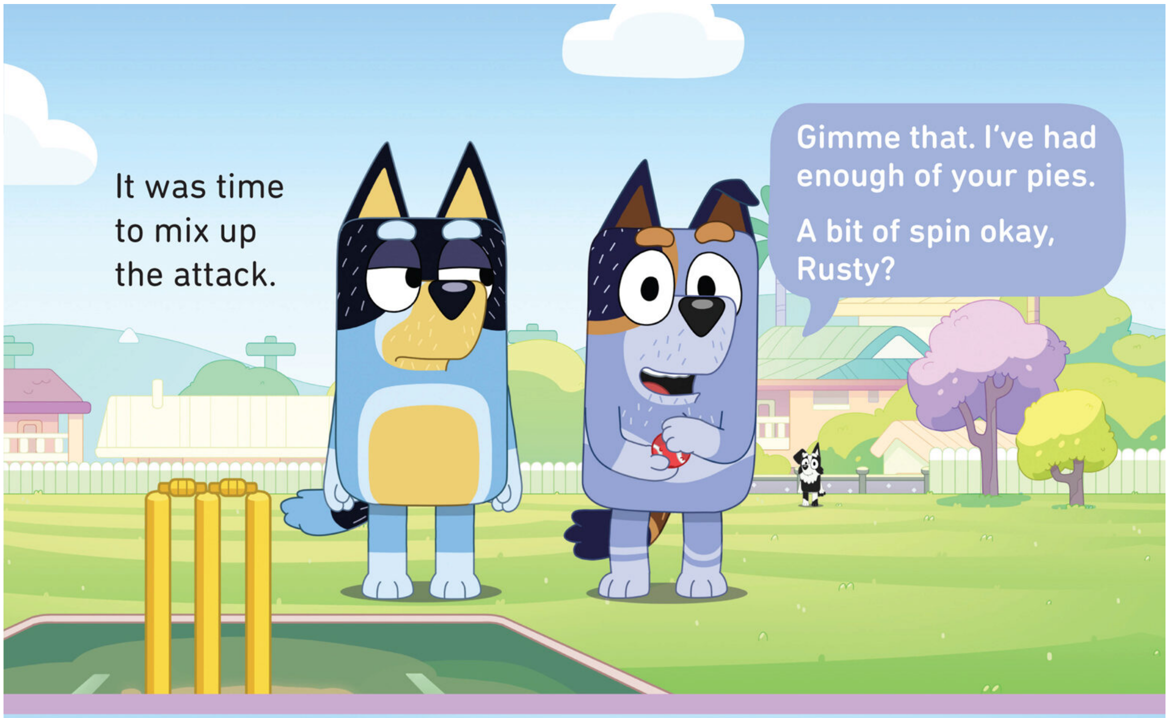
That was good motivation to work on his square cut.

WHACK!
WHACK!
DOINK!

I had no chance.

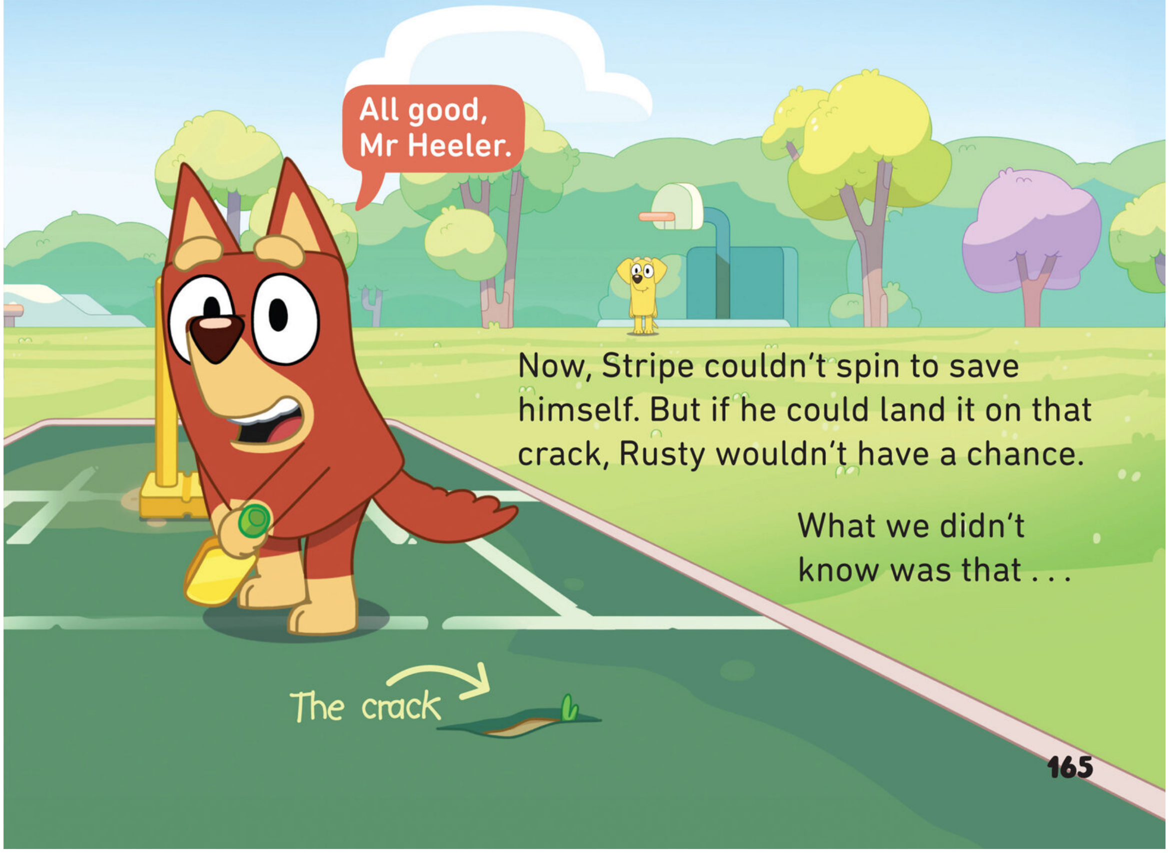





Gimme that. I've had enough of your pies.

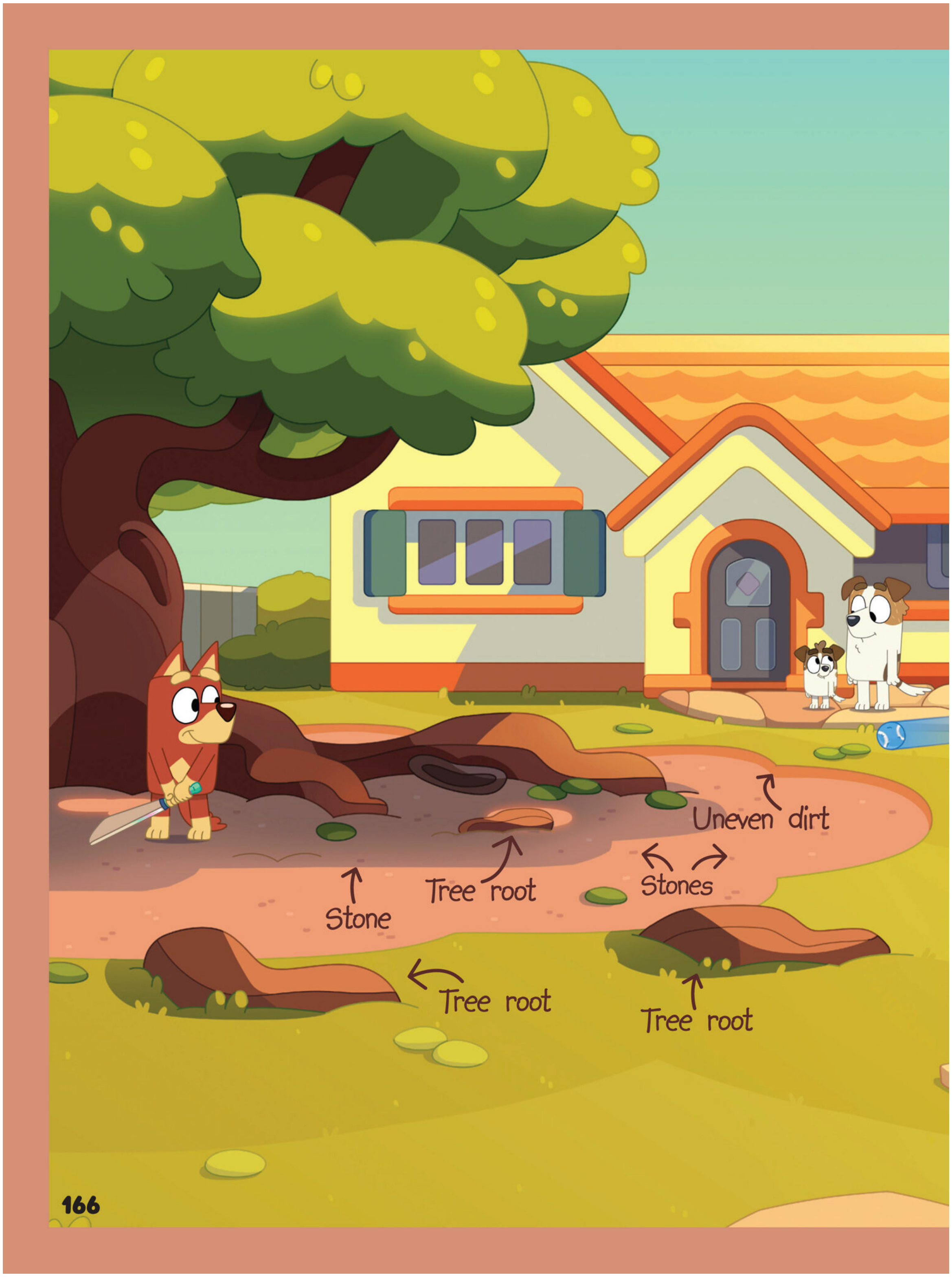
A bit of spin okay, Rusty?

It was time to mix up the attack.


All good, Mr Heeler.
The crack

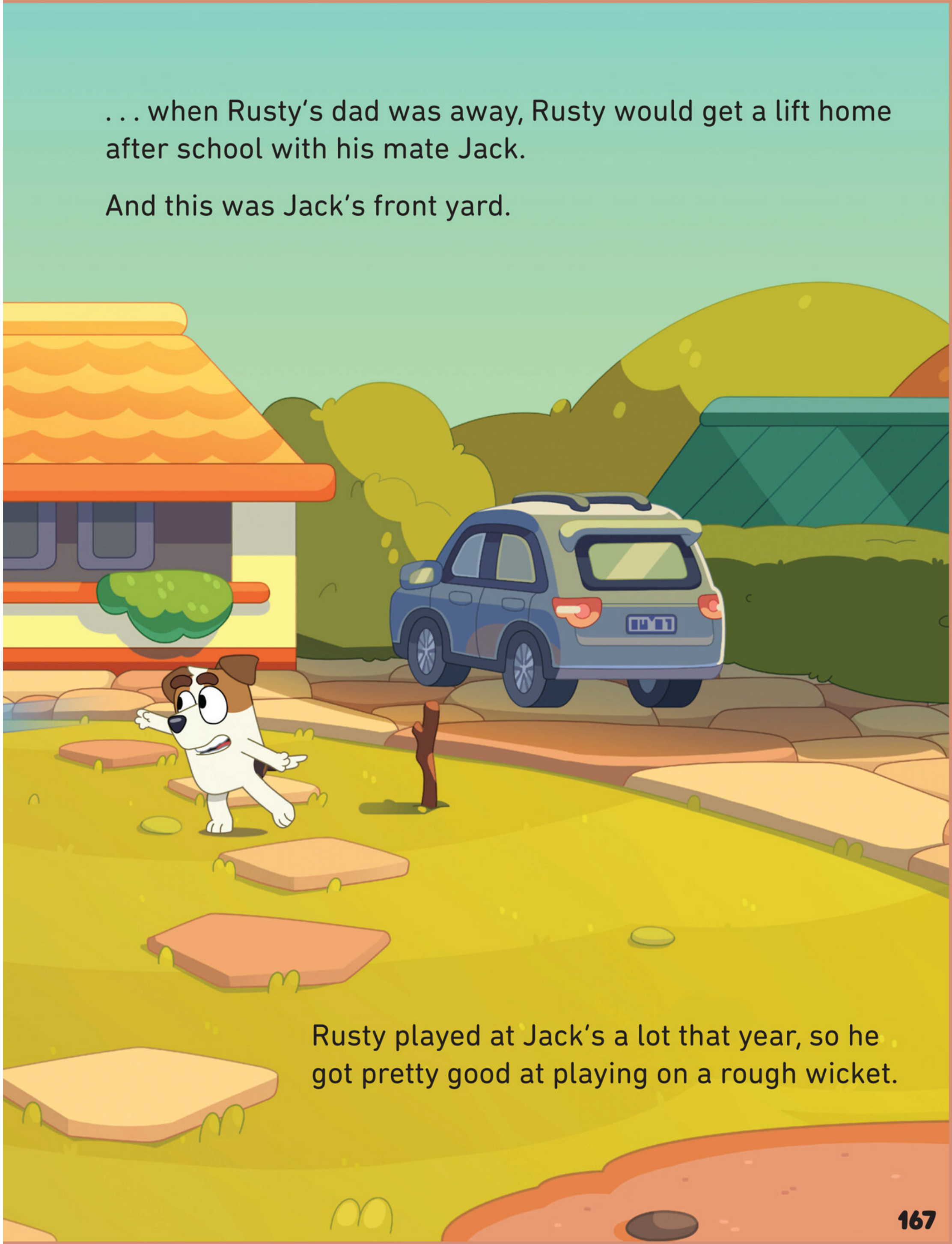
Now, Stripe couldn't spin to save himself. But if he could land it on that crack, Rusty wouldn't have a chance.

What we didn't know was that . . .

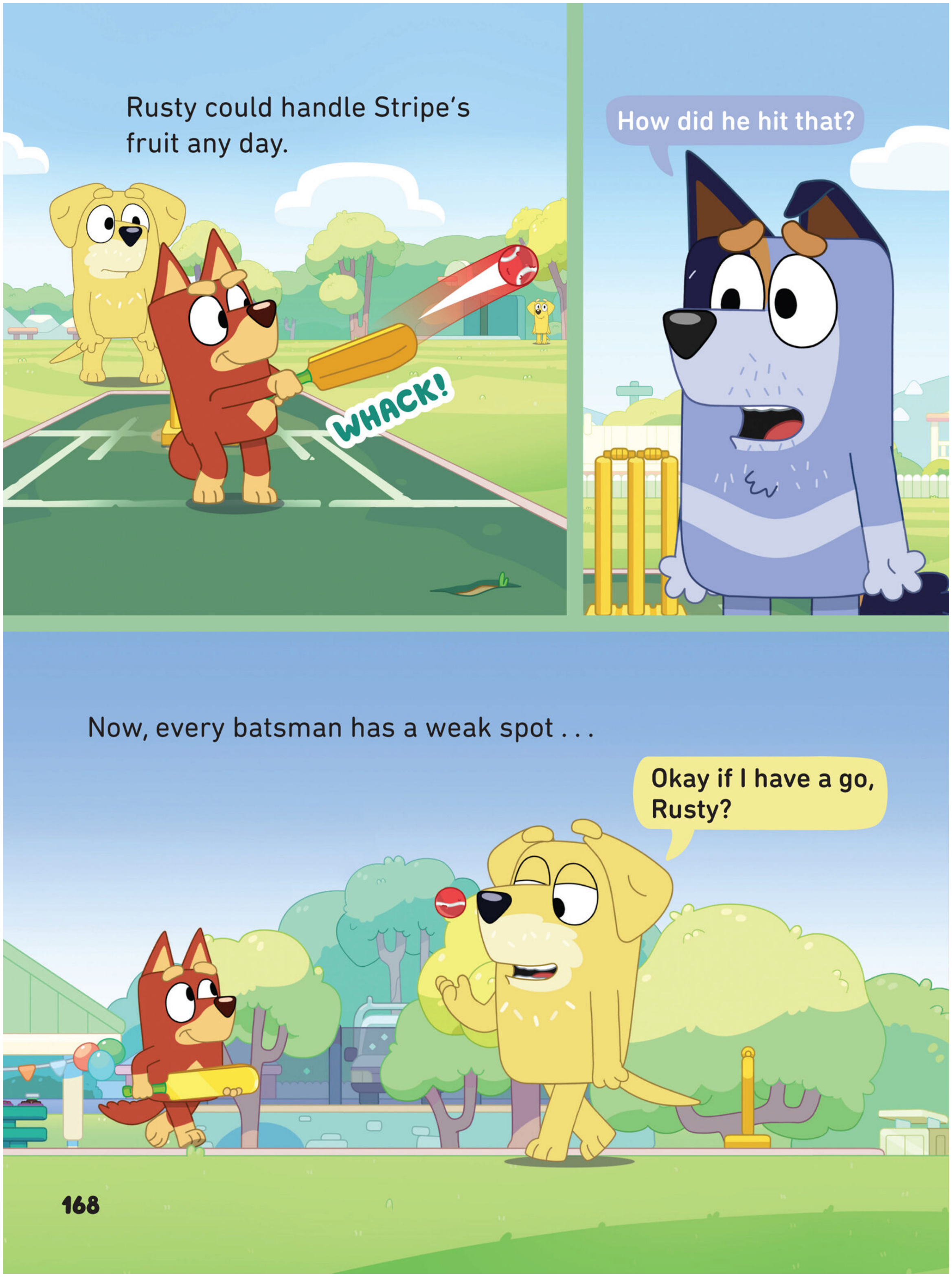

Uneven dirt
Tree root
Stone
Stones
Tree root
Tree root

. . . when Rusty's dad was away, Rusty would get a lift home after school with his mate Jack.

And this was Jack's front yard.



Rusty played at Jack's a lot that year, so he got pretty good at playing on a rough wicket.

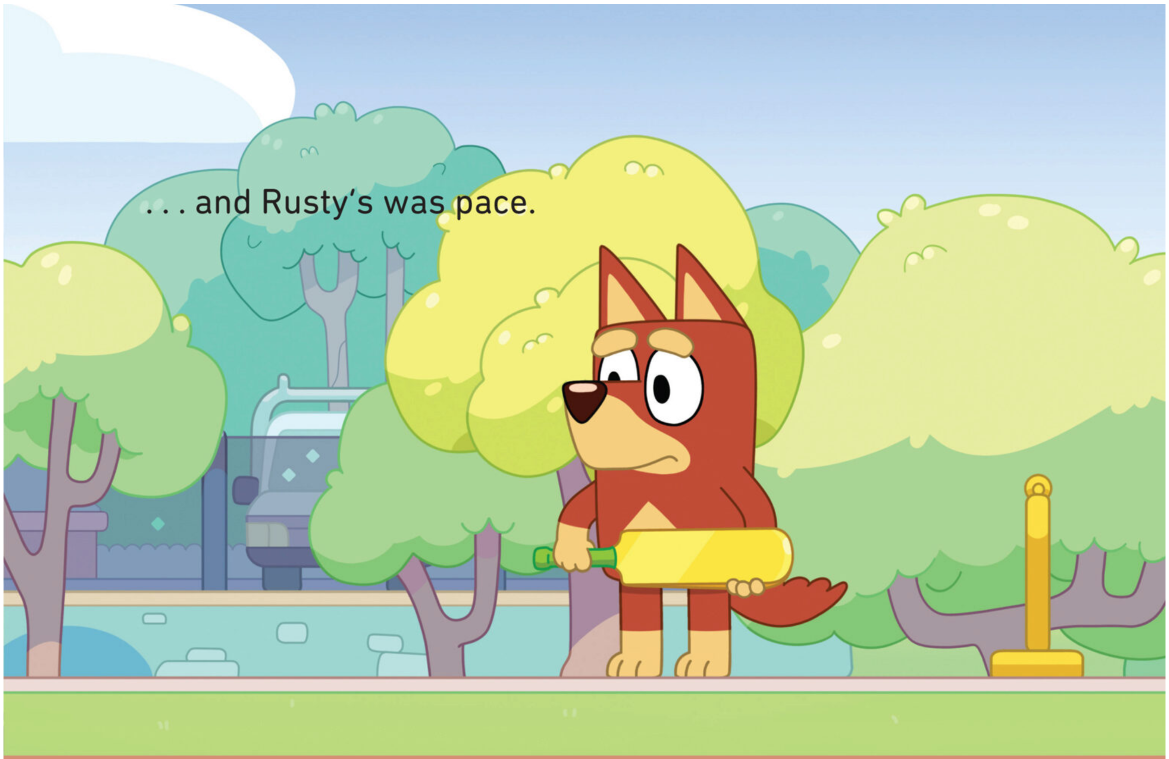


Rusty could handle Stripe's fruit any day.

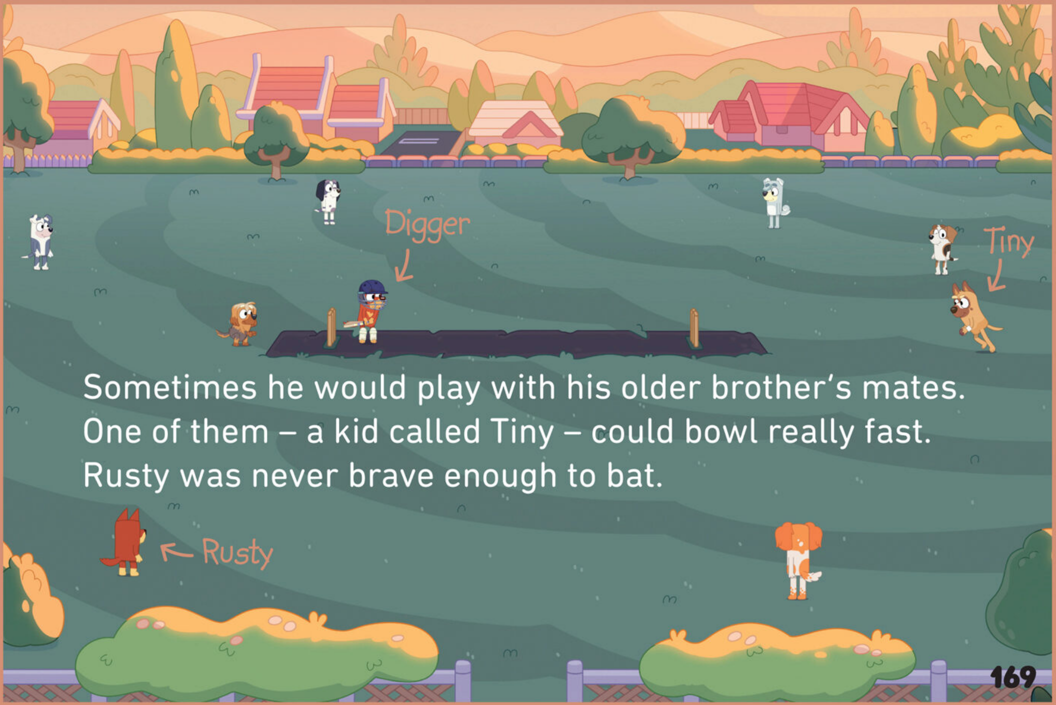
WHACK!
How did he hit that?

Now, every batsman has a weak spot . . .

Okay if I have a go, Rusty?

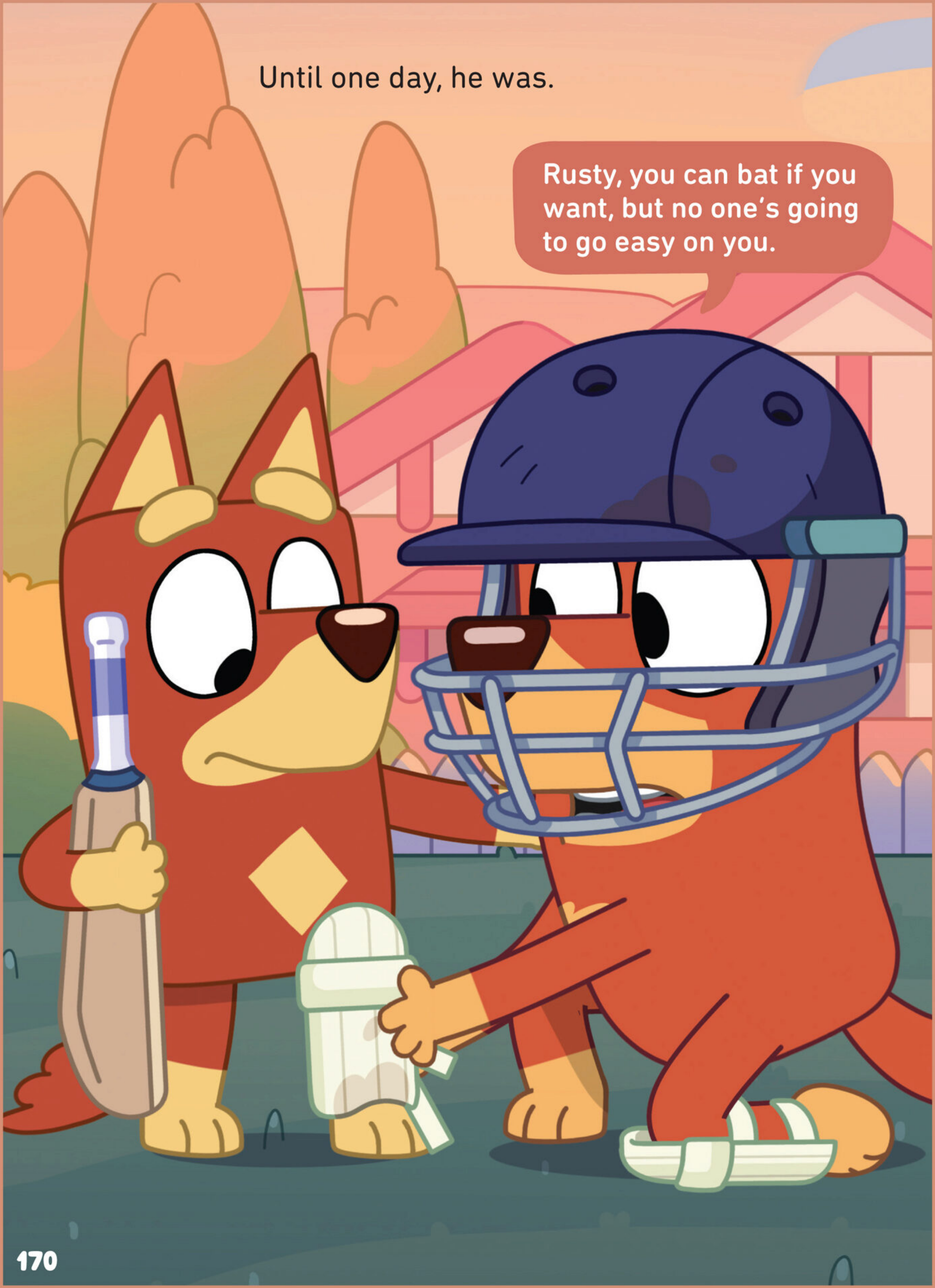


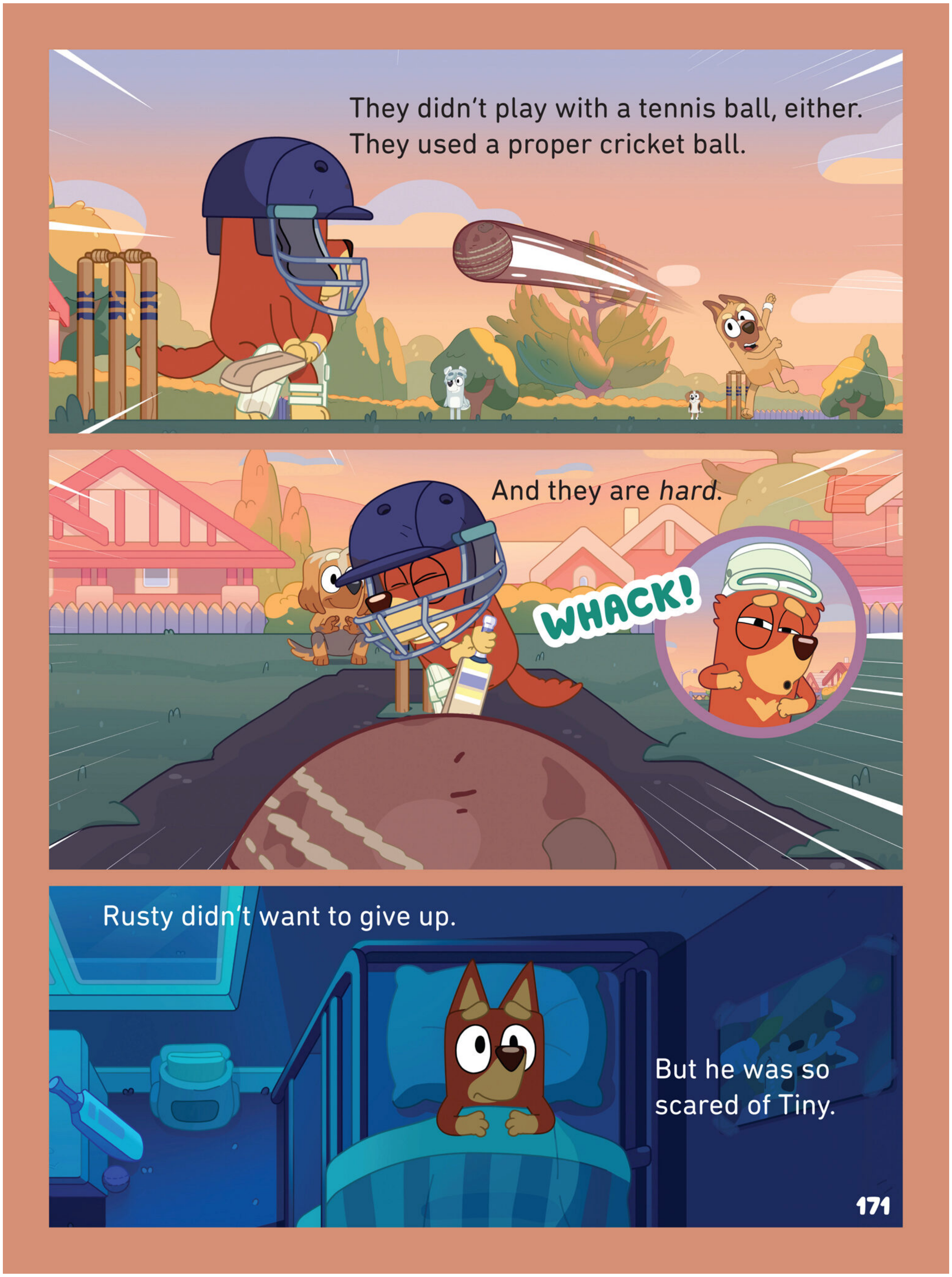
. . . and Rusty's was pace.


Digger
Tiny
Rusty

Sometimes he would play with his older brother's mates. One of them – a kid called Tiny – could bowl really fast. Rusty was never brave enough to bat.

Until one day, he was.


Rusty, you can bat if you want, but no one's going to go easy on you.



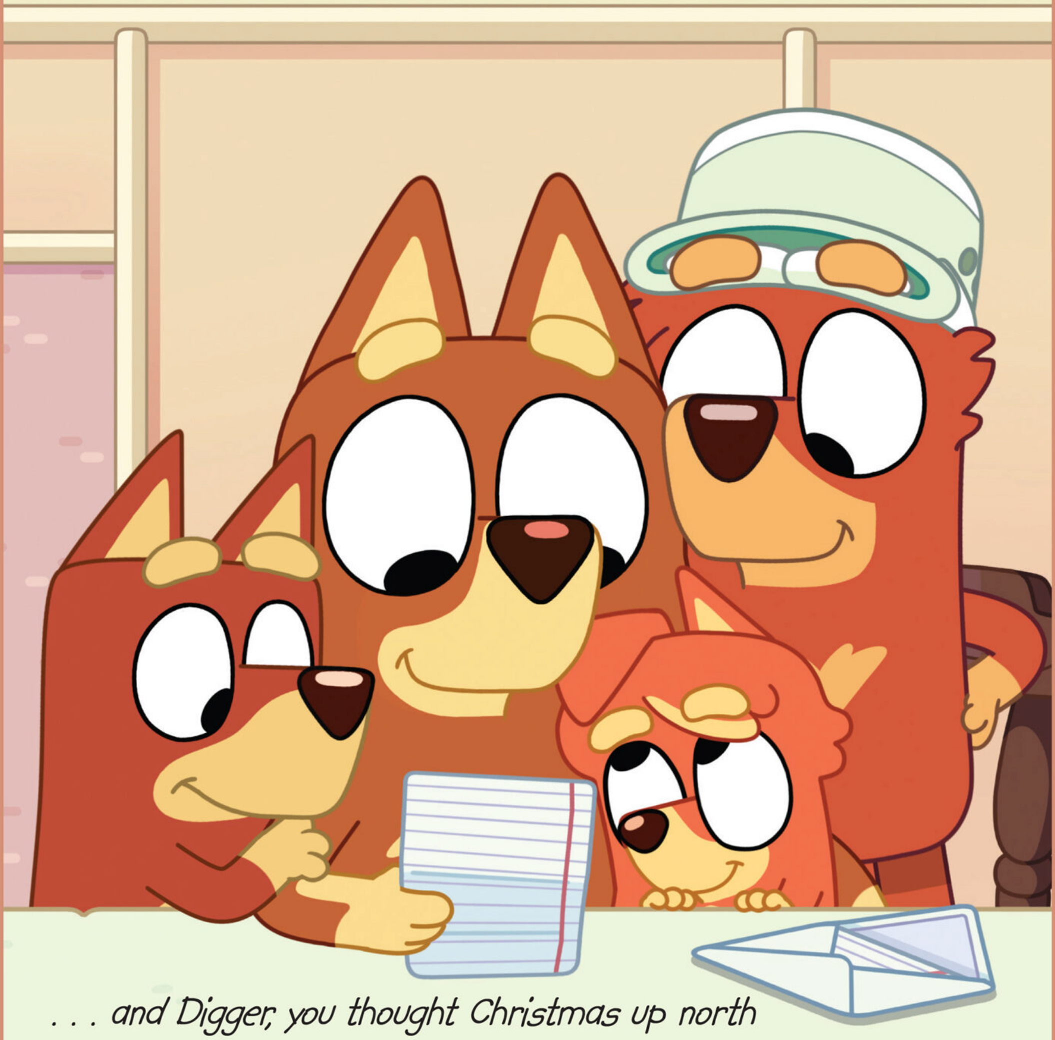
They didn't play with a tennis ball, either. They used a proper cricket ball.

And they are *hard*.

Rusty didn't want to give up.

But he was so scared of Tiny.

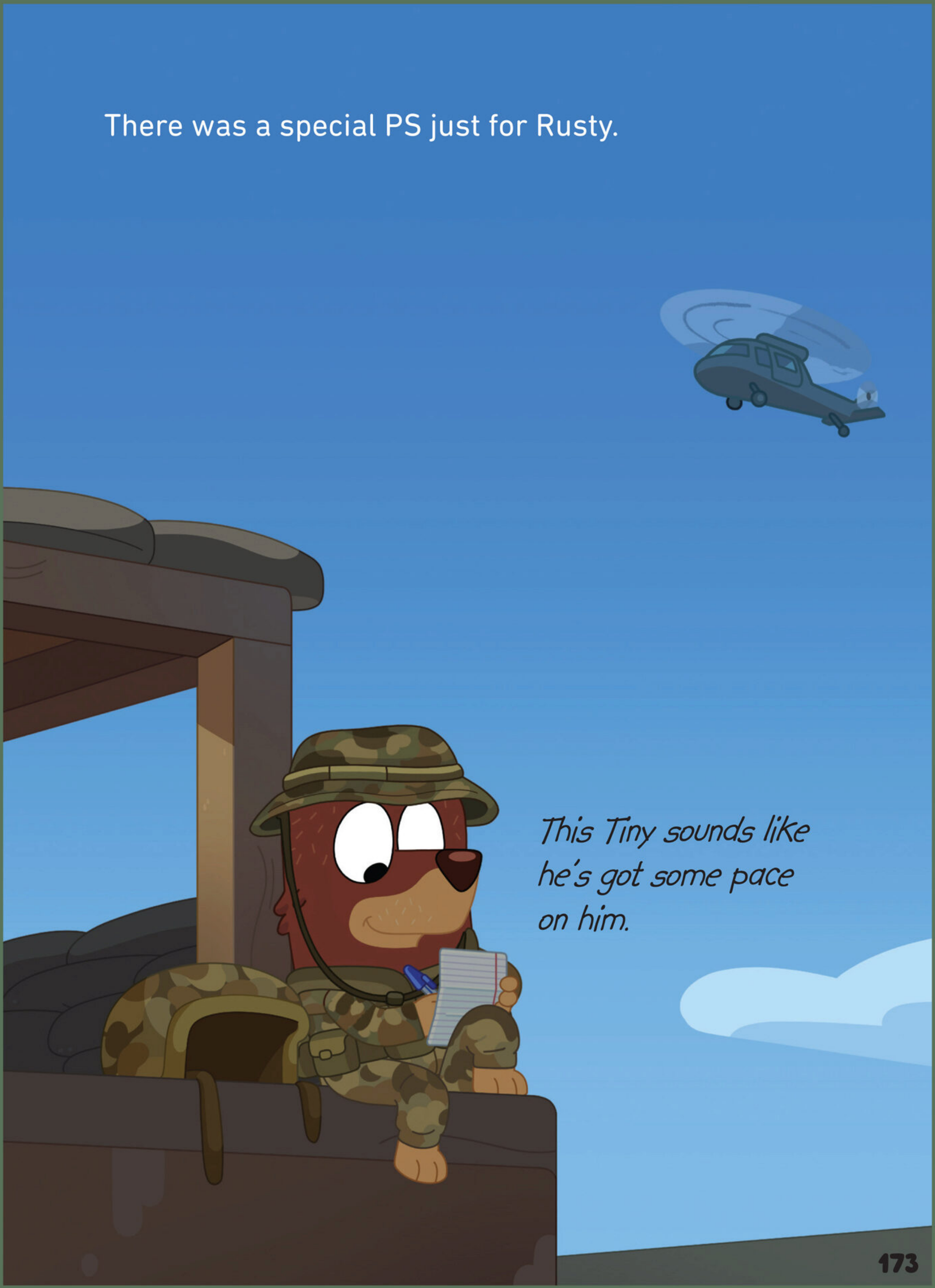
One day a letter came. It was from Rusty's dad.



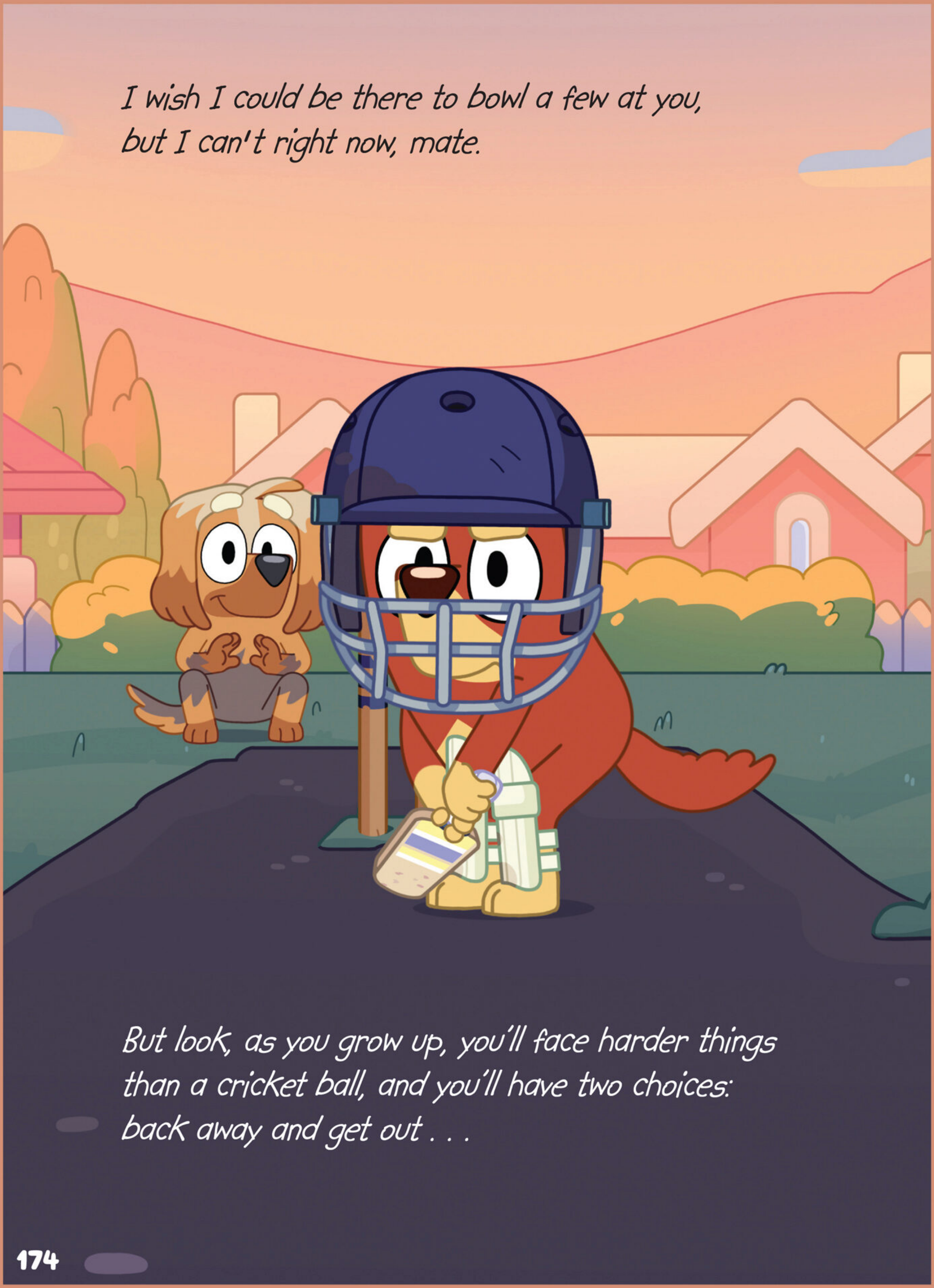
. . . and Digger, you thought Christmas up north was hot! You should try over here. It is boiling.

I'll see you all soon. Miss you heaps. Dad.

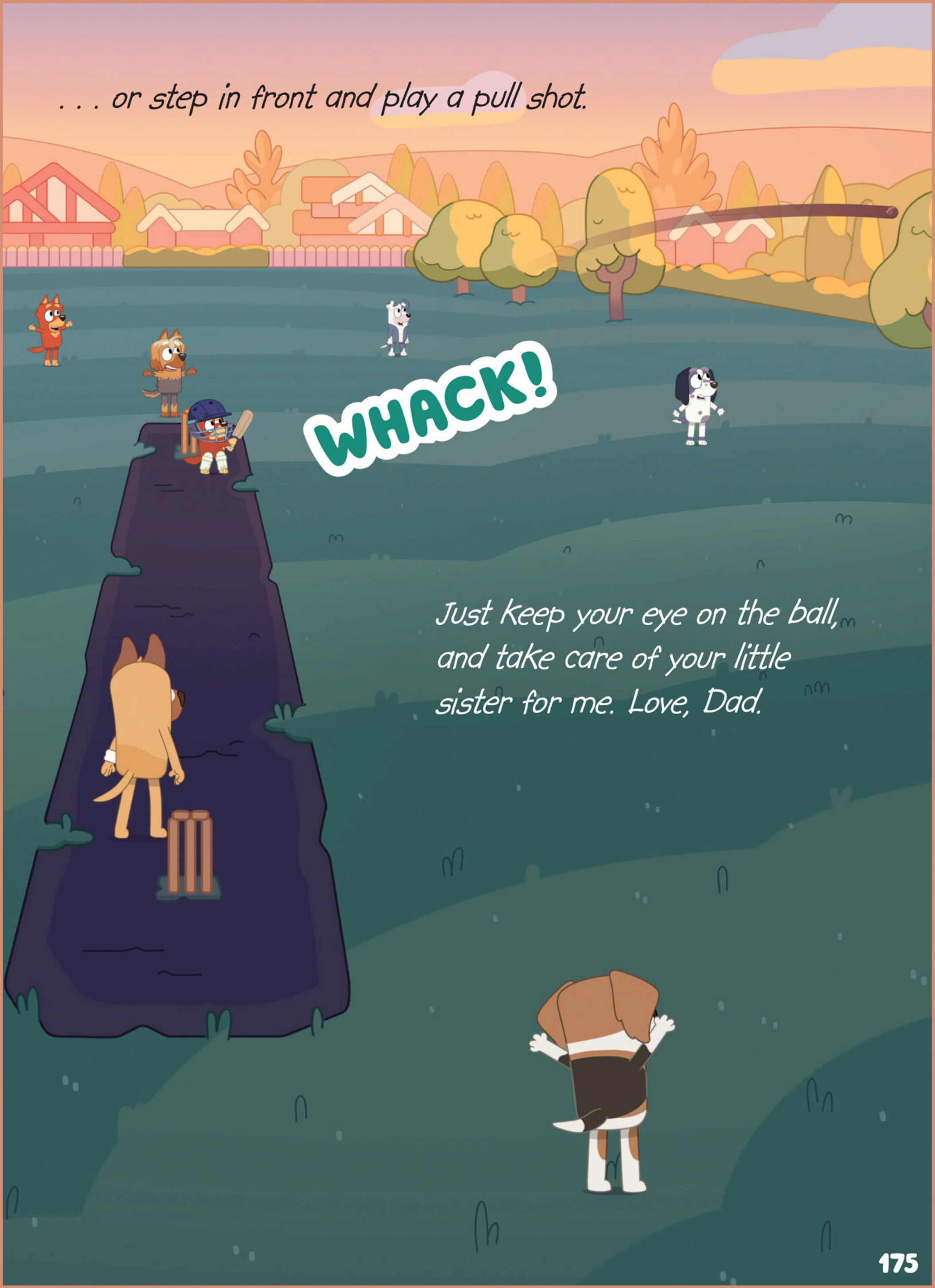
There was a special PS just for Rusty.


This Tiny sounds like he's got some pace on him.

I wish I could be there to bowl a few at you,
but I can't right now, mate.

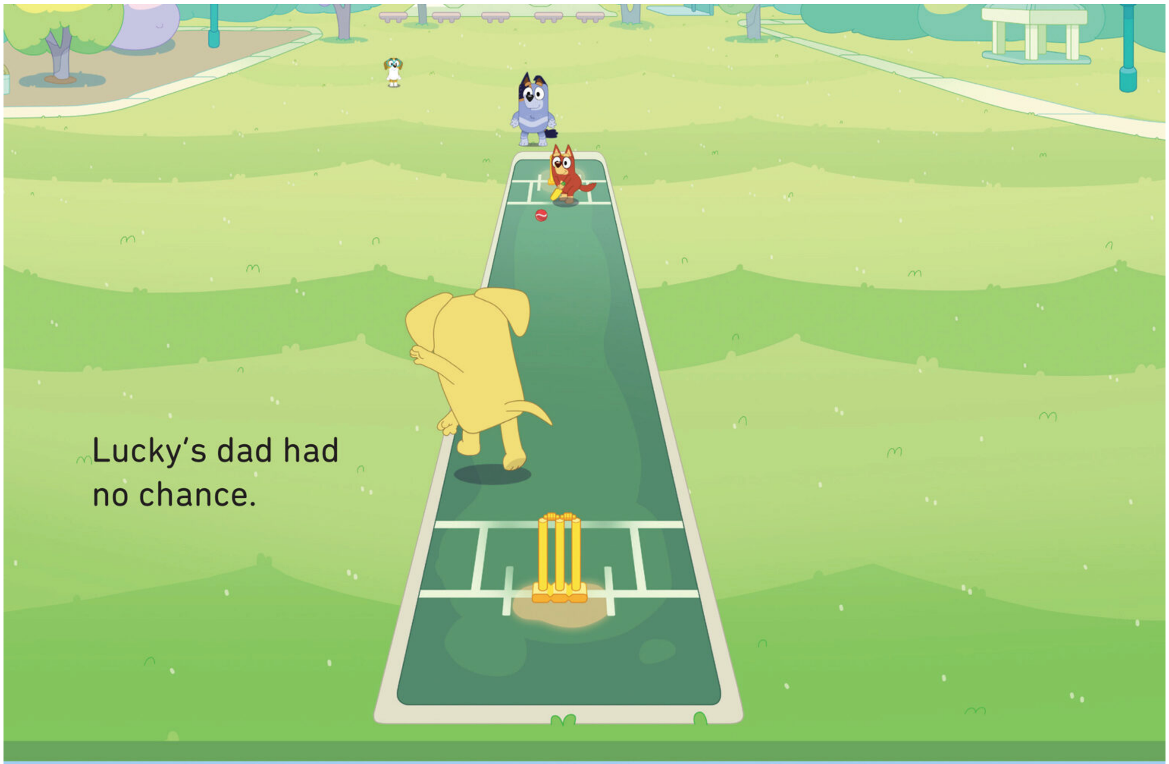


But look, as you grow up, you'll face harder things than a cricket ball, and you'll have two choices: back away and get out . . .

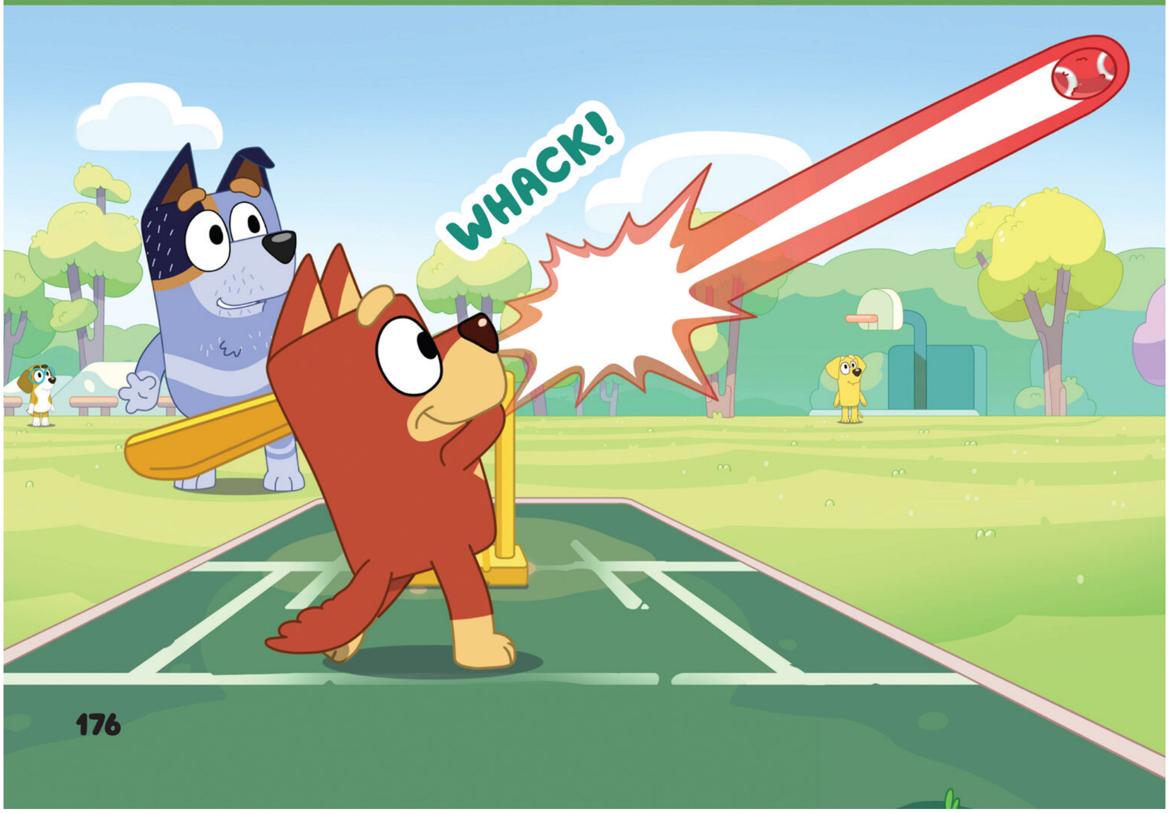


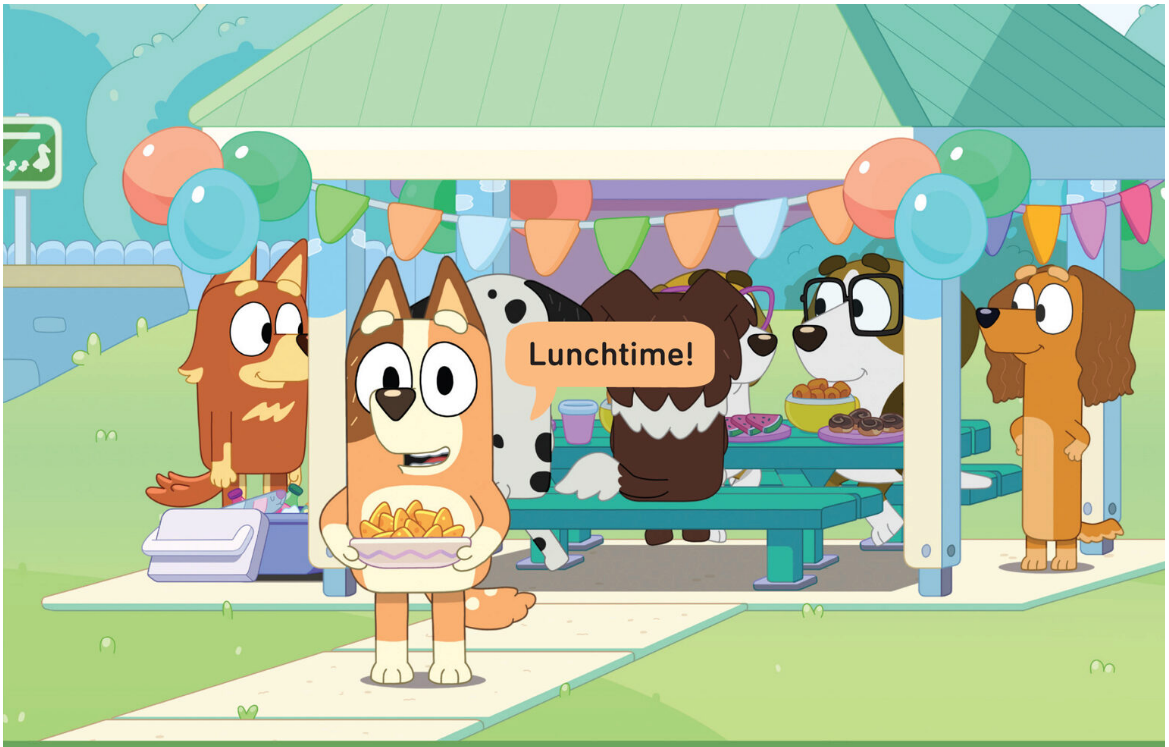
. . . or step in front and play a pull shot.

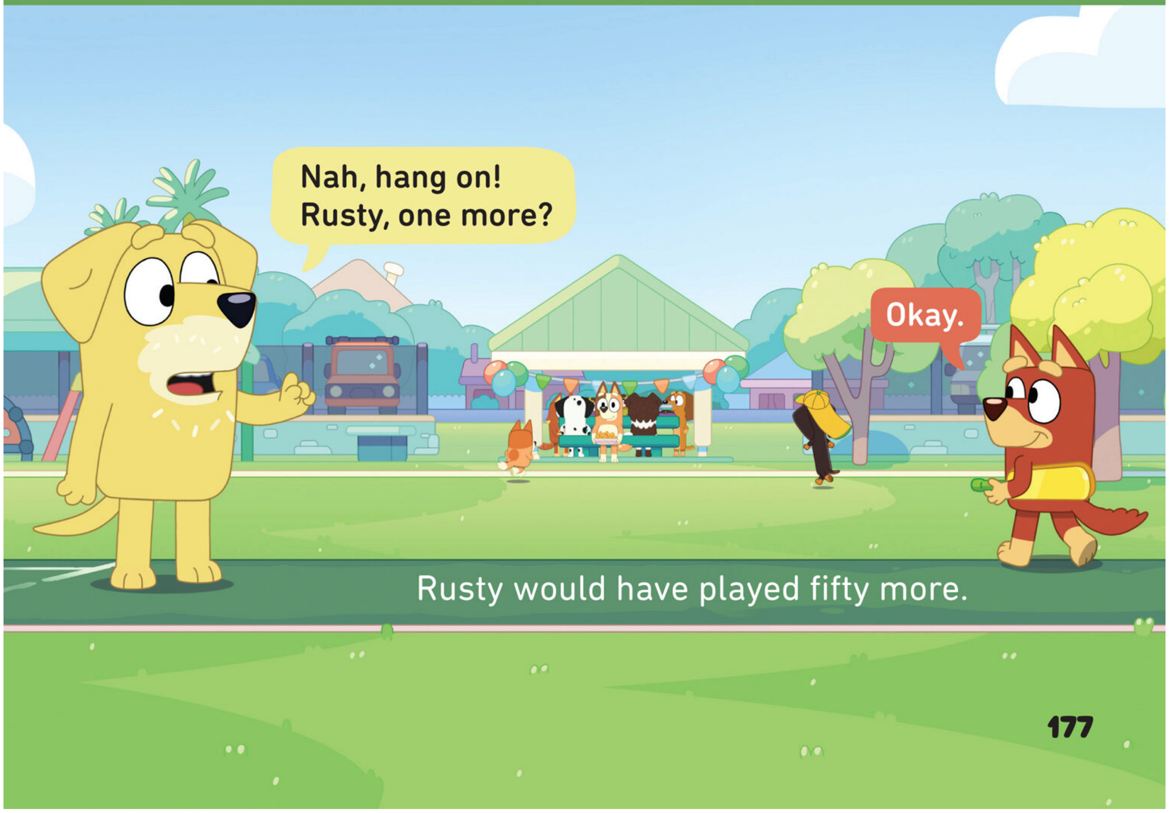
Just keep your eye on the ball, and take care of your little sister for me. Love, Dad.



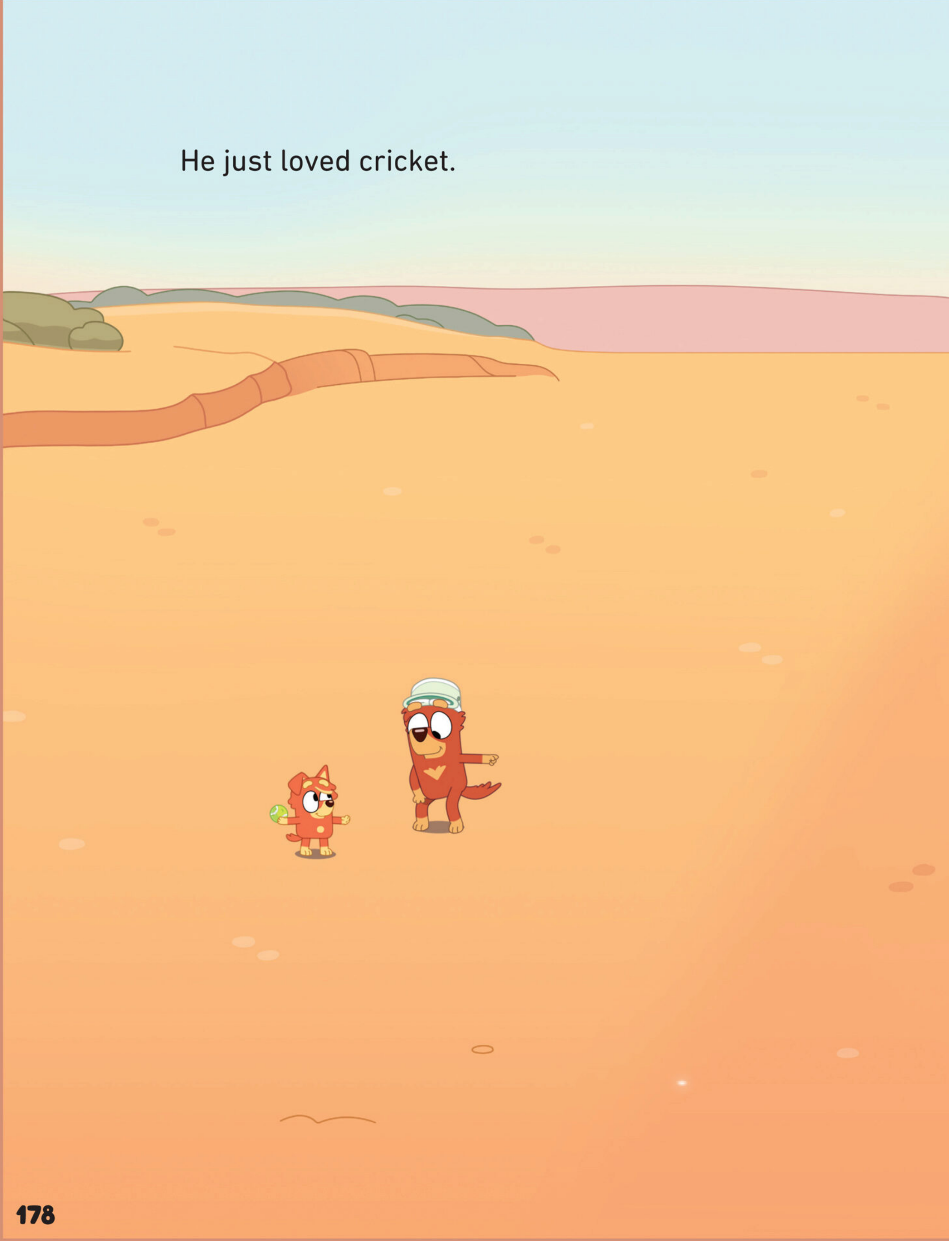
Lucky's dad had
no chance.



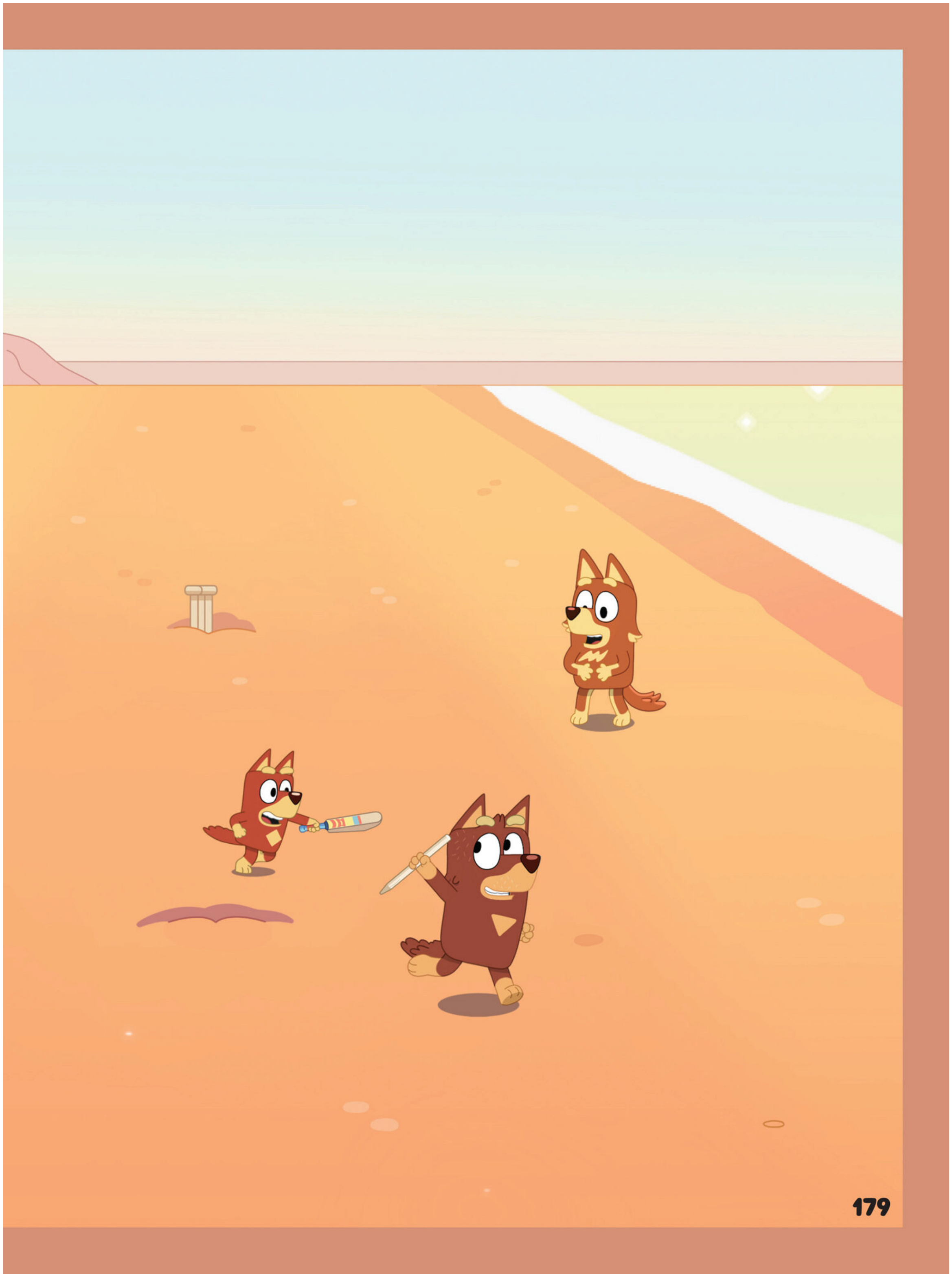


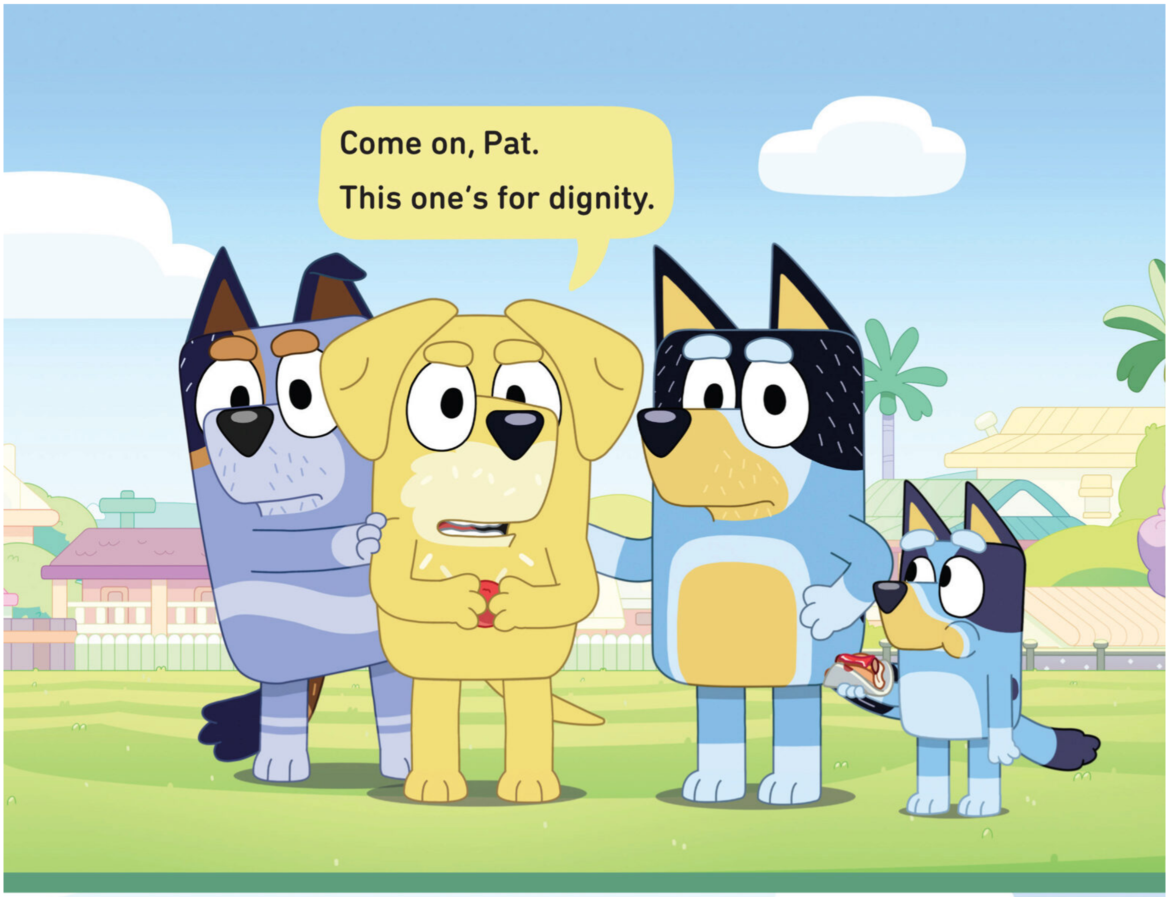

Nah, hang on!
Rusty, one more?
Okay.

Rusty would have played fifty more.

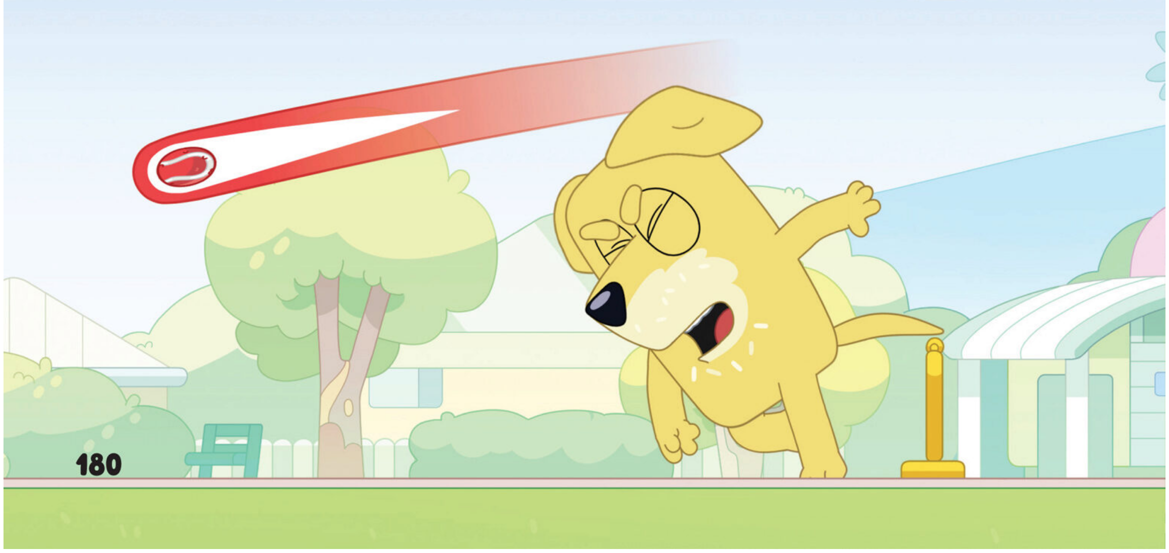


He just loved cricket.

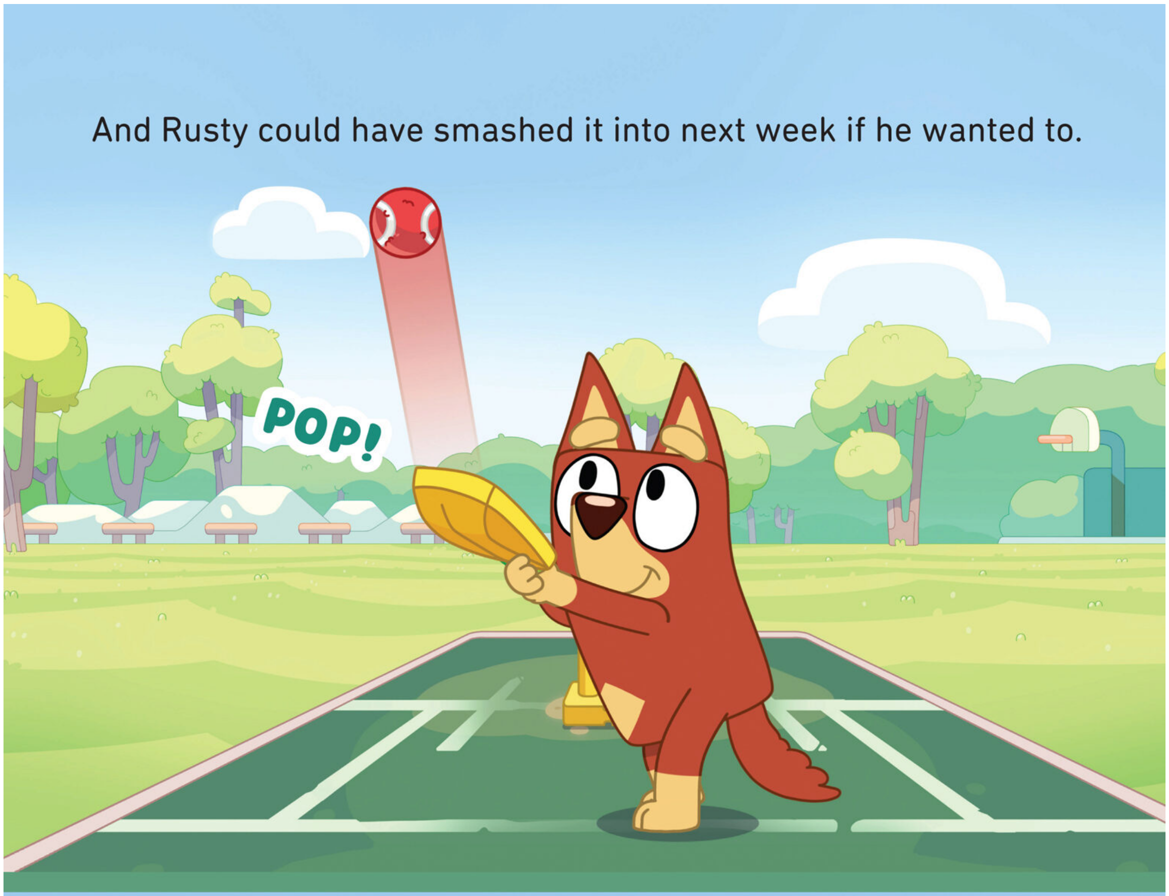



Come on, Pat.
This one's for dignity.

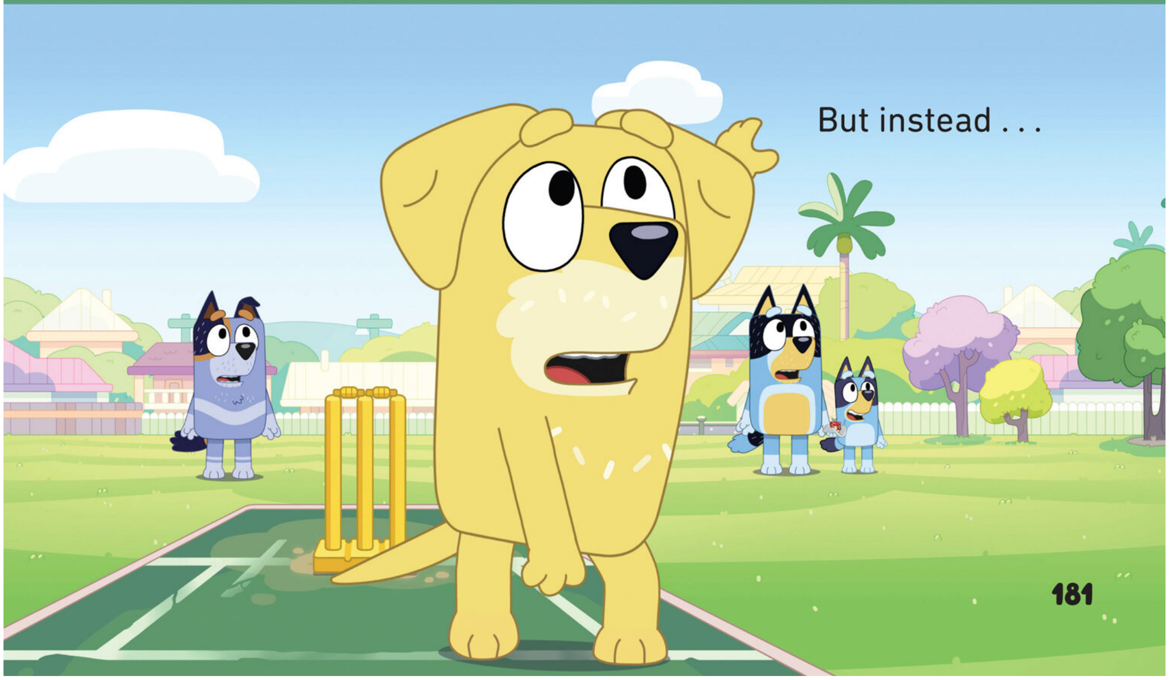
Lucky's dad put everything he had into that ball.

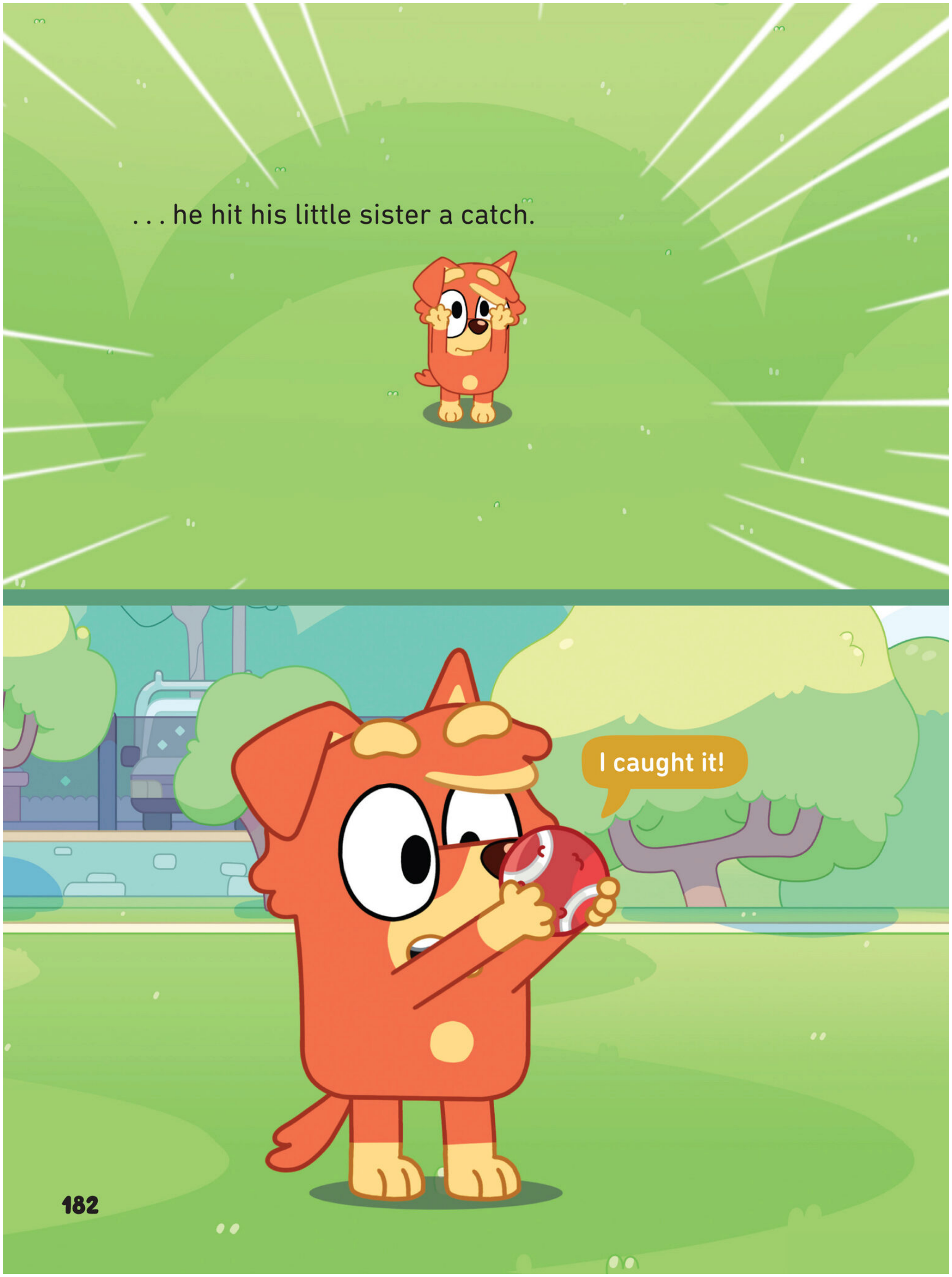


And Rusty could have smashed it into next week if he wanted to.

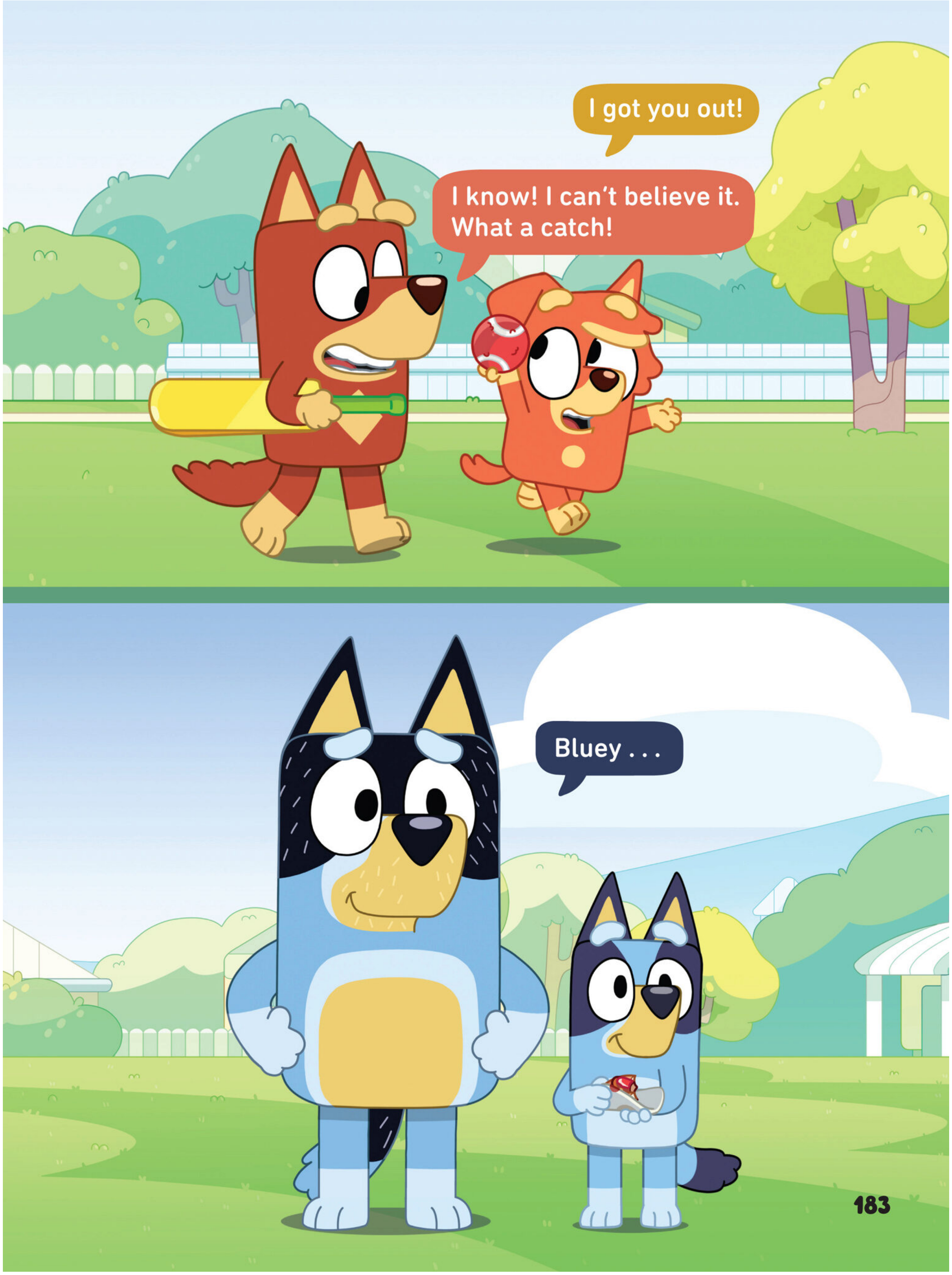


But instead . . .

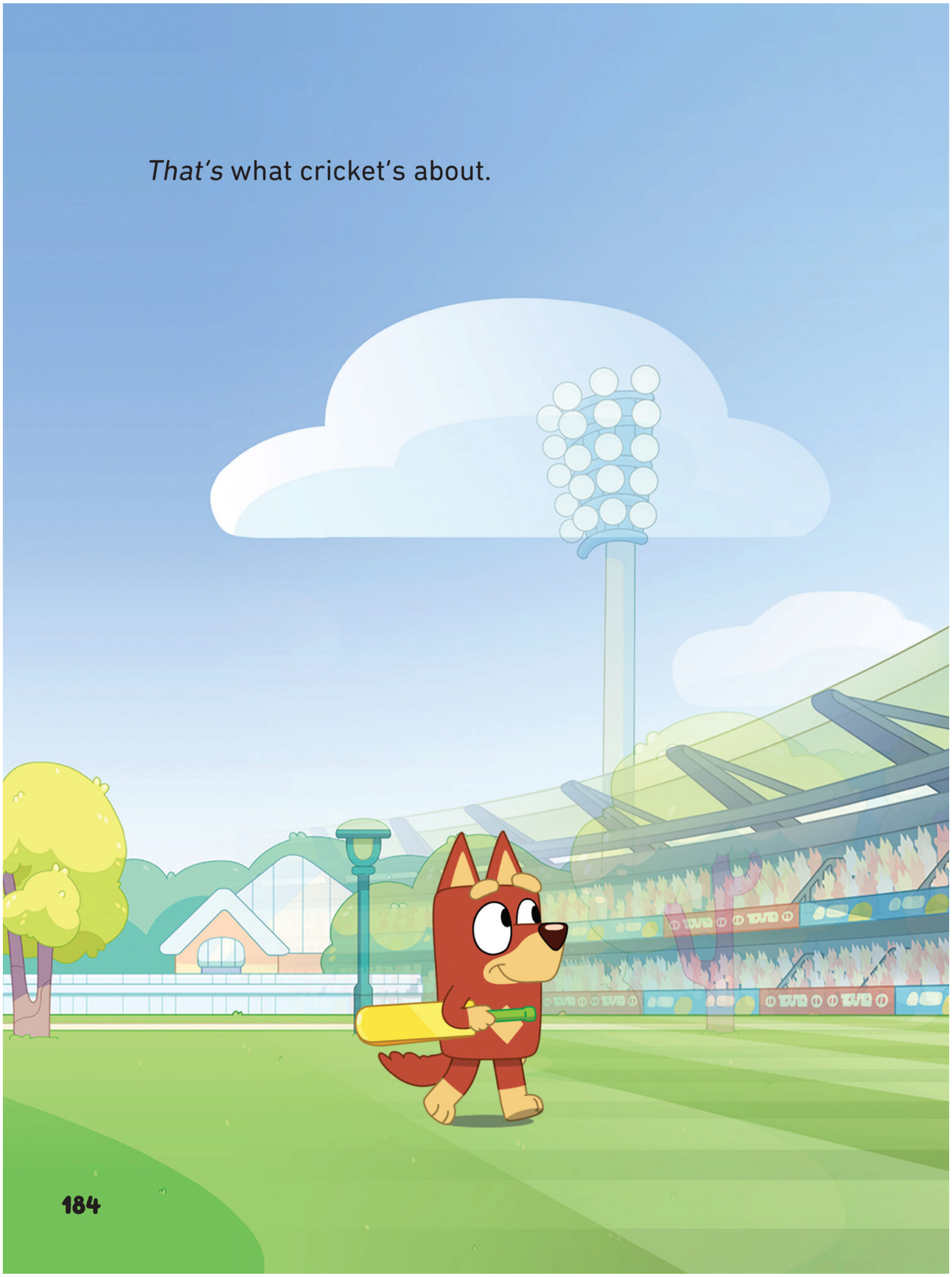




. . . he hit his little sister a catch.


I got you out!
I know! I can't believe it. What a catch!
Bluey . . .

That's what cricket's about.



WACKADOO!
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BLUEY
TREASURY
6 STORIES IN ONE

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